

In the Heart of Morocco  
by WALTER B. HARRIS

# The Quiver

Oct.  
1924

1<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> net





The woman who uses Lux need never worry about her hands. Lux is as mild as the finest toilet soap: it leaves the hands white and soft.



## Lux for everything you wash yourself

Use Lux for everything you wash yourself. It is just as easy as washing your hands. The filmy Lux diamonds are made to melt instantly into a rich foam of almost magic cleansing power, which yet is gentle to the frailest fabrics.

Those filmy undies, those silk stockings that you treasure, wash them with your own hands with

Lux. Texture and colour will be as perfect after many Lux washings as when the garments first emerged from their layers of tissue. Silks, crêpes, fine woollens are all safest with Lux.

Be sure you get LUX—in the familiar carton. So-called substitutes, sold loose, are thick shreds of ordinary soap. Lux is unique: make sure you get Lux.



WKEFORD tells us that she soaks her finger tips in a warm Lux solution before manicuring. Lux softens the cuticle without harming the skin. Write and tell us if you know of a new use for Lux. Lever Brothers Limited, Port Sunlight.

# LUX



You simply toss the filmy Lux diamonds into hot water

Grandpa says:  
You all know me  
—I'm Grandpa  
Kruschen. My  
firm are intro-  
ducing a new  
line known as  
Radox Bath  
Salts, and they  
invite you to  
test it free.  
Take my strong  
advice and fill in  
the free sample  
coupon now.



# Introducing RADOX

(RADIATES OXYGEN)

## Bath Salts



## An end to all foot troubles

25,000 Packets FREE.

Here is a unique opportunity for every reader of "The Quiver" to say good-bye, once and for all, to all foot troubles, and to procure relief, through Radox Baths, from Rheumatism, Sciatica, Gout, Lumbago and Skin Affections. Radox Bath Salts—a new discovery by the makers of Kruschen Salts—are a balanced preparation which impregnates the water of the bath or hand basin with valuable salts and super-charges it with oxygen, forming an artificial mineral water combining the properties of the world-famous medicinal spa waters of Carlsbad, Vichy, Marienbad and similar baths.

The powers of oxygen as an antiseptic and life giver are well known and we state without fear of successful contradiction that Radox Bath Salts liberate more oxygen than any other Bath Salts on the Market.

## Test Radox Bath Salts FREE

We do not ask you to accept our word that Radox Bath Salts will do what we claim. We ask you to judge for yourself by an absolutely free test. We will send you a generous sample packet free, and post paid, on receipt of the coupon at foot or a postcard giving your name and address. Isn't it well worth your while to fill up the coupon this very minute, lest you forget?

## Your feet get tired first

*Radox Bath Salts are indispensable to all who dance, play games or stand all day long.*

Are you on your feet a great deal during the day? In a shop or factory; at home, standing over your oven and busy on your feet in the kitchen, up and down stairs, dusting and so on? Do you dance? Do you do much walking? Do you play tennis, golf or cricket?—Then you have felt the need for a bracing tonic bath to refresh your feet. It is always your feet that get tired first. Radox Bath Salts are what you need.

A daily Radox foot bath is indispensable to all who are on their feet much during the day. A Radox bath twice or three times a week (and better still daily) is also most beneficial to all who suffer from a rheumatic or similar tendency.

Radox Bath Salts super-charge lifeless tap water with energising, life-giving oxygen, and impregnate it with valuable salts.

The cleansing property of the water is greatly increased. The skin pores, or ducts, are opened and thoroughly cleansed and sweetened; refreshed by the oxygenated water they are stimulated to discharge the acid skin secretions.

The skin can thus breathe freely, and is assisted in its natural function of eliminating the uric acid from the blood which is known to be the basic cause of all rheumatic and gouty tendencies, sciatica, lumbago, neuritis and also most foot troubles. The whole system is braced and refreshed.

You need to enjoy a Radox Bath to understand how refreshing and invigorating it is, and we make that easy by the free trial offer. Don't put off cutting out the coupon. Cut it out now and post it.

The free sample packet will be sent at once. Radox Bath Salts will soon be sold by all chemists and stores—1/6 4-lb. packet; 2/6 double quantity. For free sample packet send coupon at right.

E. Griffiths Hughes, Ltd., 83 Deansgate Arcade, Manchester.

"Lend Wings to Your Feet."



Send  
no money.

Just write your name and address clearly in capital letters on coupon below, which you can post in U.K. for 2d. in unsealed envelope. The sample packet will be sent free and post paid to any part of the world.

To Radox, 83, Deansgate Arcade, Manchester.

Please send me free, and post paid, a sample packet of Radox Bath Salts.

Name .....

Address .....

Please tear off along this line.

**FREE SAMPLE PACKET**

Use this coupon or a postcard.

Q.M.

Q.

1419 d. 95



"MATCHED"

IN QUALITY, IN FINISH, IN DELICACY OF AROMA  
PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES  
HAVE NO EQUAL.

The fastidious Cigarette Smoker  
is always well matched with a  
Player's Navy Cut Cigarette.

*It must be Player's*

P.1088

MADE BY THE IMPERIAL TOBACCO CO. LTD. GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND, LIMITED



**"PHOSFERINE kept me virile and fresh."**

**The Reverend  
Duncan McNeill**

*(Minister of the Bridgeton  
Baptist Church).*

**The well-known  
Scottish Evangelist  
and Hymn Writer  
writes:—**



**"I** T is a real pleasure to me to send you this testimonial concerning the great and lasting benefits of Phosferine. For many years it has been my great standby, and has never failed once. The strain of speaking and singing to thousands of people every week, in Churches and Halls, for a quarter of a century, can only be appreciated by those who have endured it. In crowded revival services, with hundreds unable to gain admission, five nights a week and three times on Sundays, for months on a stretch, I have been able to carry on without a breakdown, thanks to your wonderful tonic, Phosferine. It kept me virile and fresh when others in my evangelistic tours have had to give up, and I cannot praise it too highly."

*"Ravenswood," Queen's Park Avenue, Crosshill, Glasgow.*

*From the very first day you take PHOSFERINE you will gain confidence, new life, new endurance. It makes you eat better and sleep better, and you will look as fit as you feel. Phosferine is given with equally good results to the children.*

# PHOSFERINE

**THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS FOR**

Influenza  
Nervous Debility  
Indigestion  
Sleeplessness  
Exhaustion

Neuralgia  
Maternity Weakness  
Premature Decay  
Mental Exhaustion  
Loss of Appetite

Lassitude  
Neuritis  
Faintness  
Brain Fag  
Anæmia

Nerve Shock  
Malaria  
Rheumatism  
Headache  
Sciatica

From Chemists. Liquid and Tablets. The 3/- size contains nearly four times the 1/3 size



## POINTS ON FURNISHING A HOME

**He:** "Frankly, I don't like the idea of spending a lot of money on new furniture. One hears such odd tales of green wood being used, and that sort of thing."

**She:** "Well, why not go in for some good second-hand?"

**He:** "My dear, funds won't run to it—else I would."

**She:** "But it won't cost us so much. I went to Jelks with a friend the other day. They have some lovely

## High-Grade Second-Hand Furniture

—reasonable, too; and she bought hers on an instalment plan which made it ever so easy."

### Invitation—

Our Showrooms cover an area of **500,000 sq. ft.** You are cordially invited to pay a visit of inspection, or write for Bargain Booklet. It contains full particulars of thousands of remarkable furnishing bargains.

**£100,000 worth**

*For Cash or Easy Terms*

**W. JELKS AND SONS,**  
263-275 Holloway Road, London, N.7.

*Estab. over 50 years.*

Telephone: 2598 & 2599 North.

*We send furniture to all parts of the country. Send for free booklet now.*

## Headaches and Neuralgia

The best physicians now recommend

**Cephos**

as a safe and speedy remedy for  
**HEADACHES — NEURALGIA  
LUMBAGO—LOSS OF ENERGY  
— NERVOUS EXHAUSTION**  
**MORE THAN THIS,** they keep fit by taking it themselves—just two tablets or one powder at night before retiring, and continue next day if necessary. This medicine was the discovery of an eminent specialist and is guaranteed to be a non-poisonous tonic preparation which brings new life and

### BUOYANT HEALTH

in a wonderful way.  
"Cephos" can be obtained in convenient tablet or powder form from Boots, Taylors' and all chemists everywhere at 1/3 and 3/- per box, or post free per return post from Cephos Ltd., Blackburn. **SAMPLE FREE ON APPLICATION**



## Healthy Women

especially Nurses and Mothers, must wear "healthy" Corsets, and the "Natural Ease" Corset is the most healthy of all. Every wearer says so. While moulding the figure to the most delicate lines of feminine grace, they vastly improve the health.

**The CORSET of HEALTH**  
The Natural Ease Corset, Style 2.

**7/11 pair POST FREE**

Complete with Special Detachable Suspender.

Stocked in all sizes from 20 to 30. Made in finest quality Drill.

Outsizes, 31 in. to 35 in., 1/6 extra.

**SPECIAL POINTS OF INTEREST.**

No bones or steels to drag, hurt, or break.

No lacing at the back.

Made of strong, durable drill of finest quality, with special suspenders, detachable for washing purposes.

It is laced at the sides with elastic lacing to expand freely when breathing.

It is fitted with adjustable shoulder-straps.

It has a short (8-in.) busk in front which ensures a perfect shape

& is fastened at the top & bottom with non-rusting Hooks & Eyes.

It can be easily washed at home, having nothing to rust or tarnish.

These "Health" Corsets are specially recommended for ladies who

enjoy cycling, tennis, dancing, golf, &c., as there is nothing to hurt or

break. Singers and Actresses will find wonderful assistance, as they

enable them to breathe with perfect freedom. All women, especially

housewives and those employed in occupations demanding constant

movement, appreciate the "Corset of Health." They yield freely to

every movement of the body, and whilst giving beauty of figure are

the most comfortable Corsets ever worn.

**SEND FOR YOURS TO-DAY.**

Cross your Order Orders and make payable to—

**HEALTH CORSET COMPANY,** Dept. 59, Morley House, 95, 96,

Colborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.



*By Appointment to His  
Royal Highness The Prince  
of Wales.*

**“You want the best razor in the shop—  
without a doubt it’s a Gillette!”**

Personal experience enables dealers to recommend the Gillette Safety Razor with confidence.

The Gillette gives a perfect shave. No matter how troublesome the beard or tender the skin it removes every vestige of beard growth in a delightfully easy manner.

No irksome preparations, no stropping, no honing, the Gillette is ready in a moment to make the daily shave a treat instead of a task.

**THE NEW STANDARD**—as illustrated above. Triple silver-plated New Improved Gillette Safety Razor, Metal Box containing 10 double-edge Gillette Blades (20 shaving edges), in Genuine Leather-covered Case, purple velvet and satin lined. Price 21/-

Also Gold Plated set, complete. Price 25/-

Other Models, 21/- and upwards. Old type Gillette Series 5/-, complete with 2 blades (4 shaving edges).

**GILLETTE BLADES.** In packets of 10 (20 shaving edges), price 4/6. In packets of 5 (10 shaving edges), price 2/3.

*Sold by Stores, Cutlers, Ironmongers, Chemists, Hairdressers and Jewellers.*

*Write for Illustrated Booklet.*

**GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR, LTD.,**  
184-188, Great Portland St., London, W.1.

*All Goods despatched post free in United Kingdom.*

**Use  
the**

**Gillette**

KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

**Safety  
Razor**

*“The  
shave with  
the smile  
in it!”*

**NO STROPPING—NO HONING**



## In Perfect Harmony

with the glory that surrounds the masterpieces of Literature, the OXFORD Sectional Bookcase is a profoundly practical piece of furniture and a beautiful addition to every home, great and small.

## OXFORD Sectional Bookcase

Ingenious, yet simple, and practically invisible is the method of joining the stacks, which at all stages of growth present a faultless "finished" appearance.

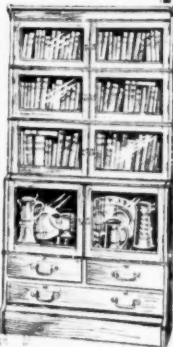
Handsome Illustrated Catalogue FREE

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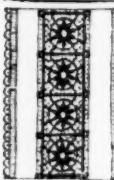
## CHIVERS' CARPET SOAP

CLEANS CARPETS LIKE NEW

One Tablet will Clean a Large Carpet.

Sample 2d. Stamp.

CHIVERS & CO. Ltd., 9 Albany Works, Bath.

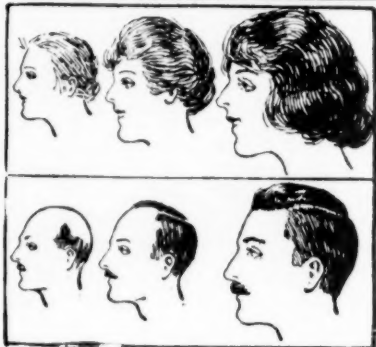


## Peach's Curtains

AUTUMN CATALOGUE FREE 50 Illustrations. Finest Selection Window Drapery and Household Linens. Latest Ideas in Window Decoration. Modern Lace Curtains. Inexpensive. Direct from the Looms. Imperial Hem Curtains, CASHEMERE CURTAININGS, Fabrics, Nets, Cretonnes for Ideal Homes. Roller Blinds, Muslins, Linens, Laces, etc.

Write for Free Catalogue.

8. PEACH & SONS, 120, The Looms, Nottingham



## A REWARD of 100 POUNDS For bald-headed and beardless.

An elegant growth of beard and hair can be produced when using Comos Hair Balsam during eight days. This balsam causes hair and beard to grow on all bald-headed persons, or persons with thin hair. "Comos" is the best product of the modern science of this domain, being the only balsam which really produces hair and beard even on persons of old age.

"Comos" brings the dormant Papillae of the hair to grow again after having been used a few days, and within a very short time you will have a very vigorous growth of hair. Harmlessness is guaranteed.

If this is not true we will pay

— a net amount of 100 Pounds — to all bald-headed and beardless persons, or persons with thin hair, who have used the Comos-Balsam for three weeks without any result.

One parcel of "Comos" costs £1 0 0, two parcels cost £1 15 0

"Comos" gives to the hair and beard a becoming wave, as well as a soft and delicate texture. It will be sent on application to the head works all over Europe against payment in advance or against cash on delivery. Out of Europe, payment only in advance.

The COMOS-MAGAZINE Copenhagen V. Denmark 28

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## BURMA SAUCE



"The only sauce I dare give father."

## No one minds the cold shoulder

if there's a bottle of delicious Burma Sauce to go with it. Burma gives a new charm and attractiveness to cold joints, steaks, chops, fish, etc. The flavour always appeals because it is so "different." Burma goes nearly twice as far as other sauces—every drop is full of rich, fruity flavour. As cheap to buy as it is economical to use.

In a case, Made by WHITE, COTTELL & CO., London, Birmingham & Cardiff.

## DEAF

No matter what you have tried, the latest and best is here—

Small, inconspicuous and efficient, in numerous shapes and styles, amongst them YOUR AID. Prices from 15/-. Compare them and CALL FOR FREE TRIAL of the latest development in aural science—AURADE.

THE DEAF AID CO., LTD., No. 9,

Eardon House, 41 Wigmore St., London, W.1.

## WONDER-WORKER

(Patented) for PILES, HÆMORRHOIDS, and all RECTAL TROUBLES. A natural, unfailing cure. Instant relief, soothing and comforting. NO DOCTORS. NO MEDICINES.

Lasts a life-time. Price 7/6.

To be inserted in the Rectum during sleep. No discomfort or unpleasantness. To enjoy good health, sleep and rest, no man or woman should be without it. From all Chemists throughout the world, or direct from Wonder-Worker Co., Coventry House, South Place, London, E.C.2, with complete instructions in plain wrappers, post free on receipt of Post Office Order for 7/6. Money returned if dissatisfied. Booklet free.



## Take the Baker's advice—

EAT plenty of good, nourishing bread. But let it be HOVIS because HOVIS contains full nourishment for the body.

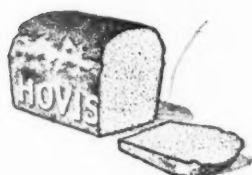
# HōVIS

(Trade Mark)

is made only from wheat, like white bread, but with this important difference: it contains added quantities of the vital 'germ' which constitutes its most nourishing and vitalising part.

## Your Baker Bakes it.

HOVIS LTD., MACCLESFIELD.



## Time for odd jobs on wash-day!



If you wash with Persil there's plenty of time for sewing on buttons, cleaning the silver, or any odd job that comes along.

With Persil, washing no longer swallows up the whole day. Persil makes it a matter of half an hour and even for that half-hour Persil does the work, not you. Nothing works so fast as Persil, or turns out the clothes so fresh, sweet, and unharmed.

In 3½d. and 5½d. Packets



# Persil

Persil is full of oxygen which is not free in the washing. The Persil oxygen eats up the dirt but does not harm the clothes.



Write for free booklet which tells how to use Persil.

Joseph Crossfield & Sons Ltd.  
Warrington

Per 10 21

**STANWORTHS' "Defiance" UMBRELLAS.**

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THIS WRECK LEAVE YOU TO REPAIR

AND IS RETURNED LIKE NEW

**Just Wrap Your OLD UMBRELLA**

in paper, tie to a board or stick, and post to us to-day with P.O. for 7/6. By next post it will come back "as good as new," re-covered with our "Defiance" Union and securely packed.

Postage on Foreign Orders 2/- extra. A post card will bring you our illustrated Catalogue of "Defiance" Umbrellas, and patterns for re-covering umbrellas from 8/- upwards.

**STANWORTH & CO.,**  
Northern Umbrella Works,  
**BLACKBURN.**



**"KLEENOFF"**  
CLEANS YOUR GAS STOVE.  
10d. per large tin.

KLEENOFF COOKER CLEANING JELLY will remove with ease grease from your cooker. It is recommended by all the principal Gas Companies and leading Stores.

Ask your Ironmonger, Grocer, or Gas Company for it. If they do not stock, send 6d. for TRIAL SAMPLE, post free, from

**The KLEENOFF CO. (Dept. 8),**  
33 St. Mary-at-Hill, London,  
E.C.3.



VICE-ADMIRAL SIR LIONEL HALSEY says:—"I have never seen the 'Arethusa' excelled."

**The 'ARETHUSA' Training Ship**  
and THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES  
**URGENTLY NEED £12,000**

(The balance of £5,000)

To liquidate a debt of £9,500 and to provide for maintenance 10,000 boys have been sent to the Royal Navy and Mercantile Marine. 6,000 Boys have been trained for Civil Employment and many Hundreds have been Emigrated to the British Dominions.

1,100 Boys and Girls now being maintained.

Articles for Sales of Work will always be welcome.

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Cheques, &c., should be made payable to and sent to

**The Shaftesbury Homes & 'Arethusa' Training Ship**  
164 Shaftesbury Avenue • • • London, W.C.2.

For **Cleaning Paintwork** **SUTTON'S** **Household Cleaning**

**Cloudy Ammonia.**

Sole Makers: G. F. Sutton Sons & Co., King's Cross, London, N.7

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.

**Goddard's Plate Powder**

Sold everywhere 6d 1/- 2/6 & 4/-

J. Goddard & Sons, Station Street, Leicester.

**DELICIOUS FRENCH COFFEE**

**RED WHITE & BLUE**

For Breakfast & after Dinner.

In making, use **LESS QUANTITY**, it being much stronger than **ORDINARY COFFEE**.

New Cheap Edition of

**ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON**

A series of seven daintily bound and well printed pocket-volumes, with attractive three-colour jackets and specially designed end papers.

**Treasure Island**  
**Kidnapped**  
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Each **1/6** net

Published by Cassell's



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THE OIL-BOUND WATER PAINT.



By Appointment to H.M. The King

**HALL'S Distemper, made in 60 beautiful standard shades, is foremost among modern decorations.**

It combines art with health, and durability with both. Its quick drying velvety surface will not rub off, and withstands the hardest wear.

*If unable to obtain locally, please communicate with the Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers:*  
**SISSONS BROTHERS & CO., LTD., — HULL, — England.**




**WOOD BROS.**

## MATERNITY WEAR.

(As supplied to Hospitals and Society.)

**TAILORED TO MEASURE.**

Wood Bros., Ltd., have specialised in Maternity Wear for over 21 years, and fully understand the importance of the correct hang and cut of the particular kind of garment—y tailor. By no means they self-adjusting band (Kegel) fitted into every waistband, maintaining and normal appearance is maintained. Write for catalog & designs to Managers.

Prices: Skirts from **14/11**, Coats & Frocks from **25/6**, Costumes from **33/-**, Accommodation Sets from **14/11**, Maternity Belts, **12/6**, Complete Linettes from **15/-**, Maternity Corsets from **8/11**. Full satisfaction or money refunded. **Wood Bros.** also supply everything for Baby from Birth.

**WOOD BROS., Ltd., Maternity Wear Specialists,**  
17 St. Mary's Street, Manchester.

(The original inventors of Maternity Wear.)



Q 2

The Yvonne from **55/6**

Do you want an interesting, charming and remunerative

## HOBBY?

Then write to us for particulars of

## "NOVLART"

Post free

**HARBUTT'S PLASTICINE LTD.,**  
27 Bathampton, Bath.

## A "Candle" which never burns out!



From Ironmongers or Stores. Price

### 3/-

Or direct from Aladdin Industries, Ltd., postage 6d. extra. Cash refunded if not satisfied.

**The ALADDINETTE** — "The Everlasting Candle" — is safer, cleaner, more efficient and infinitely cheaper than candles or nightlights. Safer because the flame is always protected. Cleaner because it does away with falling grease and does not require the constant cleaning which candlesticks demand. More efficient because it will burn anywhere—even out of doors. Infinitely cheaper because it burns 100 hours for a penny! . . . You can burn an Aladdinette in a sickroom or nursery for a whole week from 7 p.m. till 7 a.m. at a cost of 3d.!

All metal, with beautiful enamel finish, in Pink, Brown, Yellow, Green, Blue, Red or White.

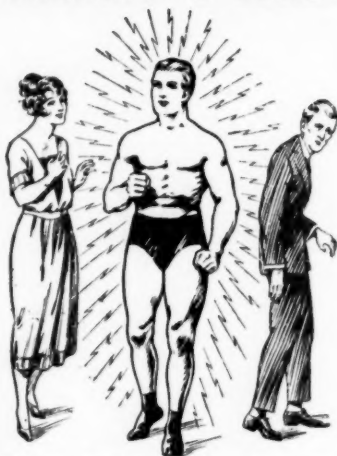
Have you seen the Wonder Shade Aladdin made? Write for particulars.

**Aladdinette**

THE EVERLASTING CANDLE

**ALADDIN INDUSTRIES, LIMITED,**  
70 Aladdin House, 118 Southwark Street,  
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## STRENGTH & BEAUTY



What you want is new life. You cannot fight this life's battles unless you are "fit." You are not a "real" man unless you have proper manly strength. The strong man is the admiration of all—the weakling goes to the wall.

You have lost your strength through past faults or excesses, but now you can regain it.

Electricity, applied by the renowned "AJAX," will correct your weakness and make you a live man. To be strong and healthy means a happy home and success in life. Now is your opportunity.

## ELECTRICITY IS LIFE

Find out to-day what a rational application of life-giving Electricity can do for you.

The AJAX Dry Cell Body Battery will work wonders for you as it has done for thousands of others. It rejuvenates you, and even when approaching old age you can regain new life and strength.

Every organ is controlled by the nerves, and you want new life in the nervous system; the "AJAX" will give it you, and our 32-page illustrated book tells you in plain language how it is done, so write for this book to-day. It costs you nothing, but it will prove to you that you can regain your vigour.

## NEITHER EXPENSE NOR OBLIGATION

of any kind is entailed in asking for this book. Get it at once and you will learn that there is not a case of Nervous Debility, Neurasthenia, or Weakness with which the "AJAX" cannot cope.

It drives out your pains and aches. Rheumatism, Lumbago, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Stomach, Liver, and Bladder troubles are banished. This book should be in every household.

If you cannot call at the Institute for Free Advice and Demonstrations write to-day for the book; it is sent perfectly free—you need not even enclose stamp for reply. Special Booklets for Ladies and Gentlemen. Please specify which is required when writing.

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Busy here,  
Busy there,  
Speed these two,  
A famous pair.

Solder here,  
FLUXITE too.  
Work to be done,  
Praps for you!

Kettle leaks,  
Hole in pot;  
Never mind,  
Mend the lot.

Kettle soldered,  
Work is done.  
Good old FLUXITE,  
You're the one!

**FLUXITE** is to soldering as the lubrication is to an Engine. In other words, when you solder an article you must use **FLUXITE**—it is absolutely essential, for without it soldering would be so troublesome that other ways and means would soon oust it from its high pedestal.

ALL MECHANICS WILL HAVE

## FLUXITE

BECAUSE IT

## SIMPLIFIES SOLDERING

All Hardware and Ironmongery Stores sell Fluxite in tins, price 8d., 1/4 and 2/8. **BUY A TIN TO-DAY.**

Ask your Ironmonger or Hardware Dealer to show you the neat little

## FLUXITE SOLDERING SET

It is perfectly simple to use, and will last for years in constant use. It contains a special "small-space" Soldering Iron with non-heating metal handle, a Pocket Blow-Lamp, Fluxite, Solder, etc., and full instructions. Price 7/6. Write to us should you be unable to obtain it. **FLUXITE LTD., 226 Bevington St., Bermondsy, Eng.**

PRICE

7/6



**ANOTHER USE FOR FLUXITE—  
HARDENING TOOLS AND CASE HARDENING**  
ASK FOR LEAFLET ON IMPROVED METHODS

# When 4<sup>D.</sup> buys fashion

Often it only costs 4d. to be fashionable - - Colour is more important than cut.

A fourpenny "Drummer Dye" will give your garments of silk, wool, or cotton just the correct colour to make them *à la mode*.

Home-dyeing with Drummer is safe and simple.

Drummer gives best results with cold, hot or boiling water - - you cannot go wrong—and Drummer dyes all fabrics.

Made by Edge's  
of Bolton,—famous  
for home dyes.

costs  
**4<sup>D.</sup>**  
saves £s

Write to-day for free  
booklet on Home Dye-  
ing to : Edge's, Bolton.

QD221



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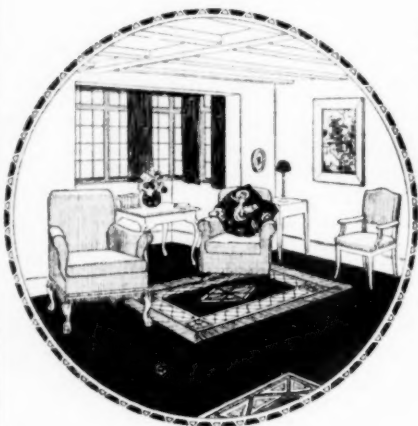
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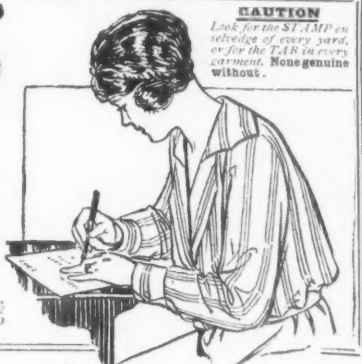
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## The Editor's Announcement Page

### A Galaxy of Good Things

Next Month we are starting a New Volume of *THE QUIVER*. Foremost among the contents is the New Serial Story by SOPHIE KERR, full particulars of which are given on page 1171. Short stories by MICHAEL KENT, ANNIE S. SWAN, DOROTHY BLACK, JENNETTE LEE, MARY WILTSHIRE, will uphold the tradition of *THE QUIVER* for really good fiction.

The articles will be particularly notable: "How to Gain a Woman's Affections," by Mrs. W. L. George; "How to Choose One's Friends," by E. V. Lucas; "The Art of Living with People," by Stacy Aumonier; "Keep Out of the Rut," by Lady Dorothy Mills; "The Solace of Books," by A. C. Benson, M.A., will form a new series on "Making a Success of Life."

Leave a standing order for *THE QUIVER* with your newsagent, and ensure getting the magazine regularly.

*The Editor*

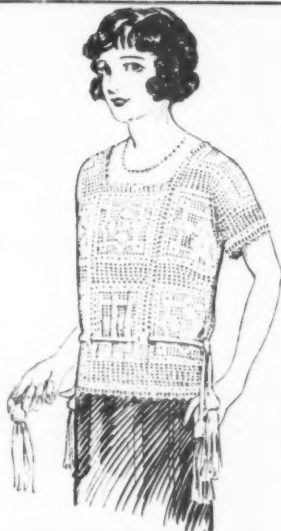
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# The Quiver

## Grains of Wheat

*Individual grains of golden wheat, multiplied and gathered in, provide bread for a whole world. So individual acts of obscure people, multiplied and fully garnered, keep the world's work going.*

*Play your part and reap your harvest.*



"'Peter!' Rosalind cried breathlessly,  
'so you're back again!'"—p. 1094

Drawn by  
Stanley Lloyd

# The Net

by

## AUSTIN PHILIPS

OUT of doors the night was cold exceedingly, and a full moon intensified and heightened the white stateliness of mosque and public building, while in the cars which traversed Lahore, women and men shivered in furs and heavy overcoats. But in the cosy drawing-room of this bungalow off "The Mall" a fire of wood burned brightly and there was an intimate warmth wholly Western in the heart of this city of the East.

And the girl—clad in black, tall, slim, her head poised perfectly upon a neck which a sculptor would have rejoiced over—was intensely British, yet intensely universal also, and at one with her sisters in both hemispheres. For in turns she glanced at the clock and looked anxiously at the door, or paced the floor, or crossed to the window and peeped through its thick rich curtains, awaiting the coming of her man.

At last the wheels of a car sounded on the roadway close to the bungalow. Eagerly she listened for footsteps. But she heard only the patter of the unshod feet of a native and not the tread of a European.

In another half-minute the bearer entered with a note on a salver. She tore it open with a vague feeling of terror, and these words met her eyes:

"DEAREST ROSALIND,—I am dreadfully sorry not to be able to come and see you this evening. But my chief has ordered me up to Peshawar, and I am off there in ten minutes. I look forward confidently to seeing you again very soon.—Much love,  
"PETER."

"There is no answer," said Rosalind Farquharson, turning her back upon the native lest he should see the disappointment written visibly upon her features.

A minute later she heard the car purr away, and was standing with her foot on the fender, her spirits drooping, depressed greatly, feeling terribly solitary and lonely in this big bungalow, from which the very

distant cousin who had employed her as companion and had brought her out from England had been taken just six days ago by the relentless hand of death.

And the one person who could comfort her, who could make life worth living to her, stranded in India, thousands of miles from her people—the young police officer who had asked her to marry him—must be at this same moment speeding up north, travelling steadily farther away from her, to take up some dangerous piece of duty.

Loneliness brings fear, and solitude sets the imagination working. Rosalind read the note once again. Hideous ideas caught hold of her. The final sentence filled her with apprehension. It seemed to her strangely as if Peter—doubtful if he ever would return to her—was really trying to reassure himself that everything was well when it was ill. The frontier was full of unrest, too. Assassinations of white men were now frequent. Would she lose this man she so loved?

The sudden death of her employer, the shock, the rapid interment, had shaken Rosalind dreadfully. The pleasant, cosy drawing-room—from which the kindly presence of Mrs. Macintosh was gone for ever—suddenly seemed to have become odious to her. Her spirits drooped and drooped. She hurried off to bed, though it was still quite early, as though to escape from her depression. But it still pursued her most implacably. Her dreams were feverish. She awoke in fright when the ayah brought her chota hazari. She had had the sense, the overwhelming feeling, that she had been caught like some animal in a net.

She rose presently and busied herself about the affairs of the household for which she was responsible. Just before eleven the bearer brought her a card.

It was that of Mr. Ingram, the Commissioner of Police and Peter's chief. Rosalind controlled herself with a tremendous effort. Did he—a hard, stern man, by nature wanting in sympathy and made still

## THE QUIVER

more rigid by his profession—did he come to her with some grave news of her lover? She assured herself swiftly that this must be happily impossible, for Peter would still be in the train.

"Ask Ingram Sahib to come in," she told the native.

A minute later the Commissioner entered and took her ice-cold hand in his own strong but altogether expressionless and inhuman one. With him was another man, one of Peter's colleagues, whom she liked and had often danced with. But now his manner was noticeably aloof and judicial, and his eyes seemed to be wary, as though he was on guard against her beauty.

Both men seated themselves, so that the light rested full and steadily on Rosalind's pale and anxious face.

"Miss Farquharson," began the senior, "you practically kept house for the late Mrs. Macintosh?"

"That is so," Rosalind answered.

"You looked after her during her recent illness?"

"I did."

"Who prepared the food?"

"I did. She wished it. She was on slops—and I acted as nurse practically."

"And you always brought it to her and were present when she ate it?"

"Invariably!"

"Quite so. And you know what the cause of death was?"

"A chill—followed by some sort of fever—of a non-infectious nature, the doctor told me!"

"You know that the case puzzled him?"

"He said so."

"And that in the interests of science—as he told you—he removed certain organs of the body for examination!"

"Yes."

"Have you any idea of the result of that examination, Miss Farquharson?"

"No. He has not told me."

"Then I will. Mrs. Macintosh died of acute arsenical poisoning. Enough was administered to have killed half a dozen people!"

Rosalind gasped her horror. The two men sat regarding her, curiously, callously, searchingly. Again—as at wakening that morning—she had that dreadful sense of a net closing upon her. Then the Commissioner of Police spoke again.

"You were on good terms with Mrs. Macintosh?" came his question.

"Excellent. The very best of terms."

"And how did you stand in financial relations to her?"

"She paid me a salary."

"You have inherited money from her?"

"Not a penny. Why should I? I was only a very distant relation."

"Who were her solicitors?"

"Messrs. Tuke and Banning, of Lincoln's Inn Fields. I have often typed letters to them!"

"Had she any lawyers out here?"

"She took this bungalow through Mr. Avery, of Lahore. But Mrs. Tarleton will know all about it. She is Mrs. Macintosh's niece, and Mrs. Macintosh came out to India specially to see her and be close to her. I am expecting her here at any moment, to pay me and send me back to England."

The Commissioner of Police nodded. The younger man continued gazing curiously and warily. Then the senior spoke again.

"Miss Farquharson," he said authoritatively. "I am not accusing you of any crime. But I am making inquiries and you may be wanted as a witness. You will not leave Lahore until you receive permission to do so. Do you quite understand me?"

"Yes, I understand, Mr. Ingram."

The Commissioner rose, bowed formally, and left with his subordinate. The door had hardly closed on him when Rosalind sank back upon the Chesterfield, her heart beating wildly, her tremendous isolation and immense loneliness eclipsing that considerable courage and spirit which had a year ago impelled her to leave her comfortable but dull Devon home to come to India with this distant dead relative. And again, feeling intuitively that if not accused she was very surely suspected of black murder, she had renewedly, and more than ever, that sense of being taken in a net.

And suddenly a terrible thought came to her. Peter was in the police. Peter worked under the man who had just questioned her so insistently. Was Peter's letter sincere? She rushed to fetch it from her bedroom. She read that final sentence once more:

"I look forward confidently to seeing you very soon again."

The wording seemed to hold some hidden meaning now. Was Peter a rat who fled the stigma of all connexion with her? Could it be that, made aware of the post-mortem, he had left her in the lurch and meant deserting her? This was utterly unlike him—at least, unlike all opinion that up till now she had had of him. But one never

can tell. So many fail their friends in adversity. And she was so terribly alone.

A car pulled up at that moment, just in front of the bungalow. Rosalind looked up in terror. Was there to be yet more interrogation? But a woman was shown into the room.

It was Mrs. Tarleton, her dead employer's niece and heiress. She was a hard-faced, pleasure-loving woman who had greatly disappointed her aunt, who (the dead woman had talked freely to Rosalind and confided in her) had said that she had much changed for the worse since her girlhood—indeed, within four or five years.

But to-day Mrs. Tarleton was all graciousness, very eager to be of service.

"You must be finding it very lonely here," she said. "I would ask you to my bungalow, but, of course, this place must be looked after, and you know all the ropes and the servants. When do you want to start home for England?"

"As soon as possible. As soon as I can get money from my people for my passage!"

"You have none?"

"No. Only my last month's salary, which was paid just ten days ago!"

"I will give you your passage."

"Oh, thank you, thank you!"

Mrs. Tarleton took out a cheque-book.

"This will see you through," she said, filling up and signing the slip rapidly. "I couldn't have made you such a present before to-day. But my aunt's solicitors in London have cabled to me in reply to my telegram about the death that I am chief legatee, and the bank will give me any amount of credit. No, no, don't thank me. I am sorry you have lost your post here. I can't stay another moment. I have to see the lawyer who let my aunt this bungalow and arrange about getting rid of it."

Mrs. Tarleton whisked off swiftly. Rosalind—too proud to have told her of the visit of the police officials—sat looking at the pink piece of paper and remembered what she had forgotten in the momentary excitement of the visit. The cheque was useless, worthless, no more valuable than if it had been presented at the bank and handed back to her because the drawer had no account.

For she had been forbidden to leave Lahore—forbidden indefinitely. She must most unquestionably be suspected. Peter was undoubtedly going to turn from her. Possibly the house was being watched now. Possibly a spy was in the road.

Renewed terror took and tore her. The loneliness she endured now was unspeakable. Mrs. Macintosh had had few acquaintances. There was not a soul of whom to ask counsel. And the net drew closer and more close.

For a second time the bearer announced the Commissioner of Police.

He entered with the same subordinate. Swiftly he came to the point.

"Miss Farquharson," he snapped: "Mrs. Macintosh dealt at Hinton and Lake's, the chemists?"

"Yes, Mr. Ingram."

"You used to go there to order things for her?"

"Yes."

"When did you buy that weed-killer?"

"What weed-killer?"

"Oh, it is no use denying knowledge of the transaction or saying you didn't make the purchase. You signed for it on July the twelfth last."

"Yes, I'm not denying it. I was only taken aback—you spoke so sharply. I remember the transaction. I got a small tin on trial, on my employer's orders, and gave it to the mali."

"Where does he keep it?"

"I expect in the shed in the compound."

The chief nodded, and passed out with his companion. Rosalind sat on in utter anguish. He came back in less than twenty minutes.

"Miss Farquharson," he said, "the man says the tin is missing."

"Missing!"

"Yes. And it was only half empty. Do you know anything about it?"

"I!" Rosalind, despite her isolation, was able to summon pride to keep her going. "How should I know anything about it? If you suspect me, hadn't you better search my room?"

"That, Miss Farquharson, is precisely what my duty compels me to do," he answered frigidly. "Will you be so kind as to accompany me?"

He led the way, Rosalind coming after him, and Peter's young colleague following her as though to prevent her from bolting. The sense of being trapped was overpowering. Her veins throbbed, and her whole being thrilled with indignation as the official, in discharge of his duty, examined her room and her luggage and then searched all the other bedrooms, including that of the dead woman. But he found no tin of weed-killer. He left again presently with

## THE QUIVER

his companion, still frigidly courteous, but it was now only too easy to see where his suspicions lay.

Rosalind's fears grew increasingly. That net seemed ever tightening, and—horribly alone, with none to confide in—her thoughts grew more and more terrible.

Dinner-time came. She could eat absolutely nothing, and the idea of food revolted her. . . . The servants, from whom she could not hide her misery, surely noticed it, and she wondered if they classed her as a murderess. She went back as soon as possible into the drawing-room. Presently another car stopped just in front of the house.

This was the end; she knew it. They had come now to arrest her. She rose, summoned all her fortitude, found herself quite calm, and, ten times stronger and braver now that the end had come and she was no longer faced with uncertainty, advanced to meet him whom she had come already to regard as her enemy and her persecutor . . . and then started back with a cry.

For the door had opened and a man had entered. Tall, fair and ruddy-checked, still splendidly youthful, he bridged the intervening space of carpet in a flash and caught her to him tenderly and ardently.

"Peter!" she cried breathlessly, in a happiness and relief almost too great for utterance. "So you're back again!"

"No, darling." He held her at arm's length so that he might get a better look at her. "I never went away. I wrote you that letter on my chief's instructions. He forbade me to see you. He forced me to give my parole that I wouldn't."

"And—and you've broken it, Peter!"

"No. I withdrew it, and he put me under arrest, and I've bolted. I simply couldn't endure to think of you, lonely and suspected and questioned. Ingram is so hard—I shall certainly be condemned officially for my disobedience to his orders—but I felt obliged to come to you. I guessed too well what you were suffering."

Peter caught her to him again and held her long and closely and very tenderly. Then again he tore himself away.

"Rosalind," he said eagerly, "we must talk, darling. I am afraid it's really pretty serious. You see, arsenic poisoning isn't a native's way of doing things, and Webb, who was present when the chief questioned you and who shares my bungalow, tells me that you prepared all the food during Mrs.

Macintosh's illness and that you actually bought the weed-killer at Hinton and Lake's. Of course, I know you are innocent. And there's no real case against you, because there's absolutely no sort of motive, but Ingram is so merciless and so narrow that unconsciously—for he means to be straight, though he isn't—he might almost manufacture one and twist something you have said into evidence against you."

"I know that, Peter. I hate him. I feel in my bones that he is cruel. But I'm not a bit frightened any longer. I'm absolutely certain that my luck has turned now that you have come back to me, and—"

Rosalind stopped short and started away from him. For the door had opened and the ayah had entered. She was a woman whose child Rosalind had doctored during fever and had saved from death undoubtedly, but the mother, unlike most of her kind, had uttered no profuse protestations of gratitude and had seemed to old Mrs. Macintosh almost to take what had been done for her as the merest matter of course.

"Miss Sahib," she began quietly after salaaming, "I am only your humble servant, but I know well that you are in bad trouble. Have I your permission to speak?"

"Certainly, ayah. What is it?"

"Miss Sahib, I know the police are asking questions and have been here, searching. Miss Sahib, if it is to do with the Mem Sahib's death, I can tell them the truth of how it happened."

"You, ayah!"

"Yes, Miss Sahib. I know everything. My cousin, the dirzi, Shere Ali, was working in Mem Sahib's veranda, as you know, making Miss Sahib's dress. He saw Tarleton Mem Sahib come. That Mem Sahib very bad Mem Sahib. She stay with Burra Mem Sahib when Miss Sahib go for a drive, and dirzi heard angry words and peeped beneath the chick. Shere Ali is here now, Miss Sahib, and can tell you whole thing."

Rosalind turned to Peter. Her eyes were alight. He glanced back at her, his whole face illuminated with understanding, as if a veil had been lifted. It was he who spoke to the ayah—a short, sharp sentence of command:

"Fetch Shere Ali immediately!"

The ayah left the room and returned very quickly with the dirzi, a stumpy little man in long white coat and baggy trousers and green cummerbund.



He salaamed deeply and shifted his feet nervously. He started a long outburst in rapid Hindustani. Rosalind, unable to follow, watched Peter's growing excitement and begged him to translate to her. Peter asked her to wait a moment, let the man finish, put a number of questions, and then gave her the facts.

"He says he was sitting on the veranda, sewing, and that he peeped beneath the chick because he heard women's voices. Mrs. Tarleton was there and seemed to be very angry about something with Mrs. Macintosh, who presently appeared quite exhausted. After that Mrs. Tarleton—who we know from seances here has dabbled a good deal in mesmerism—made some passes, and her aunt became quiet and sleepy. Then Mrs. Tarleton appears to have left the room by the door and to have gone into the garden to the go-down and to have come back the same way, thus not passing the dirzi, who all the time was hidden by the angle of the wall but who had peeped round the corner and watched all her movements. When she got back into the house again he could still see her through the blind, and saw her mix some powder from a tin (which she seemed to have fetched from the go-down) with some water in a glass, and saw her make Mrs. Macintosh drink from it. Then Mrs. Tarleton went out again and buried the glass in the garden, and came back and made some passes, and then left Mrs. Macintosh, who seemed her normal self again, but very tired. He says he hadn't realized the significance of all this till the death of Mrs. Macintosh, when he began to wonder, and when the native police started asking questions of the servants here and Ingram came to see you. He says he can take us to the place in the garden where the glass is buried."

"How perfectly awful, Peter! But what a mercy the ayah came to us. Shall we go and dig that glass up?"

"No. Do nothing for the moment, darling—only ring up Ingram at his bungalow immediately and tell him that you have an important communication to make to him and that it is vital that you should see him instantly. Dirzi, you had better stay in the compound till Ingram Sahib comes. If you have spoken truth, as I think you have, you and the ayah shall be well rewarded!"

The two natives salaamed and left the drawing-room. Rosalind turned to Peter in amazement, which would have been joy but

for the awful graveness of the statement made by the dirzi.

"The luck *has* turned, darling," she said thankfully. "It altered the moment you came back to me. Your chief surely can't blame you now that you have got to the bottom of the mystery. But, oh, what an awful woman! Can it possibly be true, Peter?"

"Only too true, I am afraid. Mrs. Tarleton hasn't too good a reputation, and there have been all sorts of rumours about thefts of purses from cloakrooms and at garden parties, and we are all of us pretty certain that her husband has had a very thin time of it; but, of course, we never connected her with this sort of thing. Thank God it *has* come out, darling. It's just as well that you cast your bread upon the waters when you nursed that ayah's child. By Jove, there's a car—and it's Ingram's!"

"Will you let him know you are here?"

"Yes, certainly, old thing. It's no goodfunking it, is it? And in any case the ayah or dirzi would probably let it out immediately."

The bearer entered at this moment, ushering in the Commissioner of Police.

"Abrahall!" he said, amazed and half credulous.

"Yes, sir."

"You've disobeyed my instructions!"

"Yes, sir. And I am prepared to take the consequences. I could not leave Miss Farquharson to go through this alone any longer. But there's something much more important than I, sir. We've got direct evidence of administering of poison, and we've only been waiting your arrival to dig up the vessel it was drunk from, which has probably still got some sediment in it."

Rosalind heard Peter speak briefly. The Commissioner listened sternly, and asked for the ayah and the dirzi. He heard their story, cross-examined them closely, seemed satisfied, went out with Rosalind and Peter into the garden, called for the mali to bring a spade, and himself started digging at a spot which the dirzi indicated.

In less than five minutes the spade touched something which faintly tinkled. Rosalind saw Mr. Ingram stoop down and pick up a tumbler three parts filled with earth.

"Get me paper!" she heard him order.

Paper was brought immediately. He wrapped the glass in it carefully, placed it in his pocket, and led the way back to the bungalow.

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"Good night, Miss Farquharson," he said in a tone which did not in the very least reveal whether or not his attitude of suspicion towards her had abated. "Abraham, you had better come with me to the Tarletons! The others are engaged on cases, and, though you have grossly disobeyed me, I shall have to make use of you for the present!"

He went out. Peter lingered just a second, caught Rosalind's hand and whispered: "I don't care a twopenny piece whatever happens to me now that I know you are perfectly safe, old thing!" Then he hurried from the room.

Rosalind, who had passed through worse than purgatory, was once again alone.

Alone. But in what different spirits, cleared of the black imputation which had hung over her and, though anxious about Peter's service future, happy beyond measure that he loved her and trebly assured that he did so by his generous folly in coming to her. The inevitable reaction followed swiftly. She felt wrung out and utterly weary. She went to bed immediately—and slept unbrokenly for many hours.

In the morning she waited anxiously for news from Peter. But no news came, and he did not come to see her. At last a car reached the bungalow. She rushed to the door, but the visitor was not her fiancé.

It was another man, almost, but not quite, a stranger to her.

"Miss Farquharson?" he said interrogatively.

"That is so," she answered.

"My name is Avery. You will remember I let this bungalow to the late Mrs. Macintosh. I should like to have a talk with you."

Rosalind, wondering what new shock lay in front for her, took him into the drawing-room.

There, seated opposite to her, he came to the point immediately.

"Miss Farquharson," he began. "A few days before your cousin died she came to me and made a fresh will revoking one which she had made with Messrs. Tuke and Banning in London. Under this will all her property, except five hundred pounds and certain charitable bequests, passes to you absolutely."

"To me! Oh, no, surely, surely. Mrs. Tarleton came to see me yesterday and said she had inherited everything."

"Under the previous will, very possibly,

Miss Farquharson. But under the new one she receives a bare five hundred only. I had the disagreeable duty of disillusioning her when she called upon me late yesterday morning in connexion with the rent of this bungalow. She was terribly upset. But I fancy that her aunt (from what the late Mrs. Macintosh said to me) had been very much disappointed in her; and at any rate, you are the fortunate one, Miss Farquharson, and I congratulate you on a very agreeable inheritance!"

"Is it much?" asked Rosalind breathlessly.

"Probably, when all duties have been paid, not less than two hundred and seventy thousand pounds!"

Rosalind gasped audibly. The luck had turned in all conscience, and the net which had closed on her had been broken; but all the same it had nearly been disaster, for without the dirzi's and the ayah's help this very stroke of fortune would have been but another mesh in the net which had begun to envelop her; for the fact that she was inheriting the dead woman's money (and how could she have proved that Mrs. Macintosh had not told her of the new will?) would have been the strongest evidence, in addition to the purchase of the weed-killer and the fact that she administered and made all food for the sick woman, and must surely have led to her arrest. The lawyer left presently, having offered to supply her with any money necessary to her present needs, pending his communications with the deceased lady's regular lawyers in London.

Scarcely before Rosalind had had time to sit down and collect her scattered wits and to realize what this inheritance was going to mean to her, she heard the coming of yet another car.

It was Peter. He entered, all affection and eagerness, but she could see that he was grave as well as happy.

"Mrs. Tarleton?" she asked immediately. "Did you have that interview?"

"No, we did not," he answered.

"She has run away?"

"Yes. And for always."

"What do you mean, Peter?"

"She was dead. She had taken her own life. She had left a note for her husband saying that she was deeply in the hands of native money-lenders and that she had been disappointed in not inheriting anything more than a few hundred pounds from Mrs. Macintosh, whom she had expected would



"In less than five minutes the spade  
touched something which faintly tinkled"—p. 1095

Drawn by  
Stanley Lloyd

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leave her everything. I fancy there was more than that behind it and that she had forged a cheque or obtained money on false pretences and didn't mean to face the music, even though she did not know that we had evidence of murder against her. She seems to have been a pretty bad hat, but she's dead and I don't want to seem self-righteous!"

For a minute or two Rosalind could say nothing. Then with a great effort she put the death of this woman, whom she had always disliked instinctively, out of her mind for a moment.

"Peter," she said softly. "What about yourself, my dear? Has Mr. Ingram forgiven you?"

"No fear; he's too hide-bound. And, after all, old thing, though I don't regret what I did, I was frankly disobedient and insubordinate. I'm afraid I'm done for in the police for ever, as there will always be a bad mark against me, so the best thing I can do is to send in my papers and strike out for myself boldly. I have got a few hundreds to keep me going, and if you'll only trust me and wait for me I shall manage to make a home for you somehow or other."

Rosalind laughed softly. The irony of the thing was too delicious.

"I'll trust you all right, Peter darling, but I won't wait for you," she made answer.

"You won't wait for me!"

"Not three months, old thing! Why

should I? Listen to what I am going to tell you."

She revealed the secret which Mr. Avery had brought her only twenty minutes ago. Peter heard her in amazement. He, too, realized to the fullest how dangerous a fact this good fortune might have been but for the ayah and the *dirzi*, to whom Rosalind spoke of making a particularly handsome present.

And then, presently, a shadow came into his eyes and his head drooped and his handsome face became sad.

"But, Rosalind," he said protestingly. "This is all very nice for you, and I am rejoiced that you are free from financial worries; but I don't exactly fancy myself strolling through life as merely a rich woman's husband."

"Nor do I, old thing!" Rosalind took his two hands in hers and began to look at him very happily and with a curious increase of poise which seemed to have come to her already from the being in possession of such a very substantial sum of money. "That is the very last thing I should expect of any man I cared for and wanted as a husband. We must go home to England and get married, and then you must take up some work or something which is going to help people who have not been so lucky and put all your heart and soul into it. Even if one *has* inherited money, it ought to be still perfectly possible to do one's little bit to help the world!"



### LOOK OUT FOR THE NEW SERIAL STORY

## "WORLDLY GOODS"

By

SOPHIE KERR

beginning in my next Number

"I've known," says the heroine, "the life of a peaceful little town, and I've been on my own in a big, hurrying city, without a job, and without money. And I've had work that I hated, and splendid work that I loved. And I've had a small measure of success. . . . And I've had marriage—and a man. . . . And all these things are threaded through and through with ignorance, and dreams, and laughter, and tears, and despair, and ecstasy, and absurdity. And it all had colour and flavour—but never dull, never common, never uninteresting."

This brilliant author tells, in the first person, the story of a modern girl and woman, facing modern life, and tells it in a fascinating way. This is a story for people who think. See that you get the first long instalment in the November number.

# Husbands and Wives

*The Vexed Question  
of Household Finance  
By Arthur Page*

ONE of the two chief rocks on which wedded lives are apt to make shipwreck is the management of income.

When two people work together in partnership for business purposes, sedulous care is expended on drawing up a scheme for the management of finances and for the due apportionment of expenditure and profit. Save in a few exalted circles where marriage settlements are still a regular preliminary to wedding bells, a man and woman join forces for a lifelong partnership with only the vaguest ideas of the principles on which the financial side of the home should be run.

## The Early Victorian Doctrine

In the early Victorian era the doctrine of the entire subordination of the wife held good. The husband was regarded as the sole arbiter of money matters, with an almost divine infallibility of judgment; the woman's rôle was to place all her financial interests unreservedly in his hands, and stand afar off to watch with admiring awe and a complete ignorance of arithmetic the exercise of her husband's skill.

This situation ended so frequently in disaster that the Married Woman's Property Act was passed to give a certain degree of economic security to the wife who held property in her own right. In these days of sex equality the Victorian theory of wifely submission has been dropped. But the principles which should guide the management of home finance have not been clearly stated, and in many households friction is generated and the harmony of the home jeopardized for lack of a little clear thinking and frank statement.

## Get a Clear View

In trying to deal definitely and impartially with the problem, we must first get a clear view of the situation. In the vast majority of homes the man is the breadwinner and the wife the manager. Two claims are apt to clash. The husband believes he has a right to dispose as he likes of the money he has toiled to obtain; the wife claims as a right some return for her services in the labour and management of

the household beyond the bare allowance of a sufficiency of food, shelter and clothes; she is also convinced that her more intimate knowledge of family needs and of prices of commodities, and her experience in management, entitle her to deal on equal terms with her husband in the drawing up of the domestic budget.

## The Other Side

On the other hand, the man may argue, with some justification, that the respective positions are not analogous. If he is to keep his post or to make his business profitable, he must be efficient and industrious, otherwise dismissal or bankruptcy is inevitable. The woman has absolute security of tenure: she cannot be dismissed for incapacity, laziness or gross extravagance. The position is further complicated by the fact that while the man has had to undergo a period of training and service in a subordinate capacity before he reaches a position of responsibility, frequently the control of household affairs falls into the hands of a totally inexperienced and untrained girl, whose mind and spirit have never been disciplined or schooled in the affairs which are, perforce, entrusted to her care after marriage. The woman's claim for equality of status in the married state should be accompanied by a readiness to grasp every opportunity to equip herself in advance with the necessary knowledge and to make herself efficient in the direction of home affairs.

## The First Condition of Domestic Happiness

Premising, therefore, on each side an equal degree of capacity and goodwill, we may go on to say that the first condition of domestic happiness is that the wife should not be placed in the humiliating position of dependence that causes her to plead as a suppliant for the money necessary to keep the house and herself and family in good condition. The man who breaks down the self-respect of the woman he has vowed to love and cherish, by insisting on such procedure, is sowing the seeds of a harvest of trouble.

At the outset of married life absolute

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frankness about money matters should be the rule. The husband should disclose all his sources of income with the meticulous correctness he shows in his dealings with a business partner: and a budget of the annual expenditure should be drawn up. The first charge on income is, of course, household maintenance, next provision for the future, insurance and so on, then personal allowances for himself and his wife. In settling the relative proportions of the amount allotted under this last head, each party should try to look at the question from the other's point of view, and not insist only upon his or her wishes.

### Committee of Supply

From time to time husband and wife should go into committee of supply and overhaul the financial situation, modifying it according to the lessons of experience or the necessities of the moment. But beware of summoning this committee when either of the parties is "under the weather." In one of his novels Marcel Proust remarks: "*On devient moral dès qu'on est malheureux*," and the male person is particularly prone to become a zealot for economy when his liver is out of order. So let the couple wait to go into committee until both are in a cheerful and patient frame of mind.

### What about the Surplus?

A question that sometimes exercises the minds of married couples is that of the surplus which, by wise economies and subtle devices, the wife may be able to create out of the allowance for housekeeping. Has she a personal right to its disposal? If her personal allowance is adequate according to her husband's earnings, she has surely no more claim on her economies than has her husband upon the increase of his profits or salary. It is a common gain to be placed at the common disposal. If the husband increases his income, he will naturally amplify the amount placed at his wife's disposal. If she saves on housekeeping, the surplus may well be put aside for those little outings and pleasures that keep life sweet and the sense of companionship active. In this way the wife will have the gratification of "treating" her man to a little pleasuring—a thing that most husbands keenly appreciate.

The theory that still survives from the days of crinolines and smelling-salts, that women are necessarily inferior to men in the management of money matters, is not borne

out by the evidence. In general, women's instincts are more thrifty than those of the strong and silent sex. They are keener on getting their money's worth, and they rarely indulge in that hail-fellow-well-met throwing about of money to which their menfolk in certain moods are addicted. In France the women of the bourgeois class, as a rule, are fully acquainted with all the details of their husband's business, and frequently manage the financial side while the husband looks after the administrative work. The effect on business life is a certain tardiness in coming to the point and a tendency to haggle, which British and Americans find irritating. But those who know France well declare that the Frenchwoman is a far better business man than her husband.

### When the Wife has an Income of her Own

When the wife has an independent income, small or large, the need of tact and give-and-take will still exist. Legally, she is entitled to full independence in its management, and the creditors of the husband cannot recover from the wife's property—a point where equality fails. But if the income is larger than her personal needs require, she should contribute a proportional share to the maintenance of the home. She is a partner in the concern, and if she desires an equal status, she must recognize her responsibility for the upkeep of the household.

In the Victorian novels the tradition was upheld that it was unmanly and unchivalrous for a man to receive money from a woman, even if she was his wife. With a *beau geste* the Victorian hero waved aside the proffered purse of his better half and bent his broad shoulders to the burden alone. Evidence is lacking that this was the regular procedure in the actual life of the period. The case of Mr. Mantalini, indeed, may be quoted from a famous novel in rebuttal of the theory. But in these times of male and female equality such false shame may be ignored. The main point is that the independence given by law to the wife should not cause her to adopt an attitude of superiority which is bound to rankle in the mind of her partner.

Especially is this the case where both parties are earning an income and the wife gains more than her husband. A recent play took this situation and the consequent alienation of husband from wife as its leading *motif*. If equality of status be accepted,



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it is surely immaterial which partner brings in the larger contribution to the common chest. But if domestic happiness is to be ensured, the one who is receiving the bigger income should exercise special care to avoid any suggestion of condescension or arrogance in the financial relationships of the home.

In dealing with the disclosure of income by the husband to his wife, it has been taken for granted that the man has full confidence in the woman's capacity and care in regard to finance. In most cases that confidence is justified by the event, for women in general are by nature and training more disposed than men to thrift.

### In the Case of the Thriftless Wife

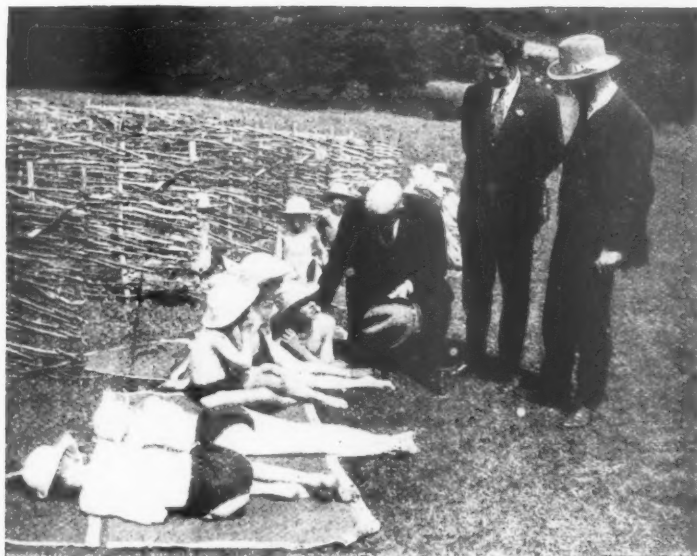
But supposing, as sometimes happens, a year or so of married life reveals to the husband the disquieting fact that the woman he has chosen as his mate has little or no sense of money values, that the mania of spending has such a fast grip upon her that she is always in arrears with the household bills, and that, like the daughters of

the horse-leech, her cry is for more and more. The question, "Is a man justified in withholding from his wife the amount of his income?" then requires reconsideration.

For with a wife of this stamp the knowledge that her husband's financial resources are enlarged immediately suggests to her prodigal soul the prospect of more lavish spending; it may be on her own and her family's dress, or on more frequent visits to restaurants and theatres, or on motor-cars and expensive week-ends—until the enhanced income, so far from relieving the financial situation, leaves the unhappy man still further involved in unjustifiable extravagances.

In such circumstances it is surely the way of true kindness, as well as of self-protection, for the breadwinner to keep his wife in ignorance of the expansion of his means, and embrace the opportunity to save and invest wisely the reward of his industry and capacity. A man thus situated must be content to say with Montaigne: "I speak truth, not so much as I would, but as much as I dare."

## The Sunlight League



Readers of the article by Dr. Saleeby on "The Sunlight League" in last month's *QUIVER* will be interested in this photograph of little patients receiving sunlight treatment in Ken Wood, Hampstead. Dr. Saleeby (centre) and two other doctors are shown visiting the patients.

# Hills of Home

by  
Leslie Gordon Barnard

WITH the coming of the early dusk a spirit of relaxation descended upon the fair grounds; upon that part at least where "Tinling's Mysterious Maze" and "Taylor's Tornado Terrors Wild West Show" were once again thrust into a cheek-by-jowl intimacy that would, not so long ago, have been not merely repellent as now, but fraught with grave dangers of a physical clash.

To-morrow the fair would open its gates to the pleasure-loving crowds; to-day it was a hive of industry, with everywhere the sights and sounds of preparations to greet eye and ear.

But now, in the lull that came at dusk—a breathing space between the daylight effort and the strenuous night's work still lying ahead—Old Martin found time to think of his Cremona. Ordinarily he took it out on Saturday nights for its weekly inspection and care. Ordinarily, too, it did not matter to him that they laughed at him. But to-night it was different. To-night was the anniversary, and Martin Conyers' mind was travelling back through the years to the day when he and Dorinda had been wedded, and she had given him this instrument, this violin that seemed to hold within itself some magic response to the slightest whim and touch of the virtuoso.

Martin slipped out into the soft twilight, the violin in its case under his arm. He knew a quiet spot at the far end of the area occupied by "Tinling's Mysterious Maze," just at the back of the canvas belonging to the Taylor outfit. Privacy otherwise was not for such as Martin, whose pittance as a handyman about the show included a humble bunk in a common tent or dormitory—according to available accommodation—and excluded any more luxurious living.

All day he had been thinking of the hills of home, way up north in Canada, across the border; here in the soft dusk he could let memory have sway.

"Hi, there, play us a tune, Canuck!" So the Yankees called him for his refusal in

all his wandering to change his British citizenship and become American.

Martin started, looking up into the face of Patrician Bill. William Vanderlip his name read on the Taylor pay-roll, against the title of manager, but his finicky airs, his immaculate clothes that were so in contrast to the general rule in "Taylor's Tornado Terrors," won for him the title of Patrician Bill.

The old man paid no attention. Loyalty to Tinling's, combined with a sense of dislike for this young man, forbade speech.

Patrician Bill, still smiling, disappeared behind the canvas. Martin became so lost in retrospect again that his tormentors gathered unnoticed until they opened fire.

"How's the baby to-night, Martin?"

"Mind you don't scratch her, lad!"

Martin went on with his task, though some inward spark flared defiance. It was well enough that his own should make gentle sport of him, but this alien crew aroused his ire. Patrician Bill had gathered others of the Taylor crowd to rag him.

He decided to ignore them. To flee would have been to lose caste and dignity. He finished his task with minutest care, set the violin expertly under his chin, and drew a bow across its strings.

"Just one little tune, Canuck!" They were at him again.

"Go on, boy! Just so that we know you're not pulling our legs."

"I'll bet he can't play at all!"

They might not have existed for Martin. Then Patrician Bill stepped forward.

"Here, let me have a try, old fellow. I used to be able to play the scales on one of them."

He set his hand, as he spoke, upon the instrument. A second later he staggered back. There was still power in that old right arm of Martin's. His left arm was behind him, holding the precious instrument, his right hand, clenched, threatened more. His whole wizened body was trembling; his pinched little face, with heavy crown of white hair, was flushed.

## HILLS OF HOME

Patrician Bill swore and lunged forward. Someone held him back. From the Tinling quarters came the sound of shouts and running feet. Someone had seen and sounded the alarm. Preparations for the opening of the fair must wait; the old feud called.

Into a miniature riot, where fists had already begun to play, a slight, girlish form suddenly slipped. An upturned tub afforded her opportunity.

"Stop!" she cried, and her voice carried strangely. "Stop that rough stuff—quick now!" She was dressed in the cowboy costume of the Taylor show; in her hand, uplifted, was a riding-whip. "The first man that strikes me will feel this!"

Both sides fell back; the Taylor crowd because they knew that Taylor's daughter had all her father's fearlessness and determination; the Tinling, in deference perhaps to her womanhood. Old Martin stood staring up at her—her voice always had a curious fascination for him. He still clutched his violin to him, as though it were a baby, and they might take his child from him.

A man's voice spoke authoritatively.

"What's the matter here now? Why—Leigh?" Orville Tinling's big form thrust itself forward. Leigh Taylor gave a little sigh, as though the responsibility no longer was on her shoulders.

"Huh!" sneered Patrician Bill, staring darkly at the new-comer. "There's nothing to get so fussed up over. I only wanted your old man there to play us a tune, and he wouldn't, so I thought I'd show him how. I'll bet he can't play that thing at all. He's like the rest of the Tinling crowd—all show and nothing to it."

The opposing forces surged forward ominously. But Orville's voice cut in: "Get back there!" He turned upon the offender. "You beat it now, Vanderlip, or there won't be enough left of you to make glue out of. Anyhow, you're trespassing on Tinling territory."

Patrician Bill swaggeringly withdrew his forces to the exact line between the two areas.

The Tinling men had gathered together in conference. They seemed genuinely aggrieved that a fight had been denied them.

Old Martin had forgotten them all. His beloved violin was safe; that was all he cared. He went back to the shack-like dormitory, and in the flickering light of acetylene gas blowing in the draught he examined again the tender inscription that

marked the gift. But quiet was not to be his. A delegation followed him in. They brought all their persuasion into play. The scoffers were without, waiting for that tune. He must really play—anything at all. Then the Tinling side would be triumphant and the bet won.

"Give you a dollar, Martin, for just one weeny little tune!"

No reply.

"Give you two!"

The wrinkled hands worked a little more feverishly, smoothing the varnished surface as one might pet a child.

Martin's faded blue eyes met those of his tempter, almost in appeal. Five dollars! More than a hundred miles of railway journey in that—getting on towards two. Hidden away in a secret place was a fund that grew so slowly Martin wondered sometimes whether the years might not beat him out after all—whether old age might not suddenly pounce upon him and so end all chance of this long-planned trip away up north—north 'way beyond the border to the hills of home. No one seemed to think he needed money—beyond small silver for a little tobacco and similar indulgences. His days of usefulness in the show were nearly past now; they let him stay, giving him his keep in exchange for odd jobs he did. And he would have scorned their charity even as he refused to consider borrowing. He had his own standards.

"Ten dollars!"

Three hundred miles and more! To-morrow the Fall Fair would open here—in this last stopping-place before the warmth of the south welcomed them to winter quarters far from this more northerly haunt. After that another winter—would the spring find old Martin still a hanger-on of this travelling show?—or would Tinling's have moved on, leaving him in a lonely resting-place with a meagre cross bidding him *Requiescat in Pace*? The hills of home! Up in the north country where he had courted, and wooed, and wed; where first his career had been determined and two lives had found a partnership of happiness and quickly growing fame. Ah, well!

"Twenty!"

The bills were crinkling under his very nose now—four crisp new fives someone had procured fresh from the cashier's stock.

Martin waved the offering impatiently away. His hollow cheeks seemed more gaunt and white; his eyes a still more faded blue.

## THE QUIVER

"Twenty-five!"

Enough, with care, to do the trick—with what he had saved up—and if he lived simply. Someone would shelter him for the week's stay at home for a small consideration. He would remain anonymous; none must know the old man who would, for one great week, ramble about familiar haunts.

Martin set the violin tremblingly in the case, clicked the clasps decisively, and fled. It was dark enough now to find seclusion. The soft mantle of night was a grateful covering. Familiar sounds of hammering and shouting told of preparations for the opening. They barely penetrated his consciousness.

Voices of passing workers reached his ears.

"He's weakening. The old boy's queer—never played since I can remember, but treats his old fiddle like a baby in arms. But he's weakening. I bet he don't get much money. The boys are determined they'll win the bet. Gordie says they'll go as high as fifty dollars if he'll play. That'd be a fortune to old Marty."

They passed on.

Old Martin pulled hard at his pipe.

More voices in the darkness; softer ones this time—a man's and a woman's; the man's with just a suspicion of boyishness about it, the woman's soft and mellow and—fascinating. They passed on towards the area of the Taylor concession. Old Martin's eyes were keen enough to make them out, silhouetted for a moment against the dull gleam of lights through canvas. Mark Tinling's boy, Orville, and Leigh Taylor! Martin chuckled softly at the train of thought they induced. Mark wouldn't be so dead against it—but Sammy Taylor! Yet Cupid would no doubt have his way. Young—and in love! Martin was back again, roaming the hills of home in the days when the world was young for him, and Dorinda was very nearly his world.

Fifty dollars!

"No, sir!" said old Martin, as though the tempter stood before him. Presently he went in to hide away, surreptitiously, the beloved instrument in its specially padded bed in the single trunk that contained the worldly possessions of Martin Conyers.

From apparently simple causes do large issues spring. Yet, probe the matter carefully and beneath simple causes one will often find deep undercurrents. So was the incident of Martin's violin playing and the ensuing trouble.

Behind it stood that old feud between these two rival shows—rooted in beginnings almost forgotten; behind it, still more, stood Patrician Bill. For him the way to a definite end seemed open; small liking he had for the recent truce that threatened to become something more peaceful still. What if the peace terms be signed on a marriage register? Young Orville was becoming open in his courting, whereas previously it had been so surreptitious that even Patrician Bill, watching Leigh Taylor like a hawk, was blind—for a time. Well, he had his eyes open now!

"First thing you know," someone had whispered maliciously in Bill's ear. "First thing you know, my lad, it'll be Tinling and Taylor!"

That went deep.

Patrician Bill worked covertly but effectively. All the week nothing but the rush of long, busy days, with the fine weather bringing eager crowds to the fair, saved the inevitable physical clash of the forces. As it was, there were minor incidents. One or two of Tinling's boys, and as many of Taylor's henchmen, appeared in their respective camps with cuts and bruises that called for healing ministrations.

Patrician Bill smiled anticipatively.

Friday it was, with things moving steadily towards the inevitable climax, when Martin, on his way for a period of quiet and a pipe, was overtaken by Leigh Taylor.

"I always get as far away from the show as possible," he told her. "Not that I don't like it, only I expect you understand how it is!"

"Of course! I know!" she told him quickly. "I'm that way myself. Sometimes I get so fed up singing to that gaping crowd outside the show just to attract them so old Skinny Jones can get in his barking for the Wild West stuff, 'just startin' within, led-dies an' gents—only ten cents a head—children in arms free—biggest value on the grounds'—you know his line. It seems cheap, doesn't it? Sometimes I feel I can't stand it; I've just got to get away and sing to people who'll appreciate it. I'm not saying my voice is anything to write home about, but I feel I could make good in a real singing show."

"You could," declared Martin. "I've heard you."

"You think so—really?"

"Aye," Martin nodded. "You remind me so of a singer I used to know. She was very—wonderful—she was!"



"'Stop!' cried the girl, and her voice carried strangely.  
 'The first man that strikes will feel this!'"—p. 1103

Drawn by  
 Tom Peddie

## THE QUIVER

Leigh's eyes were shining. She said again: "Really? Honest? I'm so glad. I've always longed for it. Did you ever long for a thing so much it seemed to tear something out of your heart?"

He looked away, smiling queerly.

"Let's go over and sit where we can see the water and the boats," he suggested presently. "I always like these grounds for that."

They went together in the best of comradeship. One of Tinling's men, homeward bound after a brief time off duty, and bearing outward signs of inward and illegal stimulation, hissed a crude epithet in old Martin's ear and nodded towards the girl. Martin went on unheeding. She said:

"You won't get into trouble with—your people—by coming with me?"

He laughed.

"They'll not meddle with old Martin. Besides, it's all tomfoolery this. Just talk and threats—and they never tore a shirt yet."

She caught his arm.

"Oh, but it isn't. You don't understand. There'll be trouble—there's bound to be . . . unless . . ."

"Unless?" he caught up the word encouragingly. Clearly the girl was troubled, and Martin's old heart was a gallant one.

"Unless you play!"

"Tush. My dear child, how silly! If they're looking for trouble they'll find it, whatever I do."

She shook her head in a vigorous negative.

"Listen, Mr. Conyers. To-morrow the fair closes at ten-thirty, and there's to be a benefit concert, you know, at the Midway Theatre for the Indigent Actors' Fund. Orville—Mr. Tinling's on the committee, and I can arrange for you to play just as easy as can be. Everybody—all the show people, I mean—will be there. Don't you see what a chance it is?"

Martin smiled his refusal.

But the girl hurried on: "Oh, Mr. Conyers—can't you see—it's this way. . . . If you and I were sort of to act together . . . I could come on and sing and you play behind the scenes. That'd get *our* crowd. An' then, suddenly, when they're not expecting it, on you come playing. That'd get *your* crowd. I'm sure it would work."

"You don't share the general belief?"

He was eyeing her quizzically.

"About your ability to play? No, Mr. Conyers. You see, I've heard you!"

"You—what!"

"One time when we were at the Florizol Fair. I was out alone in a long ramble through the woods. I heard strange bird-notes, and went to investigate. It was wonderful."

"Ah!"

"You're not angry with me?"

"Angry, child? No. Only I thought I always went far enough away from everybody that none could hear. Sometimes in the woods like that, sometimes in the towns, I get a quiet corner away by myself. But I've never played to an audience since—since she left me." He was staring out across the blue stretch of water again.

"She?"

Old Martin hesitated. Then he drew out an ancient hunting case watch and opened it, to show within the old-fashioned picture of a girl in clothes of another generation—a girl whose eyes held you, whose mouth was a thing of sweetness, whose chin held all the firmness that lovely curves could reveal.

"We—we used to be sweethearts as children," said Martin. "Long days together we've roamed the hills up north. She was a great one for the open, was Dorinda. There came a time when the roving spirit took us farther, and her voice and my fiddle went well together. Perhaps, miss, you have heard of Annette Carleton?"

"Why, yes. I've heard daddy speak of her so often. She was very famous as a singer when he was a young man."

Pride shone in Martin's old eyes.

"That was Dorinda," he said, "my wife. Leigh sat up with a jerk."

"Then you are——"

He nodded.

"I am Coppolli. That's between you and me, miss. She would have it that a violinist should have one of these queer foreign names. Besides, she was Miss Annette Carleton—Dorinda was her middle name—and wedded, so said all the newspapers, to her art. Few knew that she was also wedded to me." He went on after a space, half-apologetically. "You understand—she was temperamental. For years we went together from place to place, happy in our roving existence, not booking too far ahead, that caprice might lead us joyously as we felt inclined. Those days were—very happy days."

She touched his arm gently.

"You said—she left you?"

"It was her fame did it—that and her temperament. She worked too hard—it got



## HILLS OF HOME

her nerves. Maybe, miss, you're too young to know what nerves can do when they get askew—how quickly they'll change a person. It wasn't my Dorinda any more. Maybe, too, I hadn't the patience I should. One thing led to another—the gulf grew. One day she left me. I had a letter after a while. She was going away for a rest, then she'd arranged for a manager to attend to her bookings. It was better, she said, we should part. It was affecting her art. You see, Miss Taylor, that wasn't my Dorinda at all—her nerves were gone askew."

Leigh nodded sympathy and understanding.

"She—she never came back, Mr. Conyers?"

"She never came back."

"And you? You went on with your own career?"

He smiled queerly.

"No, Miss Taylor, I just couldn't. I wrote and told her I was expecting her back. I was then. I said I'd never play for anybody again until she came back. I meant it. I haven't all these years."

His eyes were searching her face for sympathy. Not in long years had he opened his heart like this; laid bare before human gaze the secrets of his life. Leigh Taylor was—different; he felt that here was understanding. But the cloud in her eyes troubled him. When she spoke he understood.

"Do you think that was—right?"

"Right?"

"Or brave?"

A little flush came to touch his cheeks. There had been moments when he had said this to himself—moments that grew rarer as the years went by.

The girl went on: "Don't you think perhaps you owed it to others when you could play like that—to use your art?"

He answered slowly: "Perhaps you're right." The confession cost him something; he added, almost fiercely, leaning towards her in his earnestness: "Perhaps you're right, but you don't know—you don't know what it's meant to me to cling to that thing. I've kept saying to myself—I'll stand to my vow, and some day she'll come back. It's sort of grown to be part of me. Why, miss, often I've longed to get back home—I want to go back among the hills up north before I die. I could have made the money easy with the fiddle—but somehow I couldn't do it. And it's too late now to change."

Leigh said quickly: "You could—if you'd try. And you're going to try for me, aren't you?"

"I'm afraid not."

"Mr. Conyers, if your Dorinda were here—the old Dorinda, you know—she'd want you to help me that way. I just know she would."

Quite obviously he was not listening. Memory had claimed him again. She stood up, biting her lip, a little flash in her eyes.

"Martin Conyers, you will do this for me."

"I couldn't, Miss Taylor!" He spoke quite humbly.

Leigh turned furiously upon him, the quick temper of the Taylors consuming her. She stamped an impatient foot until the dust rose from the dry turf.

"You're a stubborn, selfish old man! That's what you are! There'll be trouble, for sure, and it'll all be your fault! Just when—when dad and Mr. Tinling were getting over their silly squabbles. Don't you see if there's another fight what it'll mean to—to Orville and me?"

Martin was staring into distance.

"Oh," he said at last, and turned to see Leigh's form retreating with a swinging, impatient stride. "Oh," he said again. "Orville and me! That's how the land lies." He continued to stare thoughtfully. "Possibly she's right," he said. "But I couldn't play—I just know I couldn't. My nerve 'd go. They'd only laugh at me."

Later, when the sun was westering and a sense of duties neglected came to him, he rose to hurry stiffly away. A windblown swirl of dead leaves followed at his heels—dry, dead things that told of the coming of winter by and by. But the smile on his face persisted. Decision had come. Enough that two lives had been spoiled; if two might be saved there might be some atonement to justify the doing.

The shacklike dormitory was very quiet. Elsewhere the noise and hubbub of the fair was in full swing; the hot autumn sun made the interior of the place drowsy—some flies, awakened by the heat, buzzed contentedly.

Martin sat down on the edge of the bunk, and slowly drew the little trunk to him. A new excitement gripped him. To play—after all these years! To thrill anew with the plaudits long silenced! To let his beloved violin—her violin—sing again! He could do it: confidence sprang into sudden growth, he would make his violin sing the message of peace. Leigh was a fine girl,

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and her voice so like the one he had known; and Orville—he liked Orville. Besides—a quick thrill seized him—he would never have done this for money—but maybe that offer would hold good. Twenty-five dollars? Fifty? The hills of home?

Slowly he drew the case from its place, lifting it tenderly. A sudden fear contracted his heart. It seemed so light! Perhaps hope had given him new strength, though. His hands trembled as he slipped off the catches. He stared dully.

Faded purple lining—and emptiness! The violin was gone!

Gusty emotion swept him. Unbelief—desolation—by and by hatred! A fierce, all-mastering hatred—something akin to that of the tigress robbed of her cubs.

Taylor's men! That would be it. All the old animosities from out the past years came to confirm, to inspire hatred.

A blur was before his old eyes—a strange, blinding blur! He would call his own men to witness—these kindly fellows who had affectionately dubbed him "Canuck," who, if they laughed at his foibles, did not hurt with their sympathetic humour. They would avenge his loss!

He stepped to the entrance of the dormitory. A single shout would do it. The empty case was clutched to him.

Then it was the blur in his eyes ceased to blind him, and he saw it. Caught in the hinge, drab against the darkness of the lining, unmistakable evidence of guilt—a glove, small, fringed, familiar. Leigh's! Leigh Taylor's glove! Out of a struggling admixture of emotion emerged again a gusty anger. So she had dared—dared to touch this beloved instrument—the link with the past—Dorinda's gift! Dared no doubt because she was piqued that he would not help her . . . though he had intended to do so at last!

Old Martin laughed; not a pleasant laugh—not like his usual self. He would just call them all to see!

"Anything the matter, Martin?"

The old man had not seen the lad approach. Orville Tinling stood smiling down at him, but sympathetic concern was in his eyes. Orville was a good lad—always thoughtful, always considerate. Martin stammered out: "N-n-no, Mr. Tinling, thanks. Nothing much."

"You mustn't let the boys rag you too much about that old violin of yours. They don't mean any harm, Martin."

"I don't mind the boys, Mr. Tinling."

Orville nodded, and went on his way. With softened eyes Martin watched his going. Orville was a good boy.

From behind his back, the tell-tale part sheltered behind his wizened body, Martin drew the empty case. He disengaged the gauntlet, and carefully hid it away in his trunk. On top of it he put the empty case.

He shut the lid down quickly. The trunk reproached him. He should have had that lock fixed—but all these years none had dared touch the instrument.

"Martin—oh, Martin!"

"Coming!" said old Martin.

The cook's voice. "Help me fetch in some of this wood, Martin, there's a good chap. Say, what's the matter? You look as if you needed a doctor."

"It's nothing," protested Martin. "I'm—I'm getting old, cook." He set to work on the task. Five minutes later the cook found him sitting limply on the woodpile, and at the risk of scorched food went and tucked him into his own bunk.

Voices passing after a while came to Martin's ears.

"So poor old Marty's caved in, eh? Poor old chap! Funny how they go like that often. No reason at all, y'know. Just go floey."

Martin managed a queer little smile.

"Fine old fellow, Martin," said a second voice. "The boys'll sure be cut up about it. Maybe he'll pick up when we move south again. We'll shove off Monday morning."

South! A cold hand seemed to be laid upon Martin's heart. South—and his heart was in the north! Canada! Land of his birth! Hills of home! Some inward voice spoke to him. He nodded in dumb resignation. The burden of years was upon him. It came to him that he was now as near the hills of home for which he longed as he would ever be.

A cold drizzle of rain spoiled the last day of the fair. It reduced the crowds to a handful, and gave time for the growth of personal grievances. Outside the cook-house, beyond the hearing of Martin, more than one confidence took place—with the cook at the centre.

"I reckon," said someone, "we won't tell old Martin. No use worryin' him. We'll all be there to-night, and if he pulls it . . . whace! There'll be some ructions! There's been something coming to this Taylor out fit long enough! Everybody be there early. Front seats!"

Everybody was. Two front rows of grim



"Before they could move a queer little figure pushed up the aisle. 'Don't you dare play that!' he cried"—p 1110

Drawn by  
Tom Peddie

## THE QUIVER

faces, upturned to the stage. Perhaps because of them the early numbers fell flat. They were waiting anxiously for the coming of the Taylor contributions to the programme.

But their own card went up first.

"Tinling's."

Cheers from the Tinling contingent. A booing chorus from the Taylor element.

Silence at last while the baritone voice of Orville Tinling resounded in a song of romance and love. Perhaps because it did not lack inspiration it held them silent through it all.

A new card went up: a rather good act that seemed interminable. Then—"Taylor's"—at last.

Cheers from the Taylor element. Grim silence from those front rows.

The cook it was who whispered the word first—a word that passed from lip to lip along those grim front rows.

"It's 'im, boys. It's that"—the cook supplied effective adjectives—"Patrician Bill!"

Very debonair he was, stepping forward in immaculate evening dress, in his hand a violin. A hush held the audience. Even the Taylor element forgot to cheer. Others, not in "the know," seemed to sense a tensi-ty of atmosphere.

He put the violin under his chin and raised the bow. The pianist played the opening chord.

"Up, boys!" shouted the cook, but before they could move a queer little figure, in very old-fashioned evening clothes, green and shiny with age, crinkled with long preservation, smelling of mothball and camphor, pushed up the aisle. From the floor he cried in a voice that carried, so strangely vibrant was it with passion:

"Don't you dare play that!"

A new hush held the house.

Somehow Martin managed to reach the stage. He held out his hand for the instrument. He was trembling like a leaf. Patrician Bill's mouth twisted scornfully.

"You thief!" cried Martin. "You cad! First you steal—then you throw suspicion on a woman!"

Patrician Bill went white. It seemed as though he would strike.

"Give me that violin!" Martin was coldly insistent now; action had banished the trembling.

Patrician Bill hesitated—but only for a moment. His glance went for a moment to those front rows. He relinquished the instrument.

The instant he had it back a chill came to Martin. His wizened body shook again. Some urge had brought him from his sick bed to play for her—for her and Orville—no matter what she, in pique, had done; and so he had come, to find that she knew nothing of it. He had sunk into a seat in the theatre, too weary to go home. Then—Patrician Bill—and the thing was clear. Anger had sustained him; reaction came now. He felt limp. If there was only a place where he could sit down—just for a moment! Listen—they were cheering him—him—Martin Conyers! Just like the old days! He put the violin to his chin, almost cuddling it to him. His bow went into position.

"You old fool—you can't play it! You haven't the nerve! They'll just laugh at you!"

How clearly that hissing, scornful word came from the wings!

Martin struggled to get his nerve. It seemed as though a stronger mind was holding his weak, failing one, as though no power could make him play. He tried to start a simple thing that always went so well—when he and Dorinda worked together—one, too, that he had often practised since.

Listen! They were laughing at him. All but the front rows, their eyes held appeal that he should make good.

"Sit down, old fellow! Beat it there, and let's get on with the show!" Catcalls! Hisses! Mortification for those front rows turned to anger.

Old age had claimed him. He could not play.

The front row would avenge him, but they must not fight—for him. He must tell the boys to be quiet. Leigh had said—

What was that? The strain he had been trying to play, rich, mellow, familiar—a human voice. It came from the wings. How it recalled to mind the old days. Then he had played the obbligate for Dorinda. He came in just like this. . . .

The house was suddenly hushed. Old Martin was playing! The years were bridged at last. Forgotten was the audience, forgotten his years, forgotten the weakness that had paralysed him. His whole soul poured into the music. That was what held his auditors—not perfection of technique that once was his, but the throbbing power of the music . . . and the singer's voice blending so sweetly.

She appeared just as the last note ended in a burst of harmony.

## HILLS OF HOME

Great waves of applause convulsed the house. Taylor's and Tinling's and all who heard.

Old Martin heard them dimly. He was moving towards the singer. And she towards him. Perhaps her woman's quick perception hastened her.

Old Martin, arms outstretched, one hand clutching the instrument that had not lost its power to sing for him, groped his way forward.

"Dorinda!" they heard him cry. And then Leigh caught him in her strong young arms.



A sense of floating on air. Then a consciousness of occasional joltings, slight but perceptible. The comfortable feel of clean, cool sheets. Luxury—after the crude methods of the show bunks.

Ah! he had it—he was on a train! The curtain parted, faces leaned over him, familiar faces, somehow, but not to be placed—yet. A cool hand on his forehead. He remembered now. He had played, and then Dorinda had come.

"Dorinda!" He spoke the word softly. His arms went up, encircling the neck above him. He became conscious of eyes meeting his, eyes that were not Dorinda's. Hers were black, and these— He stammered, "Who—what?"

"Hush, Mr. Conyers! It's I—Leigh Taylor. There, you must be quiet. You've been ill. The doctor said if we could get you away it would help. The shows have moved south already. We couldn't take you then."

"Oh!" He turned over in the berth. South! It all began to come to him now. Dorinda had been *Leigh*, and now they were taking him south to get well. He almost laughed. South—to get well mentally—when his whole being cried out for the northern hills of home. Up there winter would already be upon them, if the season were at all early. Perhaps snow. How long since he had seen snow!

South! Oh, it would be balmy and lovely down there, but his heart cried out in protest. He would hate this year its sunshine and its flowers. Probably already . . . The window blinds were drawn; he managed to lift one. How very weak he was. He put a wizened hand to his eyes. A whirling white landscape; over beyond, on the ridge by that farmhouse a pine-clad knell! Snow—and pines!

It seemed that through every inch and

every fibre of his body new life surged. Snow—and pines! He thrust a cautious white-crowned head through the curtains. In the opposite seat were two young folks, blissful though all the world might stare. Leigh and Orville.

He called gently. It seemed a shame to disturb them—but he must know.

Leigh explained anxiously: "I don't know if you're well enough to stand the story."

He smiled, asking, "Is it very sad?"

"Not sad—no!"

"Joy," he reminded her, "doesn't kill."

"Perhaps it's as well you should know now," she said, still doubtfully. "You see, Mr. Conyers, after you—you played so wonderfully, the newspapers worked up the story. It made a great feature for them, and I fancy it got copied pretty widely. Maybe I was so excited—I talked more'n I should. But you know how these smart reporters get things out of you. Anyhow, the papers all copied it, and inside three days we had a wire."

"A—wire?" Martin struggled to a sitting position.

"From—from your home-place, I guess. A village up north, in Ontario."

"Some of the folks I knew!" Martin's eyes were eager.

Leigh nodded.

"They've been searching for you for a long time."

She stopped, the story seemed to choke her expression—perhaps she was afraid to tell it. But a sudden light dawned in his eyes. He said, unbelievably, tremulously:

"You don't mean that she—that Dorinda?" She did not have to speak; he read the answer in her eyes.

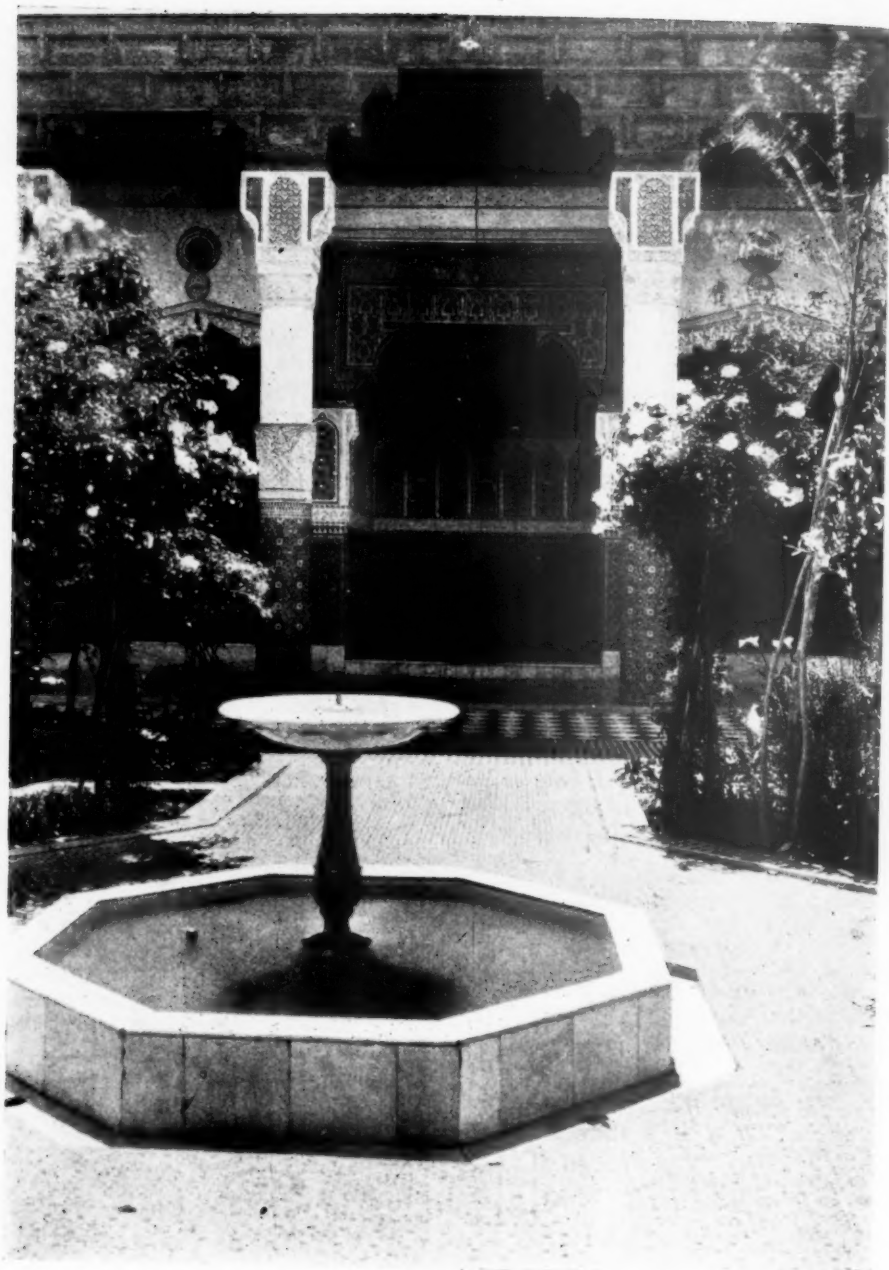
"We're taking you to her, Martin dear," said Leigh happily. "You see, Orville and I—we decided to get married at once—and we thought we'd start our honeymoon by taking home the one who fixed things for us. Afterwards we'll join Tinling and Taylor—"

"Tinling and Taylor?"

"Oh, of course, you didn't know. Orville's dad and mine—"

But Martin had ceased to listen. . . .

He was staring out of the window. His mind just now could hold only one thought; his heart feel only one swelling of emotion. Across fields pure with the white of the first snow, a flaming northern sunset poured its rays—touching pine-clad slopes with glory. Farther to the north, blue in the dim distance, lay the hills of home.



In a Moorish Palace,  
Marrakesh

Photo:  
Felix, Marrakesh





Marrakesh and the  
Atlas Mountains

Photo :  
Felix Marrakesh

# *Snow Peaks and Olive Groves*

*The Marvels of Marrakesh*

*By*

*Walter B. Harris*

**A** HUNDRED and fifty miles south of Casablanca, the principal port of the French Protectorate of Morocco, lies Marrakesh, the southern capital of the Moorish Empire. Founded by Youssef ben Tashfin as long ago as 1062, on the supposed site of a Roman outpost, Marrakesh, like almost all Oriental towns, suffered the vicissitudes of those ages, as Sultan after Sultan passed away, often to make place for a rival dynasty, whose first work was to destroy the vestiges of what its predecessors had accomplished. Yet through all those centuries Marrakesh was a place of considerable importance, reaching its highest point of civilization and art under the enlightened reigns of the Saadian Sultans in the seventeenth century, whose mausoleum is to-day one of the principal and most beautiful sights of the city.

## **Essentially African**

While Fez, the northern capital, is as perfect an example as still exists anywhere in the world of an untouched Eastern city, Marrakesh is essentially African, and has all the characteristics of a great oasis. The town—with its 150,000 inhabitants—lies in the centre of a wide plain, watered by the River Tensift. To the north, running east and west, is a long line of dark volcanic hills, the Jibelet, while twenty miles away to the south rises the great chain of the

Atlas Mountains, towering twelve thousand five hundred feet above the level of the town and fourteen thousand above the sea. During the whole winter the Atlas peaks are covered with snow, which at times lies as low as the foothills on the borders of the plain. It is this magnificent range of mountains that renders Marrakesh a unique city, for as a foreground to the great snow peaks there are immense groves of date palms and orange gardens and olive groves. The view of the snow, seen through these almost tropical woods, is a sight as rare as it is beautiful.

## **Easy of Access**

It is only in very recent years, since motor traffic has been introduced into Morocco and the great roads built, that Marrakesh has been easy of access. Formerly a long caravan journey from the coast, through country of no great interest, and at the mercy of the cold of winter and the heat of summer, was necessary—and once arrived, there were many difficulties in obtaining accommodation, for hotels were completely non-existent and houses difficult to hire. Often the traveller was obliged to pitch his tents on one of the many open spaces. But nowadays excellent services of motor-cars of every kind and variety, to suit every purse, have been introduced, and ply in all directions over the French Protec-

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torate. New hotels have been lately built, and Marrakesh to-day possesses a "palace" where the traveller will find not only every possible comfort, but every luxury as well.

In its way Marrakesh is unique. Its great plain, its myriad of palm trees, its crumbling yellow walls, its open spaces, its narrow bazaars, and, more than everything else, its people are African.

### A City Unspoilt

The French Protectorate Government has taken every step possible to prevent vandalism and to maintain the characteristics of the place. Inside the walls, with the exception of one quarter reserved for the building of banks, business houses, shops, etc., no Europeanized construction is permitted, and even in this quarter the constructions may have one upper floor only. A mile outside the walls is Guéliz, where a modern French town has been laid out and where the troops of the garrison are quartered. It is by this route that the traveller coming from the coast arrives at Marrakesh. After a mile or two through the palm groves Guéliz is reached, with its wide avenues planted with trees. Then, through a break in the mud walls of the city, an interior garden quarter is passed and the centre of the town is reached—the famous square of the Jama el-Fnaa. The first sight which attracts the traveller's eye, even from many miles away, is the great square minaret of the Koutoubia mosque, the construction of which was terminated in 1198, and which since then in its majestic beauty has reigned supreme over the destinies of the city. The "square"—as a matter of fact, it isn't a "square," but an irregular open space—of the Jama el-Fnaa is the centre of the world to the native inhabitant of Marrakesh and of the country round.

It is a great place the Jama el-Fnaa—and as sunset approaches and the dust-laden air becomes luminous, the whole place glows as if wrapped in flame. It is a sight that can never be forgotten. Away and above everything rises the great tower of the Koutoubia, as if forged in molten metal, while for a foreground there is the teeming crowd, shrouded in their long garments and unearthly in the evening light. Then the sun sets and the whole scene becomes one of silvery-grey for the few minutes of dusk, for night falls fast in Morocco.

For a couple of hours before sunset till night falls the Jama el-Fnaa is crowded.

A circle of people surrounds each of the many performers who ply their trade there. It is a regular fair, but a fair such as can exist only in Africa. Here is the snake-charmer, long-haired and mysterious, whose companions with their reed flutes play the notes that seem to charm the flat-necked cobra, or the heavy "lefah," that lies before him. With bare feet he dances to and fro, uttering strange cries, shaking his head till the long black locks form a dark, unholy halo round him—approaching toward the snake and retiring again, as if affrighted, and even allowing it to strike at its garments, to the consternation of the onlookers. Near him is a storyteller, with a large group of seated listeners forming a semicircle in front of him. He holds in his hand a small square parchment drum, on which from time to time he punctuates his tale. His gesticulations, at the same time energetic and graceful, help his words and are full of expression. His diction is clear and slow, with a full stop after every sentence, and a beat upon his little drum. Every now and again he ceases his tale to beg, and, in the name of some patron saint of high repute, he collects small coins from his audience. His tales are long and very disconnected, wandering off into side issues till day succeeds day and the story is not finished. When the Sultan is sitting on his throne to judge his faithless wife a slave brings him sherbet, and the slave's story must be told—and another afternoon goes by. A Moorish story has many branches, and each has to be followed to its bitter end, till sometimes the listener, go he every day to listen, must be sorely confused.

### The Boy Dancers

A little farther on are the young Shleuh dancers—Berber boys from the Sous districts still farther south—painted and bedecked, with their strange coiffure and straight fringes and their big silver earrings. They stand, half a dozen of them, in a line and sing in high treble voices, while opposite to them are the musicians, with their two-stringed instruments played with a bow. The quadrille begins; backwards and forwards, almost to meet and then to separate again, step the dancers and the musicians, singing the while. Then the music grows quicker and the boys click the little metal castanets that they hold in their hands. Then all form a circle, and dancing all the time, parade round and

## SNOW PEAKS AND OLIVE GROVES

round, at times retreating into the centre to form a compact group for a few seconds, and then to separate and begin all over again. Adept they are and their muscles are highly trained, for not only do their bare feet move at a great pace on the sun-baked soil, but they tremble all over as they dance. Quicker and quicker, till their white, voluminous skirts spread out around them, and they sink or bend backwards till their foreheads nearly touch the ground. Then once more it begins all over again. Strange, unreal, curious children, leading a hard and none too moral life; petted, bullied and exploited till the first signs of manhood, the appearance of the growth of a moustache or beard puts an end to their profession as dancers, and they become in turn the musicians of the troop—for they have then reached years of discretion. So just as they had to dance to the music of others, they in turn play for the next generation of little boys.

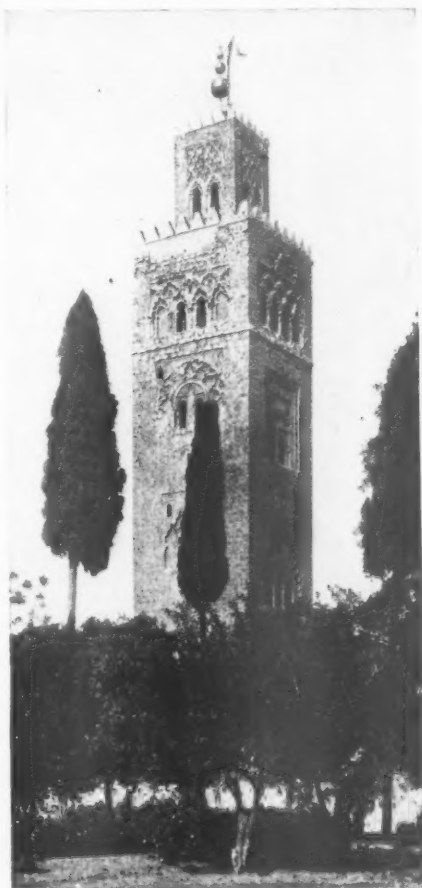
### Acrobats, Beggars and Soldiers

There are acrobats, too, turning somersaults or climbing on to each other's shoulders, three high, forming a pillar of strange colours in their motley garb. Near them is a conjurer who day after day and hour after hour performs the same trick of discovering and extracting a mangy white rabbit from an apparently empty box. Beggars galore, too, from the poor desert women in dark blue cotton rags to the practised Dervish with his matted hair and his necklace of big wooden beads. Soldiers in uniform—the scarlet and blue of the Sultan's black bodyguard and the khaki of the "tirailleurs marocains"—and those waifs and strays of the world, the Foreign Legionaries.

Surrounded by his little circle, the seller of books is there, with strange Oriental prints of the mosque at Mecca, of Constantinople and of Egypt—of mythical heroes mounted on mythical winged horses—all true and real to the ignorant Marrakshi. A swarm of flies betrays the whereabouts of the sweet-seller, with his sticky mess of honey and sugar and wasps. Not far away, spectacled and demure, with the face of a sage, an elderly, much-turbaned doctor in spectacles is plying his trade, mixing his strangely coloured minerals with the powder of gazelle horns or the feathers of an eagle with the dried gizzard of a fox, a very real remedy, no doubt, in the eyes of his patient, a stout, elderly, closely veiled

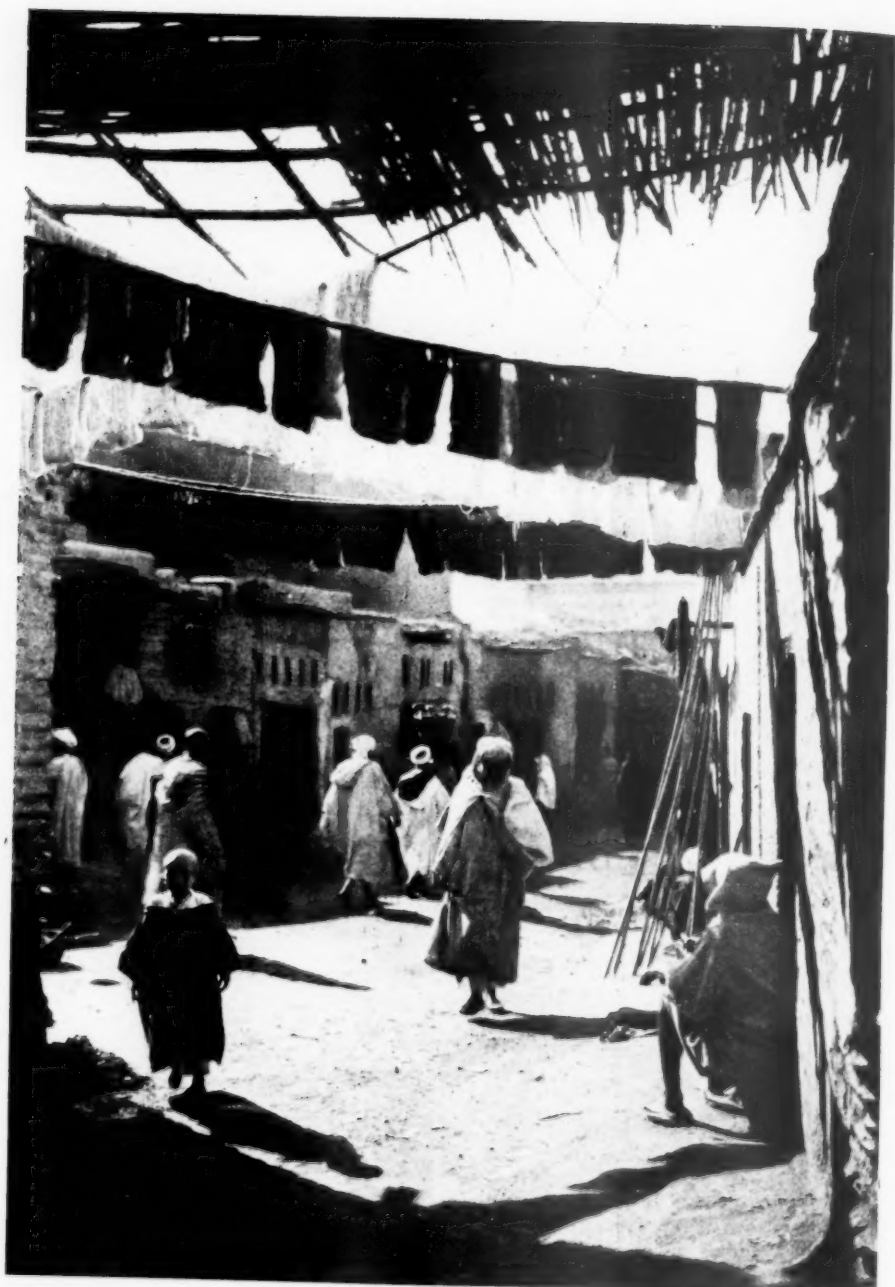
woman who squats before him. The native doctor's trade in Morocco has been severely hit by the introduction of the hospitals and dispensaries that the French authorities have so wisely built in every town, and which are the resort of thousands of sick natives, grateful and benefited.

Beyond the Jama el-Fnaa, in a labyrinth of little streets, mostly covered with canes and matting, lie the "Souks"—the native bazaars. Poor enough they are, compared with the bazaars of many Oriental towns, but very African with their little box-like shops, so small that there seems scarcely room for the shopman and his wares at the same time. It is here that such goods as are manufactured in Morocco are exposed for sale: leather-work—native shoes, the



The Koutoubia  
Minaret, Marrakesh

Photo: Felix,  
Marrakesh



The Street of the  
Dyers, Marrakesh

Photo:  
Felix, Marrakesh



The Jama el-Fnaa, Marrakesh

Photo :  
Felix, Marrakesh

## THE QUIVER

men's in plain yellow leather, the women's in colours and covered with gay embroidery and gold thread—brass trays and kettles. There are cottons from Manchester, spices from everywhere, gaily coloured stuffs and vegetables galore, for Marrakesh is the paradise of the vegetable grower. There are shops that are full of lemons and oranges in winter and of apricots in the late spring—and others dull-yellow with dates and almonds and crab-nuts, with the sellers perched high above the piled-up dry fruit, so that one wonders how they ever got there or whether they will ever manage to get out again. In the "Souks" Europe is left far away, and one can wander in the little streets without meeting a human being in "Christian" garb.

### Mud Houses and Palaces

Marrakesh, beyond the bazaars, stretches away in all directions, for the city covers a vast extent of land. There are everywhere great open spaces, surrounded by the mud houses of the people, with here and there a finer building, the residence of a country chief or city magnate, with its bare, high, almost windowless walls of pale rose-coloured bricks and its crowd of black slaves and cloaked retainers at the door. Veritable palaces they are, these finer houses of Marrakesh, with their little enclosed gardens and their courtyards and their richly decorated rooms with painted and gilded ceilings. The tiled floors, and the rich mosaic dadoes of the walls, surmounted by the delicate sculptured plaster designs skilfully carved and in admirable taste, form pictures that once seen are never forgotten.

The carpets are bright in colour, the divans strewn with silk cushions. There is always the sound of running water in one's ears and the sight and perfume of roses and jasmine.

Lucky is the traveller who is invited to a fête in one of these Moorish palaces, for he will obtain a glimpse of the real life of the country. He will eat famously cooked meats served by slaves as black as ebony. He will listen to strange, monotonous music of the country and see the wriggling, ungraceful dancing of the "Sheikhat." Uncouth in their preposterous amount of clothing, which has no graceful lines to counteract its ugliness, the dancing girls turn and twist to the beating of drums and the shrill notes of the two-stringed violins in never-ending monotony. Yet it is all part and parcel of the native life and a sight to be

seen by such as would realize the country and its people. Behind the high walls of the inner courts, hidden from the sight of all, the Arab host conceals his own women-kind, and they are never seen. A strange land and a stranger people.

The great Monuments of Marrakesh are the famous tower of the Koutoubia mosque, the Medersa, or University, and the tombs of the Saadian dynasty of Sultans. The Koutoubia was built by the Sultan Yakoub ben Mansour, and was completed in 1198. It is a square tower constructed in red stone. Windows, set in carved stone decoration, pierce its four sides. Near the top there is a wide band of pale green and white tile work. A smaller tower forms the actual summit and ends in a dome. The total height is 300 feet. There is still a large portion of the mosque standing at the foot of the tower, but much has long ago fallen to ruin and been demolished. The whole building is surrounded on three sides by open spaces and gardens of palm, olive and orange trees.

The Medersa, or University, was also founded by the Sultan Yakoub ben Mansour, but most of the present building dates from the early seventeenth century, though the walls are no doubt the original ones. All the decoration is of the later date, and is due to the artistic care and initiative of the Sultans of the Saadian dynasty. The great courtyard, with its high walls of delicately incised plaster-work and carved cedar-wood—grey with age and exposure—is an object of great beauty. In the centre of the marble-paved court is a pool of water, while the walls of the colonnades are decorated with fine designs in old tile work.

### Masterpieces of Arab Art

Full of beauty and mystery are the buildings which contain the white marble tombs of the Saadian Sultans. They have escaped the destruction of the succeeding dynasty, whose first sovereign, Mulai Ismail (1807), deliberately destroyed all the handiwork of his predecessors on the throne, including the wonderful palace which they had erected at Marrakesh, and of which more than one description remains in the records of European Ambassadors who visited the Moorish Court. The tombs, however, were considered as sacred and so escaped this wholesale destruction. The dimly lit building in which the tombs of the principal Sultans are situated is a work of surprising beauty. The ceilings, carved and richly gilded, are

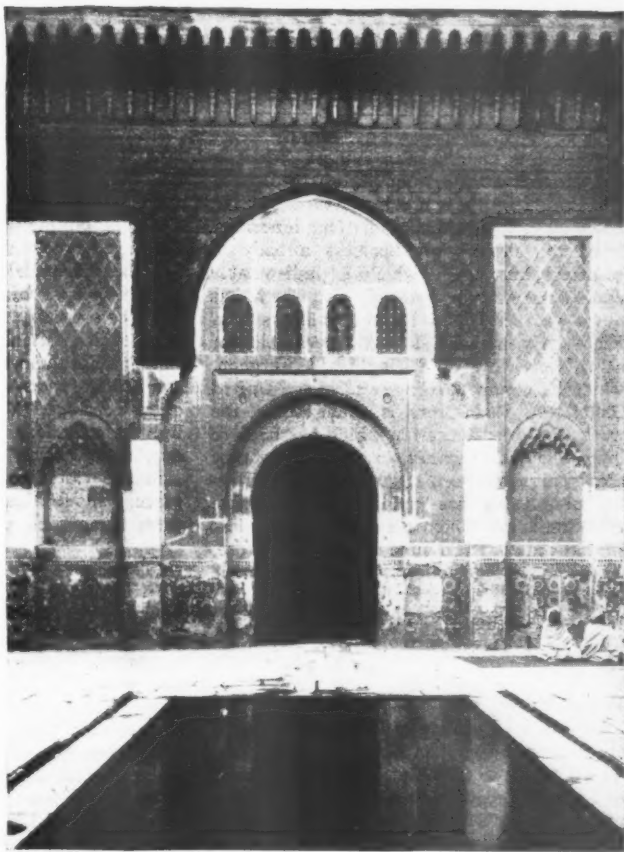


## SNOW PEAKS AND OLIVE GROVES

their original state; in fact, the whole building, except for some necessary and careful reparation, is exactly as it was built toward the end of the seventeenth century. The decoration in sculptured plaster on the walls, and the soft colouring of the tiles with their delicate mosaic work, are masterpieces of Arab art.

The present residence of the Sultan of Morocco, who comes from time to time to spend a few months in Marrakesh, consists of a vast group of buildings, hidden, except for their green-tiled roofs, behind high walls. The palace is never open to the public, even in the Sultan's absence, and can only be visited on those rare occasions on which His Majesty holds a reception, and even then only by a favoured few. The religious attributes of the Sultan, who are direct descendants of the Prophet, are such that they always live a very secluded life, and, like his ancestors, Mulai Youssef, the reigning sovereign, seldom appears in public, except on the great feast days and at times on Fridays, on his way to the mosque. A royal procession in Morocco is indeed worth seeing, for the Sultan appears in all his pomp and surrounded by his court. In front of him are led gaily caparisoned horses, while over his head is held the crimson or green and gold parasol, the emblem of royalty.

The vast gardens of the palace have now become a public park, and one can motor for several miles through groves of olive and orange trees, above the tops of which feathery palms and stately cypresses raise their heads. The two great reservoirs—large enough to be described as lakes—which serve to irrigate these gardens are well worth a visit. On



The Courtyard of the  
Medersa, Marrakesh

Photo :  
Faix, Marrakesh

looking over the placid surface of the water one's eye wanders above the tree-tops to the great chain of snow-peaks that bar the sky in the south.

But it is perhaps Marrakesh itself rather than any of the sights it can boast that most attracts the traveller. Its teeming native life, its good-natured, laughing crowds, its half-ruined buildings, its open spaces, its narrow bazaars, and its splendid winter sunshine, with air like champagne, all render it a most attractive spot. There are many excursions to make to the foothills of the Atlas range and elsewhere, and rides and walks galore in the palm groves. It is easy to reach—five hours by motor-car from Casablanca over a most excellent road—and once reached its fascination is irresistible, for it is unique.

# The Prevention of Cancer

Alarming—but Important

By

Dr. C. W. Saleeby, F.R.S.E.

**T**HIS is an alarming subject, but it is neither hopeless nor useless to discuss.

Hosts of lives are lost because we do not discuss it as we should. Our ignorance is great, but we also possess a body of priceless knowledge which is indisputable and life-saving in potency, but which has never yet been used for the public safety. Eighteen years ago I was responsible for a volume\* by a distinguished surgeon, which he is now revising, and in the United States the Red Cross is undertaking the work of public education which has been so long delayed. Further, in our own country a campaign has been started, and the Ministry of Health has published a valuable memorandum† which the intelligent public should study. The time is past, therefore, when one need notice the kind of critic who prefers the policy of silence, little distinguishable in effect from the policy of trade secrets in respect of this or any other disease.

## What Every Student Knows

In this brief article I propose first to set out what every student of the subject everywhere knows as to the prevention of cancer, and then to state a possibility which is as yet no more, but which is worthy of consideration.

The absolute certainty, which everyone should know, is simply this—that chronic irritation leads to cancer. Perhaps a germ may also be concerned—we do not know. But, whatever else is or is not involved, chronic irritation leads to cancer. If, therefore, we avoid chronic irritation, we prevent cancer, and in so doing may avert more suffering and death than all the combined efforts of all the surgeons on earth against this disease.

This is, fortunately, something which any child could understand. Instances are numerous, and come from all parts of the world. Several are worth quoting, even

though they concern habits which none of us are likely to adopt. In Assam, people often wear hot charcoal in a vessel placed against the skin on the front of the body. They often get cancer at the spot where the hot charcoal chronically irritates the skin. In Ceylon people often chew what is called the "betel-nut." This is really a mixture of chronic irritants. For long periods it lies against the inside of the cheek at some convenient spot—and at that spot cancer often develops. We are not going to wear hot charcoal next the skin nor chew "betel-nut," but we can learn a lesson, and missionaries and teachers, going to these places, should know how to warn against these dangerous practices.

## A Practical Example

In China the men are very fond of swallowing their rice as hot as they can bear it. As it passes down the gullet there is a particular place where the passage is rather constricted, and at that point the wall of the gullet is thus particularly exposed to the heat. At that point the Chinese man often gets cancer of the gullet. The Chinese woman, being regarded as an inferior, must always wait until her lord is satisfied. The rice is much cooler by then, and she does not suffer from cancer of the gullet. This, also, missionaries should know, and it has a very evident lesson for ourselves.

Nearly all, or all, of the earlier workers with X-rays are now victims of cancer due to chronic irritation of the skin. To-day the utmost precautions are taken. At the Radium Institute, the young women employed in connexion with the care and use of the radium are all invariably discharged after three months, by inexorable rule, for their own protection. Familiarity will breed contempt for danger, and therefore they must go. The rays are invisible and easily forgotten, but they are chronic irritants.

When clay pipes were commonly smoked in this country cancer of the lip often followed their use; the stems of such pipes become very hot and the heat injures the lip. Spaniards are in the habit of smoking their cigars to the very end, which, of

\* "The Control of a Scourge," in the New Library of Medicine, edited by Dr. C. W. Saleeby, (Methuen & Co.) Now republished as "Cancer and the Public"; by C. P. Childe, F.R.C.S., President of the British Medical Association.

† A copy of this will be sent gratis to anyone by the good offices of the British Red Cross Society, 19, Berkeley St., W.

## THE PREVENTION OF CANCER

course, is very hot, and they often suffer from cancer of the lip accordingly.

Surgeons are constantly observing the association of a jagged tooth with cancer of the tongue at the place which the tooth has irritated. It is reported to me that, since the effective campaign in the United States for the better care of the mouth and teeth, keeping them clean, free from neglected caries and inflammation, cancer of the mouth has become exceedingly rare amongst the classes who are wise and disciplined and cleanly enough to attend to such things, though cancer elsewhere is markedly increasing in the United States.

Certain forms of injury to the mouth and tongue, due to disease contracted in early manhood or womanhood, predispose the injured spots to chronic irritation. If, now, such persons are smokers, they are very liable to suffer from cancer at the spots which were injured in early adult life by the disease and which have subsequently been irritated by the tobacco.

### It is Not Wise to Smoke

We may spend much labour in examining the constituents of tobacco smoke for the specially irritant ingredient, or we may blame the heat of the smoke, but for practical purposes the result of our inquiry does not much matter. Wise persons will ask themselves whether it is worth while to smoke at all, in view of these facts; and those who have ever suffered from local disease of the mouth and tongue will rigorously eschew tobacco without further question.

Workers who are industrially employed in work with crude tar and with crude paraffin are liable to suffer from cancer of the skin. In past days we used also to see many cases of what was called "chimney sweeps' cancer," due to the irritant action of soot upon the skin. These are evidently fields in which a responsible and kindly industrial hygiene must apply our knowledge and establish and enforce such precautions as will protect those who serve us by their work in these otherwise dangerous occupations.

The late Sir Alfred Pearce Gould and Sir Arthur Newsholme, in careful and extensive statistical researches, showed that persons who drink alcohol are markedly more liable to cancer than those who do not. This is in entire accordance with our already ascertained knowledge, for everyone knows that alcohol is an irritant, and

its chronic presence in the tissues may be expected to act accordingly. In this connexion we may note that Sir Lenthal Cheate, second to no living authority on the subject, has told me that he utterly disapproves of the common advice to use spirits locally in order to prepare for the high and life-giving maternal function of breast-feeding. Alcohol is a local irritant, and should be kept away especially from any part of the body whose liability to cancer is well known. A bland oil is best used instead.

There is overwhelming evidence, recognized by all authorities, to show that many cases of cancer—cases increasingly frequent both in this country and in the United States—are locally due to the local consequences of constipation. This is mentioned by the authoritative committee which prepared the memorandum for the Ministry of Health above mentioned. There may be more to say on that subject, but I am here endeavouring to distinguish sharply between the proved and the probable.

### Avoid Chronic Irritation

Let us sum up the indications, from the proved, for the prevention of cancer; previously noting one other indisputable fact—that moles, scars of certain types, warts, and such-like things are notoriously more liable to become the seat of cancer than are perfectly normal tissues. Here again the calamitous factor is chronic irritation—and therefore, whilst observing in general the sovereign advice to *avoid chronic irritation*, in which three words my whole article is summed, we shall particularly avoid anything liable to irritate moles or warts, etc. For sufficient reason we may have them drastically attacked and destroyed by a responsible surgeon once and for all, but "messing about" with them is dangerous and to be condemned. There appear also to be one or two areas in the stomach and near it which are liable to become injured during the course of chronic indigestion. At these spots cancer may develop, and hence we should beware of allowing chronic dyspepsia to continue when the right attention to diet will arrest it and prevent graver consequences.

Hence, in sum, and admittedly making counsels of perfection, we reach these principles:

*To prevent cancer avoid chronic irritation.*

This applies alike to external and to internal irritants.

## THE QUIVER

Food should not be too hot. The use of irritant condiments should be avoided or sharply limited. Very large masses of food should not be swallowed: they may injure the gullet at its narrow point.

It is safest neither to drink alcohol nor to smoke.

Even scented soaps are under suspicion.

The teeth must always be kept in perfect order.

No obstinate sore or unhealing wound should be neglected—especially upon mouth, lip, tongue, or nipple.

Chronic dyspepsia must be treated.

Constipation is dangerous and intolerable; it must be met by change of diet, exercise, paraffin, and, *least satisfactorily*, by drugs.

Warts and moles are best left alone unless they are giving trouble.

### Consult the Doctor in Suspicious Cases

Dubious or ominous symptoms should lead us to consult the doctor. People fear to do so because they are alarmed at the idea of operation. It is worth while to point out that to-day, in not a few cases, the use of radium and the X-rays is effective and that a diagnosis of cancer does not necessarily mean an operation. The proper course for each case is a matter for those who undertake the responsibility of it; but I may properly note that to-day fear of operation should no longer prevent us from giving the doctors the opportunity of early diagnosis and early treatment.

A relatively feeble form of cancer, easily cured by radium in early stages, and growing very slowly, is called rodent ulcer. It is commonest on the face—for instance, where long-worn eyeglasses have fitted cruelly and hurt the skin which they pinch. Irritant soaps, scents, and powders may contribute to the production of rodent ulcer and are best avoided.

Nothing of the nature of a corset should ever be allowed to cause local distress and irritation to sensitive organs. Evidence ex-

ists connecting such local pressure with the development of cancer.



The reader will already have made a great generalization from all the foregoing. It is that natural and healthy ways of life, and the avoidance of unnatural and artificial habits, are best for the avoidance of cancer; and therefore he will not be surprised to learn that, amongst primitive peoples living under primitive and natural conditions, and also amongst monks of to-day, living in enclosed communities with the most rigorously simple habits of life, especially of diet—*cancer is almost or wholly unknown.*

### Cancer and Diet

Sir William Arbuthnot Lane, the great English surgeon, Dr. F. L. Hoffman, the foremost American student of medical statistics, and myself are associated in the suspicion that faulty diet and consequent constipation flood the body with poisons which act as chronic irritants and lead to cancer in many places. We ask the observant throughout the world to note the relations between cancer and diet, and we are jointly responsible in part for a detailed inquiry on these lines which is now proceeding in San Francisco, a prosperous and luxurious city with a very high death rate from cancer. For myself, I assert nothing except that there is a case for inquiry on the lines which we have jointly indicated. Pending the results of such an inquiry, I counsel the reader to simplify his diet, reduce his intake of meat as much as he pleases, favour vegetables and fruit in their natural condition, and avoid constipation at all costs.

In a new volume, "Cancer; how it is caused; how it may be prevented," by Mr. Ellis Barker, with an introduction by Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane, and published by John Murray (7s. 6d. net), this view is upheld. Plain and simple ways are best. "Nature never did betray the heart that loved her."



# The Substitute

by  
M. LEFUSE

THE third story of Number 225, of the Rue St. Jacques in Paris, was inhabited by Raoul Verganot and his young step-sister, Henrietta.

Dying, his English step-mother prayed Raoul to care for this child of another marriage. He had fulfilled his trust carelessly, until she was old enough to teach English to the children of the noble family of de Chevillard.

But in this, the fifth year of the Revolution, Henrietta Rossmore again shared her step-brother's lodging.

Raoul sat in the fading daylight, correcting certain lengthy, closely-written lists. At the sound of footsteps ascending the stairway, he hastily hid them in his coat, just as his step-sister burst into the room.

Her hair, loosened from its clasp, streamed over her shoulders; her cheeks showed the mark of recent tears; too hurried to speak, she could only stand and glare at him.

"Faith! little friend, have you danced at a feast of liberty that you are thus disordered, or has some honest patriot pursued my lovely step-sister?" asked Raoul cheerfully. "Remember, I have warned you before that the streets of Paris are not safe!" He turned away carelessly.

"Stay!" cried Henrietta. "Have you heard that this morning Mademoiselle de Chevillard was denounced? Have you heard?" she repeated insistently.

"Why ask me, Henrietta? I gossip not overmuch, lest to quiet my tongue they cut off my head. When one wishes to keep both, one eschews politics—so far as a good patriot can!"

"A good patriot!" echoed Henrietta. "Oh! I wonder what you mean by that? 'Tis ever on your lips, and yet you have told me often that you hated the anarchy as much as you worshipped this Republic!"

"Did I put it so? It sounds well-turned, but a thought outspoken for these days! I

must have a care in the future. By Marat! How you cry! What is all this to you?"

"Listen, Raoul! Mademoiselle de Chevillard is in prison—they say 'twas you denounced her! Why, what does this mean? You look—it is impossible! Oh, why do you not speak?"

"Why not give me time?" he answered easily. "As you say, it is impossible, preposterous! Why should I deny it?"

A week before Henrietta would have been satisfied. Now, his voice, to her, lacked conviction.

"You have always been kind to me! I cannot think you would do such harm. But Mari— But they tell me you are pointed at as one of Robespierre's spies. Ah! I cannot believe it! Why do you stand and smile at such awful words? Are you not distressed, angry?"

Her step-brother's smile deepened. "Never in my life before have I seen you play the virago. Truly, I shall hear you singing the Carmagnole ere long! But, tell me, why this anguish for Mademoiselle de Chevillard?"

"I—they were kind to me! Not the father and mother, but Mademoiselle Hélène and her sister, and—and—her brother, too."

The room rang with Raoul's mocking laughter.

"By Goddess Liberty, I had forgotten the brother! So! So! Monsieur de Chevillard was kind to the poor little English teacher, and the poor little English teacher weeps when the sister of Monsieur de Chevillard is denounced! Not weeps only, but is in haste to believe any evil against the step-brother who has been almost a father to her. Deny it! Deny it! Nay, if you prefer Monsieur de Chevillard to me—I will not trouble to deny it." He passed into his chamber banging the door, leaving Henrietta stunned by his vehemence and by her accusation.

"Oh, Raoul, have I wronged you? I

## THE QUIVER

pray I have—yet how certain Marianne seemed! Oh, he is careless, nonchalant, but kind—in his way—and I am fond of him. I cannot believe it! What shall I do?" she cried.

But presently her thoughts centred on one thing only: Monsieur de Chevillard's favourite sister was in the gloomy Conciergerie with small chance of life, unless someone aided her escape. Henrietta knew that escapes, though infrequent, were possible if the bribe was heavy enough.

Paris believed that under Robespierre it had as much liberty, equality and fraternity as it desired, but it was quite certain that it had not nearly enough gold. Money then could do anything, but Henrietta was as much in want of it as Paris. Her step-brother was unlikely to aid her to liberate an aristocrat, even if—her eyes caught a glimmer of white beneath the table, and she stooped to pick up a paper.

A few moments later, she had sought her brother, and laid the crumpled paper in front of him.

He knew it for one of the lists of suspected persons he had drawn up that afternoon.

"*Mais voilà.* Is it not well I did not deny it?" He glanced at his step-sister's anguished face, it seemed to disturb him a little.

"Ah! Well, yes! It is the truth, what you have learned this afternoon. I belong to the secret police of our great Robespierre!"

"You—you are a spy!" cried Henrietta.

He shrugged his shoulders. "As you will! As you will! Personally, I prefer to call myself a secret agent. It pays well!" he added coolly.

"Oh, how can you? How can you? You laugh and jest when you have spent the day hounding some innocent people to their death. What harm have they done you, that you should sell their lives? It is blood-money you receive, so much for the head of Monsieur This; so much for Madame That! What good is it? What can you do with it?"

Raoul looked up, frowning. "Why—with some of it—I buy you bread!"

"Oh! I see now you have never loved me; that I have been only a burden to you," Henrietta said bitterly. "Well, I will do as you have so often suggested: I will go away to England. Get me a passport to leave Paris, and I—you will never be troubled with me again."

"You shall have it first thing on the morrow," Raoul assured her pleasantly. "But hold your tongue about me, I do not wish to become too well known."

"Am I likely to publish that I have lived for years with a spy?" asked Henrietta scornfully.

But at the door she turned with a softer expression to look at the man she had thought of as father and brother in one. "Raoul, how could you stoop to such dishonour, and then deceive me? Once, the thought of you was ever in my heart—"

"Now I have been removed—to make room for Monsieur de Chevillard, hein?"

There was no longer any softness in Henrietta's face as she closed the door.

## II

"CITIZEN RICHARD, I pray you let me see your wife; it is on pressing business!"

The turnkey shrugged his shoulders. "Look you, young woman, that is what all the world says! In the end it proves to be a mere bagatelle, a question of a clean shirt, or an added dish for a prisoner's dinner. No, no, my wife does not disturb herself for trifles!"

"It is for no trifle," replied the suppliant, and a gleam of gold shone in the sun as it changed hands.

"Hé, well! I am soft-hearted. Come you in and you shall see my wife. Behold her little parlour! She is not there, eh? Wife! Wife!" he called lustily. "Ah, she comes! See, wife, here is a citizeness would speak with you. I commend her to your attention, she has a *golden* charm!" Chuckling at the joke, he closed the door on the two women.

Henrietta flung back her cloak. "Citizeness, yesterday Hélène de Chevillard was brought to this prison. Is—she still here?"

Madame nodded vigorously. "Still!" she assented.

"I—she—I am going a journey; I should pass the barrier in an hour. It is not important for me to go. I would rather Made-moiselle went."

Madame Richard laughed gaily.

"Doubtless, so would she! But I fear me neither of you will get your wish. Ho! Ho! What should I do when they came and said: 'Hé, Citizeness Richard, there is a prisoner short; where is she? Produce her!' A pretty fool I should look! No,



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no!" And madame's fat person shook at the drollness of the idea.

"But you will not be a prisoner short. She will go in my place, and I—I will stay. When they call: 'Hélène de Chevillard,' I will say: 'Behold me!' And who is to know?" she asked simply.

"You would take her place?" repeated Madame Richard slowly. "You know what road she travels? Who rules in Paris?"

"Aye, I know well! For me there would be no reprieve; no rescue! Still, I beg of you to help her," Henrietta pleaded.

"You know not what you ask! It is impossible! Besides, overcome with horror at your prison, you would cry your story to the winds. Then would come inquiries

—Citizen Robespierre himself, perhaps—and then — pouf!" — she made an airy gesture—"the head of Citizeness Richard would be in the little basket. She would be richer by a kind action; poorer by a head!"

Henrietta held out a small packet: "Nay, you would be richer by these notes."

Madame's eyes shone greedily as she counted the packet's contents. "A—a—ah! Well, 'tis a pretty little sum. You give me, this if I aid her? Hein?"

"Yes, if you let her go and find a guide to lead her to the barrier!"

Madame Richard nodded. "A moment; I go to speak to my husband." With a beating heart, Henrietta awaited her return. "Good, it is a bargain," said madame reassuringly. "He and I between us will manage. Our little bird shall have the cage door opened and fly straight from Paris. I will take you to her, eh?"

Henrietta nodded assent.

"Behold the cage!" whispered Madame Richard flinging open a door. "Enter quickly! I will return in a short time." Henrietta found herself alone with Hélène de Chevillard, who regarded her disdainfully.

"Mademoiselle Hélène, I see that you

blame me for your imprisonment. I pray you believe that I knew nothing of it. Ah! mademoiselle," she cried, as Hélène turned to the narrow window without replying, "it is true, strange though it sounds. Only



"See, here is a passport in my name," cried Hélène

*Drawn by  
W. M. Brook*

yesterday I learned that my step-brother was— I cannot say it; it is too shameful! I have come to you to repair the mischief he has done. See, here is a passport in my name, it was procured only this morning; it is all in order. Outside the barrier, you will find a wagon waiting for you; it will carry you as far as Rouen. There, show this paper to the innkeeper; he will forward your journey. Oh! it is very simple. You have but to take my name, wear my clothes, and you will be safe, able to go to England." She paused anxiously. "Surely, you will let me make this atonement for Raoul Verganot's sins?"

"Change places with you?" asked Hélène

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incredulously. "But what would become of you?"

"What does it matter? I pray you consent; there is so little time!" said Henrietta swiftly.

"Nay, I thank you greatly, but I could not do it. A day and a night here have shown me something of a prisoner's life. I could not seek my own liberty by destroying yours," H  l  ne said with gentle dignity.

Henrietta grew desperate. "Have no fear for me, mademoiselle. The jailer and his wife are in the secret. I—oh! I shall be *pleased* to stay here a little while. Oh, hasten! Do not hesitate longer! I am no aristocrat—I am English—there will be no fear for me!"

"I do not know that," said H  l  ne slowly. "I have heard my brother say——"

"Mademoiselle, you force me to point out to you again: Raoul Verganot is one of Robespierre's spies, and—he is my step-brother."

Presently, with trembling fingers, H  l  ne unfastened her tumbled fichu, and Henrietta knew that her atonement would be completed. Later, Mademoiselle de Chevillard whispered wonderingly: "I wonder why you are so good to me?"

"Have I reason to be aught else? I was happy teaching your little sisters—they were sweet children; and you, and your sister, and—and brother were very courteous to me," she said hurriedly.

"Ah! I understand!" murmured H  l  ne.

"Are those others you love safe, mademoiselle?" asked Henrietta timidly.

"My mother and my brother and the children escaped to England months ago. I stayed on with my father, who was ill—he died the day before I came here," she added softly.

Henrietta looked pityingly down at her. "Take courage, mademoiselle, you will soon rejoin your mother. Here are your papers, and here is a little money."

"Surely, you cannot spare all this? Will you not need some for yourself?"

"I will not touch it," said Henrietta quickly. "It is not mine. I stole it! No, no, do not look so! It was my step-brother's. For every one that he denounced he was paid. That is—for you and others. It is better to use it for some good purpose than—"

Madame Richard's entrance cut her short.

"Ah, ah!" she said. "But it is very good—quite a transformation! You, citi-

zeness, make an admirable bourgeoisie; and you"—to Henrietta—"with a little hair-powder, will make an admirable aristocrat. Come, a messenger waits who will see you to the wagon."

H  l  ne flung her arms round Henrietta. "Be assured," she whispered, "my brother shall know of your nobility, and when these dreadful days are over, we will return and thank you once again!"

Madame Richard lifted her eyebrows at the words, and glanced at Henrietta, who was blushing rosily, before she left her in the gloomy cell.

### III

HENRIETTA ROSSMORE had time to experience the terrible monotony of a prisoner's life ere she was called to appear, with some forty other prisoners, before the dreadful tribunal.

She had met with kindness in the prison, both from the Richards and from those aristocrats who had learned what she had done. Of her step-brother, she had heard nothing; evidently he had not connected her theft and her anxiety on behalf of Mademoiselle de Chevillard. In the Hall of Justice, Henrietta glanced fearfully round in terror of her step-brother's recognition. She sighed thankfully; he was not among the jostling, dirty crowd below where she stood.

One after another her companions' names rang in her ears. They were, as a matter of course, condemned. Paris, in five years, was not yet satiated with the sight of blood.

"H  l  ne de Chevillard, daughter of the so-called Marquis de Chevillard!" cried a hoarse voice.

Henrietta stepped forward calmly to answer to the call.

"Condemned!" rang out a moment later.

"But, of course! What next!" she wondered drearily.

The crowd below her swayed and parted. A slouching ruffian, clad in stained, worn garments, his tangled hair falling thickly from beneath the ubiquitous red cap, slouched forward.

"H  , Citizen President, behold an order from Citizen Robespierre!" He tossed the papers up to the desk. "I wait," he added carelessly.

"What does he want with her, eh?" asked the president crossly.

"Am I in his secrets?" answered the man sulkily. "Possibly she can tell a tale

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"Hé, Citizen President, behold an order from Citizen Robespierre!"

Drawn by  
H. M. Brock

—what do I know? He wants her—and I should not keep him waiting, little friend."

"You are the Jules Leforge mentioned here? Of the police of Citizen Héron?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, take her! But I hope to see her again shortly, and if she brings a friend with her—so much the better."

The crowd around laughed good-humouredly, and Jules Leforge tapped Henrietta on the shoulder.

"Come, little bird, you are wanted," he said coarsely.

Not daring to protest, yet terrified at the thought of meeting Robespierre, and seeing their pity deepened in the eyes of her fellow-prisoners, she followed him out of the hall. Grasping her roughly by the wrist, he pushed through the crowds without, and made his way towards Robespierre's lodging.

Half-way there, however, he turned aside into a silent side-street, on into a silent house, once, to judge by its sumptuous decorations, the habitation of someone of importance. Now, it was left to dust and spiders.

On the floor of an empty room lay a country-woman's dress. Jules Leforge

pointed from it to Henrietta. "Quick!" he whispered, and stepped outside. So her step-brother had traced her! Stranger still—rescued her! Henrietta wished he had left her alone; it was bitter to receive life at his hands. Slowly, she did as she had been desired, and transformed herself into a worthy peasant.

Silently through Paris they trudged. Henrietta with an empty vegetable-basket upon her shoulders; Jules covered with a couple of dirty sacks. Safely, with a well-parried question and some rude greeting, through the barriers, and on, still on, in silence, along the dusty road.

Henrietta glanced furtively at the toiling figure by her side. He seemed familiar to her, and yet, surely, it could not be her step-brother? It was so unlike; still—she felt she knew him. Once she opened her lips to ask, then words failed her. Why had he dragged her back to shame?

She was thankful when they left the road and entered a cool wood. She longed to rest, but with dismay she saw a strong horse tethered there. Presently she was speeding on, seated behind Leforge, who chose the most unfrequented tracks, and, impervious to fatigue, never drew rein for a moment.

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On, on, on! Once near a chateau, burnt and desolate, they made a pause, only, however, till her companion brought from some hiding-place another horse. Then away again! through woods, over fields, skirting towns and villages; turning and hiding at the sound or sight of man.

On! Till the sun had set, and twilight had drawn a covering round them. With the darkness came a cool, fresh wind, and later, a soft murmuring sound growing rapidly louder, which Henrietta knew to be the sea.

Then she grew confused and dreamy. Vaguely she heard men's voices; felt strong arms round her. She was dimly thankful at the cessation of the horse's movement. She sank more deeply into forgetfulness, and then she found herself lying on a rough couch in a small room, the wooden walls of which swayed gently in the light of an evil-smelling lamp.

"Is it ended? Am I safe?" she asked.

Jules Leforge turned from the doorway.

"To-morrow, mademoiselle, you will be in England. That is, if this good ship does her duty—and I cannot think that Dame Fortune will leave your heroism unrewarded!"

Henrietta sat up quickly.

"Who—who are you? You are not my step-brother, and yet—you seem no stranger to me! I—I knew no man in Paris; I thought this had been Raoul's work."

"Mademoiselle, I fear if your step-brother had known my work he would rather have hindered me than helped. I——"

"Monsieur de Chevillard!" cried Henrietta.

"Well, is it so strange, mademoiselle? Did you think I should be as easily fooled as my sister? Did you fancy I should not realize you were courting death in Hélène's place? Nay, you wronged us both. Hélène would never have stirred had she not believed you would soon have regained your

liberty. I, who knew better, was I likely to leave you to suffer?"

"Monsieur, how could you dream of such a thing? Oh! it was madness! Think if they had found you—you would have died!" she said tremblingly.

"Mademoiselle, you would have shown me how," he answered quietly.

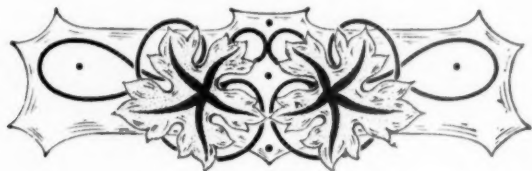
Henrietta turned away with a weary gesture. "It was different for me! You have mother, sisters, brothers to love you; you should not have risked your life. But I—I had no one! I have been reared by a spy; fed by the money his treachery has earned; my life has been stained unbearably! And their Fate, when she showed me Raoul's guilt, showed me the way to make amends. I was *glad* to do it!" she cried, flinging back her head. "Do you think I should have been as glad if I had known the danger that you ran?"

"Ah! but no one knew. You had shown me how much money would do—it procured me a pass and horses! A little ingenuity"—he gave a sudden laugh—"well, forgery, if you will; a little coolness did the rest. I trusted you would think your step-brother at the bottom of it, and I gave you no chance to think differently. Hélène had warned me that you might object to a de Chevillard in France. Mademoiselle," he bent down to look into her face, "do you think you would object to one in England? One who, if he had not been obliged to flee the country, would have been at your feet long ago?"

He laid his hand on hers.

"It is impossible——" began Henrietta, when Monsieur de Chevillard interrupted her, laughing.

"I am beginning to think that for you and me nothing can be said to be impossible!" he said, as he took her in his arms. And if Henrietta made any reply, only the tattered coat of Anton de Chevillard heard it.



# Planting a Wild Flower Garden

A Delightful Hobby

By

M. H. Crawford

TO give to wild plants places in the garden that are more or less counterparts of their homes in woods, open spaces, or marshes is not so difficult as might be imagined, and it is well worth while trying to do so in the case of some very lovely native British plants.

## A Charming Little Copse

It is not difficult to imitate, within the boundaries of one's own garden, a charming, restful little copse, made up of small hawthorns (that quickly grow tall), crab-apples, hazels, wild field roses and honeysuckle, with a carpet of bluebells, primroses, blue bugles, germander speedwells, and other low-growing things that come, with daffodils, "in the sweet o' the year," and whose blossoming time is over before the copse grows leafy and dim in mid-summer. Under cultivation many wild plants improve and develop, and the bugle is one of these, especially the variety with the mottled leaves. On the edge of the copse red campion will grow well; its rose-coloured flowers, gracefully poised on their long, downy stems, are exceedingly pretty, and, though they make their first appearance in May, will keep up a succession of blossoms all the summer if they are not allowed to run to seed.

Red campion is one of the commonest plants of the hedgerows and woodlands. The herbaceous undergrowth of hedges gives to its moisture-loving roots the protection and cover they need. In its company will be found primroses, the greater stitchwort, wood sanicle, yellow pimpernel, self-heal, herb-robert, ragged Robin and ragwort. Sometimes the sweet-scented and tall-growing meadowsweet will be there too, but usually this plant prefers the moisture and shade in low-lying fields.

Hedges are excellent hunting-grounds for the wild-flower collector so long as they are in the real country away from the principal high roads. The Great North Road, for instance, runs through delightful scenery from London, through the Midlands, up into Yorkshire, and on to Ber-

wick and Edinburgh, and the hedges in many spots are very picturesque and well trimmed. It is the trimming that does the mischief; in the opinion of the hedge-trimmer, all wild flowers are weeds, and he clears them away conscientiously. But strike off from the Great North Road and penetrate into the lanes of Hertfordshire, Yorkshire, or any other county it passes through, and one can find little Paradises of wild flowers, with delicate colourings, quaint shapes, and strange scents.

Even though hedges are of artificial formation originally and the plants found there may not be true natives, their very diversity of plant life makes them interesting to the flower-lover.

## Some Delightful Climbers

Up, through and into the hedge itself, which is commonly made up of hawthorn, maple, sloe or hazel, will be found the climbing, scrambling and twining plants. Nearly all of these transplant well and are invaluable in the garden. All of them also possess an immunity from blight and disease that is rarely found in florists' cultivated shrubs and climbers. Of course, this is a somewhat sweeping statement, and there are many exceptions, but as a good working rule it is well to remember it. Among the scramblers are the roses, and most exquisite trailing field roses quickly grow in a garden and produce a wealth of blossom that is not often attacked by any of the all too familiar rose diseases. The bramble is also a scrambler, and its white spring blossoms and useful autumn fruit are both delightful. To obtain the largest possible amount of fruit the old flowering stems should be cut out every autumn, and the new shoots should be trained to supports about four feet high. It is not a wise plan to allow brambles to grow in the garden as they grow in the hedgerow; garden soil is heavier, less full of humus, and the roots more quickly get exhausted. It is a great help to the plants if the previous year's fruiting branches are regularly cut out and cleared away, if the

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roots are mulched with wet grass clippings during the summer, and if plenty of light and air get to the new stems during the autumn and winter.

Among the twiners are the honeysuckles, the large convolvulus, the common hop, the black bryony, and the bittersweet (or woody nightshade).

### **A Beautiful Flower—Easily Grown**

The honeysuckle is, perhaps, the best of them all. I have found it growing luxuriantly in thickets, among willows, birches and alders, with its roots in shaded, moist ground that was boggy in winter. Transplanted to a similar situation in a garden, however, it may not do so well; under cultivation it appreciates more sunlight, though its roots always need a certain degree of moisture. It is one of the easiest of all wild things to grow and one of the sweetest.

Another useful twining hedgerow plant is the woody nightshade or bittersweet. It grows very quickly, has picturesque leaves, strange little yellow and purple flowers, and is hardly ever attacked by insect pests. Its berries in autumn are also exceedingly pretty; they begin to form in July, when they are quite green and inconspicuous, but by mid-August they are scarlet. The plant, however, has a bad reputation on account of these berries, which are supposed to be poisonous. Both leaves and berries possess narcotic properties, but opinions differ as to what degree they are dangerous.

Black bryony is a twining plant, and white bryony is a tendrill climber; both have very showy red berries in the autumn and both are easily grown. The wild clematis, often called old-man's-beard on account of the silver-grey, fluffy awns of the tiny fruits, also transplants well, and is very useful for covering unsightly garden sheds, as it allows itself to be trained in any direction and is as pleasant to look at in autumn as in spring and summer. Under cultivation, also, I think the whitish-green flower clusters are more fragrant than in their native hedges.

The last of the wild climbers that is useful in the garden is the ivy, a root-climber. When used as a border for flowerbeds it is wise to plant, at distances of about twelve inches, small well-rooted slips; in this way a more compactly growing edging is obtained than by relying on long, pegged-down shoots. Ivy is always useful for covering screens and trellises; its closely

growing, neat mosaics of leaves are most satisfying to the eye.

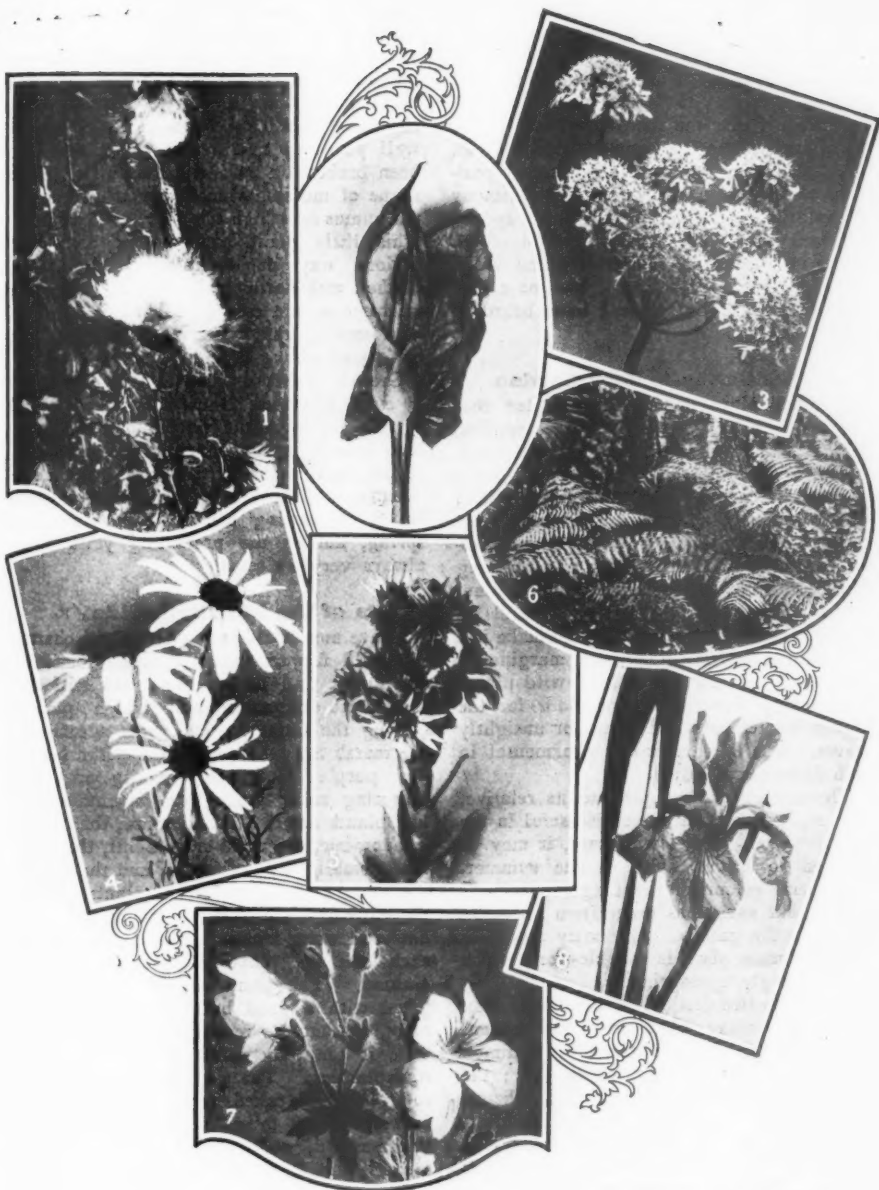
Other plants useful for the garden to be found in the country hedgerows are too numerous to be listed. The teasel is one of the tallest, and is very suitable for the back of a deep border. The cuckoo-pint is curious and interesting, and is easy to transplant. The nettle-leaved bellflower is worth a long search and very careful planting; and this is truer still of its relative, the clustered bellflower, which grows on hill-sides. Both have lovely blue flowers. There is also a beautiful little ivy-leaved bellflower, common in Cornwall.

Under garden cultivation very many wild plants improve considerably. There is, for instance, the blue-flowered bugle, that I have found in moist, open ground in lanes; this seems to develop into the mottled-leaved variety. The common avens, with its rather conspicuous little yellow blossoms, makes a much better show as a spring flower in the garden than in its real home in the thickets and hedges. At this time of the year this plant will bear removal easily, but a spring-transplanted specimen will probably disappear. It is not of very much ornamental importance, but I keep it because of its name and the legends that cling to it. Its real name is the herb-bennet, or Blessed Herb. "When its root is in the house," runs the old story, "the devil can do nothing, and flies from it." My garden is so much a part of my house that I hope the roots in the garden are as potent as if they were actually within the four walls.

### **Begin Planting in October**

With many folk gardening begins at Easter. But this date is months too late: gardening work should be begun in earnest in October, and all the planning should have been completed by the end of September. In this way we shall get those patches of colour in the beds and borders that are so precious in early spring before even the forsythias are out, and long before the lilacs and the flowering currants have opened their sweet-scented blossoms. A bank of the common coltsfoot, in flower in March, is a cheering sight; it spreads its pale-yellow gold over waste spots where nothing else will grow; and yet I do not suppose anyone would ever seriously contemplate planting a bank with coltsfoot. But there is the wild strawberry, whose white blossoms are very lovely, and which





1.—Thistle-down. 2.—Cuckoo-pint. 3.—Cowparsnip. 4.—Wild Camomile.  
 5.—House Leek in Flower. 6.—Bracken amongst the Birches. 7.—Meadow Crane's-bill.  
 8.—Yellow Flag or Iris.

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has also most beautifully shaped little leaves. This very common plant, found in the open parts of woods, should be transplanted now to the rock garden. The tiny, crimson, hanging fruits, ripe in July, are just as pretty as the white blossoms.

Growing near the wild strawberry in my rock garden is the common agrimony. That, too, should be put into its permanent position this autumn. This is the Agrimony *Eupatoria*, with slender flower-spikes, covered with tiny, yellow rose-blossoms. It is very common in pastures and waste ground. Johns says that it has tonic properties, and in Yorkshire I have heard of agrimony tea.

### **The Toadflax in a Rock Garden**

Another plant in the rock garden that flowers with the agrimony is the toadflax, which country children often call "tadpoles." The yellow flowers grow in dense spikes, but each blossom is clearly outlined and is exactly the shape of a tadpole. This plant is hardy enough when once established, but it will hardly bear transplanting during the flowering season. The autumn is the best time to look for it, and its bushily growing, grass-like leaves make it a conspicuous object along the margins of lanes and near hedges. Many wild plants have lovely flowers but are spoilt for the garden because of their coarse or unsightly leaves. But the toadflax is ornamental in both flowers and leaves.

The same remark applies to its relative, the foxglove, a plant which is useful in the mixed border, where, with care, it may be induced to flower twice in the summer. The usual colour of the foxglove bells is purple, but variations occur from self-sown plants in the garden. A country name for this handsome plant is thimble-wort, which is exceedingly appropriate.

There are two distinct species of toadflax which are worthy of places in the garden. The first is the above-mentioned common yellow toadflax, that flowers in July; the other is the ivy-leaved toadflax, better known under the old name of "mother-of-thousands," that flowers in the woodlands in April and onwards throughout the summer. As both rockery and basket plant it is delightful and quite hardy. Growing wild, it is frequently to be found on old walls.

There are two saxifrages that are excellent plants for the garden: one is the

meadow and the other the rue-leaved. Wallflowers and this tiny rue-leaved saxifrage, that rarely seems to grow higher than three inches, make good companions on the top of an old wall, where they find nourishment in a very barren-looking situation. But if you examine such an old wall you may notice that the mortar has been broken up by earlier colonists, in the shape of mosses, which have provided also the humus on which the rue saxifrage feeds. This little plant has another and very curious way of obtaining food. It is clothed with downy hairs, which, under the microscope, are seen to be glands, capable of absorbing the juices of insects that get entangled among them!

Ground ivy is a weed that is rooted up by every gardener. But it should be planted so that its spread of purple-blue colour is seen in early spring; then it will be appreciated; later on, when its flowering time is over, it will be overshadowed and covered by taller-growing plants. Blue in early spring, among the prevailing yellows, is always very welcome.

### **Plants of the Mountain Side**

I have mentioned only a few of the charming wild flowers that are to be found in woodlands and fields; there are still the moor and mountain and marsh plants. Among the latter are the great spearwort, the marsh St. John's-wort, the willowherbs, the purple loosestrife, moneywort, the flowering rush; among the mountain and hill plants are the field gentian, the alpine meadow-rue, the wood crane's-bill, the rose-root, some lovely saxifrages, and the bird's-eye primrose; while moorland plants include the cowberry, the common bearberry, sundew and water-lobelia. But in the case of each one the planting time is the late autumn. The plant should be carefully lifted with a good ball of soil round its roots, so that the root-tips are not broken. This is the only secret of all successful transplanting. The garden soil, which is so apt to get caked and hard, should be broken up and mixed with old leaves and hedge-mould, and, when the wild plants are safely in their new homes, a thick, light layer of dead leaves should be placed all round them.

And then, as soon as the gold begins to gleam among the fallows next spring, the first results of our autumn planting will appear.

# His Second Venture

by

## Mrs. BAILLIE REYNOLDS

### CHAPTER XXVII

#### The Secret Room

**D**URING the brief walk through the paddock Caron maintained, apparently without effort, the detached and buoyant manner which he had acquired since the previous day. He made it clear that, whichever way the election went, he meant to go away as soon as practicable for a holiday, during which his wife would be "off duty" and might amuse herself as she pleased. For the first time in the whole of their acquaintance he was exerting himself to make friends, and doing his utmost to talk and behave as though no gulf yawned between them.

Determined though she was to permit no friendship, and try as she might to harden her heart, Valery was both touched and impressed by the way in which he had accepted her rebuff, and his evident resolve to do all he could to make her forget his lapse of the previous day.

She was as responsive as she could contrive to be without changing her whole attitude.

The little parlour at Dairy Lodge was sweet with roses, and the old ladies extended to their visitors that courtly welcome which always made it seem as if they conferred a favour upon all who came. They had a great deal to say, and many inquiries to make concerning the election and their own hopes of having contributed, however slightly, to a satisfactory result.

With their confidential maid, an elderly Spanish woman called Caterina, in attendance, they escorted their landlord over the cottage and displayed to him the various labour-saving devices by means of which they had been made so comfortable.

"Well," said Caron, as they returned to the sitting-room with its huge fireplace, "now I have seen everything but the secret chamber."

This remark set the two old ladies lamenting in chorus. They had been promising themselves such pleasure in displaying it, and to their vexation they had mislaid the key.

"Everywhere we seek but cannot find; and we leave this very evening for London on our way to Brighton, so that we have no more chance for long time to show off our celebrated secret room. . . ."

"I never knew there was a key," said Valery. "I thought the thing fastened merely with a catch."

"So it do. We nevaire lock it ourselves. But a fool of a builder's man, 'e go in to see if dere was a hole in de roof. 'E say 'e put de key on de table, but nobody 'ave seen it."

Caron, who was by no means consumed with anxiety to inspect the hidey-hole, cut short the profuse apologies by looking at his watch, mentioning his wife's appointment, and taking leave forthwith, courteously but with dispatch.

His expression denoted pleasure as they turned homewards.

"No need for haste, Val. We've got off sooner than I feared would be possible."

"Yes, but I wish you had seen that carving. I think it must have been done by some fugitive who was once hiding there. What a county for history! Martershire is, isn't it?"

"Think it's an interesting county?"

"Certainly."

"Almost a pity to be leaving it, isn't it?"

"Some things are matters of necessity, not choice," she murmured, going on rapidly to a different theme. "What odd creatures those old La Placis are! There was hardly a trace of human occupation in that house from top to bottom."

"Well, they are just setting out on a journey, you know, and leaving it for a month or two. Besides, I don't suppose they ever do very much to clutter the place up—a little fancy work, or a game of cribbage. Hallo! Someone calling?"

They faced about and descried the stout Caterina pursuing them, her face crimson with exertion, but wreathed in smiles as she held aloft a key.

As soon as she was within hearing distance she panted out the news that the elder Miss La Placi, on her way back from seeing them off, was crossing the lawn to the sitting-room window when she set her foot upon something

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in the grass; and there, behold! was the missing key, which must have been shaken out of the table-cover upon the lawn!

They would not on any account make her ladyship late for her appointment, but would Sir Carfrae be so very kind as to step back for a couple of minutes, just to please the ladies. He would catch up her ladyship before she reached the house.

Caron, in the candidate's frame of mind, in which you always do as you're asked, however little you may wish to do it, assented. "I won't be a minute, Val; don't wait for me—go right on," he said, and walked reluctantly off, the elderly Caterina trotting at his side, beaming and grateful.

Val stood a minute to watch them go; then, facing about once more, she strolled slowly along homewards, trying to force her mind to the consideration of what should be the main points of the speech she was about to make at Great Lancfield.

Oddly enough, her thoughts would return to the situation between herself and Carfrae; to his changed tactics. She thought she preferred the challenging opponent to the desperate wooer. The clash of wills was stimulating. It seemed to have put new spirit into her. She felt that evening less unhappy, less resentful, more interested in life than at any time since Carfrae's return. . . .

His face as it had looked when, in the car the day before, he had turned it to her . . . its eloquence . . . he could look like that . . . she had power to call up such a look.

Then, as if suggested by some influence outside herself, there flashed upon her mind a picture of the face of the man whom, soon after, they had passed in the road. Something in his expression had made her uneasy, though she could not have explained why. Happily, Adney was completely reassured concerning him.

That thought brought another in its train. Where was Adney now? Was he on the watch as usual? She had not seen him anywhere about. All had of late been so serene that insensibly vigilance had been somewhat relaxed. In his own grounds, Carfrae was presumably quite safe, but. . . .

She glanced about her at the wide sweep of sloping pasture, rich golden-green in the sunset; the cows lazily chewing, the flight of rooks against a golden sky, the solitude and peace of everything.

Suddenly she stood quite still.

Carfrae was alone—he was out of her sight. There had hardly been a moment since his return during which he had been out of sight of herself, Lyndsay or Adney, except in his own house.

She felt certain afterwards that nothing was farther from her thought at this juncture than any idea of treachery connected with the La Placis. She was moved by an impulse too obscure to be called a purpose; but it was borne in upon her that she had better go

back and wait for Carfrae. It would be less awful to miss her appointment than that anything . . . She would not specify; yet for a long moment she wavered, because it was very possible that Carfrae might misconstrue her return. In spite of the reluctance which this thought inspired, she nevertheless began to retrace her steps.

She did not hurry. She walked in the sauntering, leisurely fashion of one who expects that the person waited for may at any moment come into sight.

She covered, however, the whole distance back to Dairy Lodge without his appearing. As she approached, she could hear the humming of a motor, stationary in the lane outside the park gates. The house, blocking out her view of the bit of lane where this car was standing, prevented her from seeing it. She was not conscious of taking any particular notice of the fact that it was there, or of wondering why; she was merely subconsciously aware of its presence. Passing into the lodge garden by the little white gate, she walked up to the front door, which, to her surprise, was closed. Usually it stood hospitably open, showing the small porch and an inner white door. She tried the handle and found it locked.

This struck her as extremely odd. Carfrae had entered the house not ten minutes before, and must be coming out again very shortly.

Without a second's delay she turned to the left and ran round the house until she came to the window of the sitting-room, which opened to the ground. It still stood open, but as she advanced a hand was placed upon it from within to close it.

"Stop!" she cried, running swiftly forward. It was Caterina who stood by the window, and as her eyes fell upon Valery she looked quite startled. Glancing back over her shoulder at someone inside the room, she said hurriedly in English: "It is Lady Caron."

Val pushed passed her into the pretty room. She had so lately quitted. The only sign of Carfrae was his hat, which lay upon the table; but there were three persons present, all strangers to her—two ladies, who seemed to have just arrived, and a man who sat in the shadow of the ingle-nook.

One lady was standing near him, engaged in talk. Her back was turned to Valery, and she wore a light-coloured, loudly patterned motoring coat and a tomato-coloured toque over yellow hair. The other, at the far end of the room, was occupied in adjusting a blue veil over a blue toque, and was clad in a long coat of the same shade of royal blue.

Val concluded that they had just come to pay a call, and must have arrived in the car which she had heard in the lane.

"Please, Caterina," said she, bowing slightly in their direction, "I have come back to pick up Sir Carfrae. Where is he?"

"Sir Carfrae 'e 'ave gone, meladi—"

"Oh, nonsense, I should have seen him—and he can't have gone without his hat."

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"To ze stables, meladi," stammered Caterina. "E say 'e 'ave not seen ze garage. Miss La Placi take 'eem that way—weel you go find 'eem, meladi?"

"Oh, thank you," said Val, with a sigh of relief which showed her how sharp her momentary anxiety had been. This was simple enough. Unexpected visitors had arrived, and the old ladies were still occupied with their honoured guest. She took up the hat from the table. "Did Sir Carfrae look into the secret room?" she asked.

"Oh, yes, meladi, 'e did."

"Then I'll take his hat, and I needn't come back." She turned, with a smile and a slight apology, to hasten out by the window which Caterina most politely held open for her.

Something in the woman's air—her obvious satisfaction, her little smirk of triumph—caused Lady Caron to pause in the very act of leaving the room. She turned abruptly, unexpectedly, to look behind her.

The man in the ingle-nook was leaning forward intently to watch her go. The light fell upon his face. It was the man whom yesterday she had passed in the road.

Valery was not conscious that her mind acted at all. So far as she had any theory about it, she supposed the three persons in the room to be visitors just arrived on the scene—a fact which her having seen one of them fifteen miles away the day before in no way traversed; but something within her, which was not reason, came spontaneously into action, and without a word she darted back to the side of the fireplace and tried the door of the secret chamber.

Her action was so swift and so unlooked-for that the man was taken off his guard and made the mistake of catching her by the wrist. "What are you doing?" he asked angrily.

Her look of astonished indignation caused him to let her go as if the touch had burnt him.

"Kindly open this door for me," said she.

"Ze key, 'e not 'ere," said Caterina eagerly. "Mees La Placi she 'ave 'eem in 'er pocket—you ask 'er for 'eem, meladi."

Valery paused a minute in wretched indecision. The woman in blue, who had stood all this time at the mirror, suddenly spoke.

"If you're after the guy that just went out to the garage with Miss La Placi, you've got to shake a leg if you don't want to miss him. He's just off up that field."

She spoke with a marked American accent.

"I don't believe it," said Valery in a low, frightened voice; "and I intend to look inside the secret room; so go at once, Caterina, and say to Miss La Placi that I want the key."

Caterina glanced from one face to the other, and then, as if in obedience to some unspoken bidding, slipped out into the garden.

A great cold fear stole over Valery. She was conscious that the three people in the room were all standing as it were at attention—that they were watching her as cats watch a

mouse. There was but one hope, and it was a very slender one. Just possibly the whistle might bring Adney, but she had caught no glimpse of him, or of Baker, anywhere about, and she had the despairing feeling of being completely abandoned.

She began to fumble with the gold chain on which she wore the whistle concealed within her dress. The man thought she was fumbling for a weapon and made a quick movement.

"Hands up!" he cried sharply; and she turned to see the revolver in his hand pointed straight at her.

For a moment the shock of realizing that her worst suspicions were true paralysed her. Slowly she lifted her arms, staring as if hypnotized at the little circular orifice of the weapon. Her eyes took on a blank, unseeing gaze, and the man chuckled, sure that in a moment she would faint away.

Her mind, however, was working clearly. She decided that even if it meant instant death the whistle must be blown. She began to sway on her feet, she rolled up her eyes until only the whites showed, "Oh, I'm fainting!" she cried suddenly, dropping into a chair.

In a second she had snatched out the whistle, and she had time to blow, once, twice, long, piercing blasts upon it before the brute shot her at short range.

It was hardly painful, more like a buffet of air, which hit her so hard that she was knocked backwards. She felt sure that she could not be shot because she saw and heard so clearly—heard the woman in the blue hat say furiously: "I always knew if we let you in on this, you all-fired idiot, you'd queer it."

"Queer nothing!" was the angry retort. "We're a few yards from the public road here—was I to let her go on whistling?"

"She might whistle herself black in the face. Nobody ever goes along that road, and, as I told you, we've called off the guard."

Those words fell like doom on the girl's failing perceptions. They had called off the guard! Nobody had heard her whistle. She had given her life in vain, for she had not saved Carfrae. . . . She was but faintly aware that she was being tied to the chair whereon she lay huddled. . . . dimly she knew that there was movement all about her, people were hurrying, urging each other to haste. . . . and then a voice close to her ear uttered these mysterious words:

"Is the gas full on? Make sure. Right!"

Then came silence and thick waves of darkness that deepened into night.

## CHAPTER XXVIII

### The SOS Call

**T**HAT afternoon, as Adney and Baker sat at tea, after bringing Sir Carfrae home from his meeting, the parlourmaid came to say that someone was asking for Mr. Adney on the telephone.

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Off went Adney, and found that he was being called by the Marterstead police.

They wanted him to come over to them as fast as he could get there in order to identify someone whom they had just apprehended, whose movements seemed to them to be more than suspicious.

Adney, full of excitement, promised to come at once, and hurried back to the servants' hall to see if he could get a lift from Baker.

"I can't take you," said Baker. "I've got to drive Miss Kirby and her ladyship right in the oppo-sight direction to Great Lane-field."

"Get out the little car and let her ladyship drive herself. She would, I know. This is very important."

"What's the colonel doing now?" asked Baker after a pause.

"Gone down the park with her ladyship, to call on those two old Spanish scarecrows at the Lodge."

"Safe?" asked Baker. "What price you and me both going off and leaving him?"

"Should think he's safe enough in the park," said Adney thoughtfully, "more especially now that they've put their hands on this merchant. However, I think perhaps I'd better run down to Marterstead on my push-bike, and I'll go and ask Miss Kirby if she thinks her ladyship would drive herself this evening, and then you can toddle off down the park and do sentry till you see him and her coming back."

After finishing his tea he went off, therefore, and spoke to Miss Kirby. She objected to Lady Carfrae's having to drive, when she was due to make a speech upon arrival. She was already almost overdone, and they must be careful of her. Miss Kirby, however, did not like the idea that nobody was on guard.

"If Sir Carfrae is really in danger, there are plenty of places in those coppices where a man could hide," said she reflectively. "I must ask you not to go to Marterstead until Sir Carfrae comes in, Adney," she added decidedly. "Ring up the inspector and tell him you can't come for another hour at the least. Then go and take up your guard."

Adney thought this was sound advice. He went back to the hall, took off the receiver, and called up the Marterstead police.

"What's biting you?" came the derisive answer over the wire. "We haven't called you up. We've made no arrest. Somebody's having a joke with you, my son, although it's not the first of April."

"Here, hold on! Don't ring off!" shouted Adney, his sharp brain suddenly leaping to an entirely new view of the position. "Are you there? Well, something's afoot—get that? I've had a bogus message, and you may bet it was sent to get me out of the way. Is the inspector in? Thanks be. Then give him this, word for word. Tell him Sir Carfrae has gone down to the Dairy Lodge, close to the park gate in Moorside Lane. There'll be an attempt on his life—it may have been made already—but in any case ask the inspector to dash round

to the park gate in Moorside Lane as fast as his car can bring him, and to take a couple of hefty chaps along."

Hanging up the receiver the moment he obtained assurance that this should be done, he burst wildly into the hall, where Baker was just rising from table.

"Here, Baker! We must run for our lives! Take a big stick, man. That was a bogus police call I had. By great luck I rang up and found out! Leg it as never in your life before—we may be too late, but we've got to try."

"You got your revolver?" gasped Baker, overturning his chair and hurling himself out of the door. "Heavens! What I'd give for the feel of my sword-baynit!"

"Oh, the fool I've been!" panted Adney, as side by side they sprinted down the paddock. "To think, if Miss Kirby hadn't bid me call 'em up I should never have known! 'Twas a smart idea to get you and me both safe out of their road—"

Baker, as he ran, jerked out of himself comments whose profanity might have withered the turf over which they were careering.

Just as they topped the slight rise from which the Dairy Lodge became visible they heard a whistle—once, twice—then silence.

"Oh, heavens, if we're too late I'll cut my throat!" cried Adney in anguish. "That's her ladyship's S O S call—where is she? I don't see a sign of anybody anywhere, do you?"

"Make for the house, if you ask me," counselled Baker. "After all, you know, them two old girls, they're only dagoes all said an' done. I wouldn't put any dirty trick past 'em myself—"

"You're right! Run, man, run if it kills you!"

They bore down upon the lodge at top speed. Never a sound or movement could they hear as they approached. All was quiet except for the sound of a car in the lane beyond, just starting away. The locked front door detained them for a minute or two; then, as Val had done, they skirted round the house, looking for a means of entrance.

The sitting-room window was not only closed but bolted, and the room seemed to them at first to be vacant. Then Baker, who had been flattening his nose against the glass, whispered:

"See that chair, turned back to us? There's something—someone—in it. It's shaking."

The S O S call had made them desperate. They set their shoulders to the windows, shivered the glass, burst in.

Half-sitting, half-lying in the big chair was Lady Caron, her hands and feet tied with rope. Her head had fallen sideways, and at first Adney thought her dead. Between her shoulder and her breast, on the right side, a small dark circle of blood showed against her white summer frock.

"My lady, my lady!" urged Adney frantically, as he began to untie her, "can you hear, can you understand?"





"'Hands up!' he cried sharply; and she turned to see the revolver in his hand pointed straight at her"—p. 1135

Drawn by  
J. Dewar Mills

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Her eyes opened. She looked at him, and he could see a faint flicker, a gleam of relief, cross her features. It was followed by an expression of acute anxiety. Her brows knit themselves as in horror, she began desperately to struggle for speech.

"If only I had a drop of brandy!"

"Here," broke in Baker, "there's some on the table. They've been having a nip before making their get-away. It may be poisoned, but risk it."

Adney forced some neat spirit into Valery's mouth, and she made a visible effort and swallowed it. The effect was almost instantaneous. She uttered a sound, though inarticulate.

"Yes, yes—try to tell us—life and death—it hangs on you. Where's Sir Carfrae? What have they done to him?"

"See—se—se—" she began, but her throat refused its office. After a pitiful struggle her eyes closed and two tears of despair crept under the lids.

"More brandy!" cried Adney fiercely.

"Ain't brandy bad for a gunshot wound?"

"That don't matter, we got to make her speak."

The potent spirit was taken this time with less difficulty. It seemed to galvanize the girl's whole frame. She almost lifted herself from the chair. "Secret room—secret room!" she shrieked. "Poison gas! Quick! Quick! Quick!"

With that she collapsed totally, her frame sank together, she slipped down and lay quite still.

"She's gone," said Adney jerkily. "Plucky girl! She's told us, though. But, heaven help me, I don't know where the secret room is! Poison gas! We shall be too late!"

"I know where that room is," broke in Baker, "or I ought to. Mr. Eldrid, he showed me, one evening we was down here, before the place was let. Let me think now. It was a room that opened on the garden—if I don't make a great mistake it was this very room we're in, with that deep fireplace. *Here it is!*"

He leapt to the side of the ingle-nook and shook the panel. "Where's your gun, Bill? Blow out the catch!"

Adney flew to his side. The girl was forgotten. In a few seconds they had blown out the lock and pushed open the door.

It was pitch dark, and the smell of gas rolled out into the room; but it was not the overpowering stench with which men who had been in the trenches were familiar which came to their nostrils, but the ordinary fumes of household gas.

Adney had hardly taken a step within when he stumbled over Caron's body. Swiftly he hauled him forth and dragged him not only out into the room, but through the window, laying him in the fresh air upon the grass of the garden, where he at once proceeded to loosen his clothing and make the motions of artificial respiration with the nimbleness of

one trained to First Aid. "He's not dead—it's only ordinary gas—he's got a chance," he cried vehemently.

"Hadn't I better go for the doctor this minute?" urged Baker distractedly.

"Too late for her ladyship—and how do I know whether any of those wretches are still about? Better not leave me alone—watch out, so as not to be surprised! There now, I can hear somebody coming—a footstep, wasn't it?"

"Thank heaven, it's Mr. Eldrid," replied Baker in tones of most profound thankfulness.

Lyndsay appeared round the corner of the house, running madly; at sight of the motionless form on the grass he gave a cry of horror.

"Oh, Adney, have you let them get him?"

"He'll do, sir; he's coming round already, breathing," Adney told him, continuing his work without a pause; "but I'm afraid they've done in her ladyship."

## CHAPTER XXIX

### The False Calls

MISS KIRBY came downstairs, attired for the meeting, sunshade in hand, and putting on her gloves. She was vexed to find that, in spite of her orders to Adney, neither Baker nor the car was in evidence.

She stepped out into the drive, glanced round, and not seeing what she looked for returned through the house, out upon the terrace, where, shading her eyes, she watched to see if Valery were approaching up the park.

There was no sign of her, and it was already close upon seven o'clock, the hour of the meeting.

Kirdles felt a little apprehensive, seeing that Carfrae and Valery were together. It was just possible that the man's feelings had once more proved too strong for him, and he might be detaining Valery and distressing her. That, however, seemed hardly probable, since she was going to Great Lane field entirely on his account, and it was most important for him that election work should be done.

Restlessly Kirdles returned to the front of the house. Still no sign of the car, but to her relief she saw Lyndsay on his motor-cycle approaching. He had been busy on the other side of the constituency all day, canvassing, and he looked fagged as he drew up at the door. It was extremely hot still—only six by the right time, though seven by the clocks.

"Want to speak to me?" he asked, and she replied, "If you are going round to the garage, I wish you to speak sharply to Baker. He should have been at the door a quarter of an hour ago. I'll go meanwhile and ring up Great Lane field, where Valery is due to make a speech in about five minutes' time."

"Great Lane field?" asked Lyn incredulously. "Val going to Great Lane field—now? How curious!"

"Why curious?"

"I've just come from there; stopped to have

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a talk with the chap who's working up the village for us, and he said he was sorry they had to drop the meeting for this week, but hoped to get one in a few days."

Kirdles stared. "They rang us up soon after lunch," said she. "Asked especially for her ladyship, as she had made such an impression at Lufton yesterday. I had better call them now and make certain. Have you the number?"

Lyn took a letter from his pocket and handed it to her. He got off his machine and went into the hall with her.

"Better make sure before giving Baker his orders," said he.

The matter was soon set at rest. No meeting was taking place in Great Lanefield, and nobody had rung up from thence.

Kirdles was completely puzzled. She told of the call which Adney had had from the police, and said she supposed that Baker and he must have gone over to Marterstead. At the moment Blair, the parlourmaid, came through the hall, and Miss Kirby, in some agitation, asked if she knew where Adney and Baker were.

"They both ran off down the park as fast as they could, miss," said Blair. "Mr. Adney rushed into the hall and said he had had a bogus police call, and that he thought something was wrong. I heard him telling the police to take a car and go to Dairy Lodge as fast as they could."

"Good heavens, Lyn, they're both down there! Two calls—one to take Adney away and one to take Val! But she's not here—*my child's not come back!* . . . Lyn, Lyn, what have they done to her?"

Lyn made no reply. Without one word he ran back to the drive, leapt on his machine and rode off, round the house and down the paddock, disappearing almost like a conjuring trick.

Kirdles, for almost the first time in her strong, useful life, turned faint. She collapsed into a chair in the hall, and Blair did the most sensible thing she could by taking her fan and fanning her.

Out of the anguish of her mind the first thought that fell from her lips was, "And it was I who advised her to come back!" Then a ray of consolation shone out. It was not Val against whose life there were designs. Suppose the worst had happened, and Carfrae had been shot—well, that removed the great difficulty from Val's life. She would be free. . . .

"Give me a drink of water," she gasped, rising to her feet. "I am going down the paddock."

Blair produced it, and after drinking Miss Kirby set out, hurrying down the carriage road as fast as her not very great powers of locomotion would permit.

She could hear the sound of voices as she drew near to the Dairy Lodge—loud and angry voices, raised in altercation; but when she had tried the locked door in vain, and, like everybody else, had then walked round

the house into the garden, she stopped short. Caron lay upon the grass, his head and shoulders propped against Adney, his face like death.

She could see nobody else, though the loud voices still reached her from the little stable yard; but before she had found breath to speak a police inspector came through the garden, and on seeing her touched his hat respectfully.

"Bad business, miss," he said. "We were too late, but we have done one thing—we have got the whole lot of them."

Kirby felt a trembling of the legs, and her own voice sounded strange to her as it came from her lips. "Is Sir Carfrae shot?"

"No—gassed. He's coming round. . . . His servant and the chauffeur got him out just in time. . . ."

"And . . . Lady Caron?"

The man hesitated. "Her ladyship was shot," he then said in a low voice. "Mr. Eldrid is in there with her."

The cry uttered by Kirdles pierced even the dulled senses of the stupefied Carfrae. He raised his head and opened his eyes. Meanwhile the lady rushed into the sitting-room, wherein the fumes of gas still lingered, and stood for a moment rocking on her feet, feeling that unless she kept very tight hold of herself she would lose her senses.

Lyndsay had dispatched Baker on his motorcycle for the doctor, had removed Valery's hat and placed her upon the sofa, with a pillow under her head.

She lay with closed eyes, almost as if asleep, her hand still clutching the silver whistle which hung about her neck.

Lyn had opened her dress, and had, after ransacking the cottage, found a clean towel with which he had made a pad; but he had nothing with which to secure it.

Kirdles knelt down. Her lips shook so that she could hardly articulate. "Is she gone?" she wailed.

"No. I thought she was dead, but she can't be, for she is still bleeding. However, I should think it was an affair of moments," he answered in a voice she hardly knew. The light had gone out of his face; he was frowning in his efforts to keep back tears.

Kirdles had crammed into her bag a bottle of disinfectant, some lint and a roller bandage. She saturated the lint, adjusted it carefully, and then she and Lyndsay between them contrived to raise Valery and to pass the bandage two or three times round her body so as to hold the compress on the wound.

It looked so small and the bleeding was so slight. . . .

That done, they remained, Lyn on his knees, she crouched upon a low chair, waiting in a helpless, hopeless silence.

After a very few minutes, which seemed hours, the inspector came to the window.

"If there's no more you can do here, would you be so kind as to come to the garage for a minute?" he asked. "Both Miss Kirby and

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Mr. Eldrid. I want you to identify your late tenants."

Miss Kirby looked up aghast. "Our late tenants? You don't say the La Placis had anything to do with this?"

"I'm afraid there is no doubt but they had, miss. This way, please. We won't keep you a minute."

The police car almost filled the little yard. In it sat two women and a man, handcuffed. The women were noisy and abusive.

"Adney and the chauffeur, they've both identified the man as having seen him yesterday on the road near Lufton," said the inspector; "but what about these two?" He indicated the tomato and the blue toque ladies, who sat glaring.

"Oh, no, no; I'm thankful to say these are not the least bit like the Miss La Placis!" cried Kirdles in her relief.

One of the police interrupted the triumphant laugh and "There, you see!" of his prisoners. He coolly put out his hand and lifted the tomato toque and yellow hair bodily from the head of one of them, her coarse black hair, screwed into a ball upon her head, becoming visible.

Miss Kirby uttered a startled exclamation. "It is—it isn't—well, it isn't really *like* Miss La Placi, but it *might* be she," she stammered.

Both the women burst into a fresh volley of abuse of the police and of England, in which country harmless tourists were seized upon and carried off, subjected to horrible indignities.

The police, however, had unstrapped and opened the luggage carried in the big touring car. They set a pretty silvery wig upon the woman's head, and surmounted it with a mushroom hat and strings. There sat the old lady, a fiendish caricature of herself, but indubitably she who had driven in her pony cart about the village for so many months.

"Heaven have mercy on us. How blind we were," cried Kirdles, "but who could have supposed? They were such model tenants—such great ladies!"

"They're as clever as old Nick himself," returned the inspector dryly; "but I think their wings are clipped for a bit. However, if Adney hadn't called us and told us to come along sharp, they'd have made their get-away all right."

"Who shot Lady Caron?" gasped Kirdles in an almost inaudible voice.

"The man, I think; but they all three had guns on them."

"How—did it happen?"

"We don't know yet, miss. We haven't had time to find out. All we can say for certain is what the chauffeur told us, that her ladyship managed to get out her whistle and make the signal agreed upon before she was shot, and she was still conscious, or partly, when they found her, and managed to tell them where Sir Carfrae was before she collapsed."

"And where was he?"

"In the secret room. They filled it with gas. If all had happened as they planned—if Lady Caron had left him and gone hurrying home to keep her imaginary appointment—then they would have been off and nobody would have known what had become of Sir Carfrae. Everyone knew the old girls were just starting for Brighton—their going would have excited no surprise; and we should have beaten every plantation and dragged every pond before we thought of searching the cottage."

As he spoke wheels were heard in the lane and the doctor drove up.

"Now," said Kirdles, wiping her trembling lips and turning her grey, haggard face to Lyn, "we shall know the worst—we shall know the worst!"

## CHAPTER XXX

### Car, M.P.

IN Marterstead the crowd before the Town Hall was dense and a-tiptoe with expectation. It seemed ages later than they had expected before the long window of the Town Hall opened at last, and the Town Clerk emerged upon the balcony with a slip of paper in his hand. He announced that Sir Carfrae Caron was elected member for the division; and the roars of cheering which immediately broke out almost drowned his subsequent reading of the figures.

Then he held the window open while Sir Carfrae came out, followed by Sir George Bowyer, his agents and other leaders of his party in the constituency.

It was Sir George who spoke first—an old favourite. Leaning over down to the crowd, he told them that Sir Carfrae's majority was nearly two thousand—his predecessor of the same politics having been defeated at the previous election by more than two thousand.

"That," exulted Sir George, "means a turnover of nearly four thousand votes; and we rejoice that in spite of the dastardly and un-English attempt upon our new member's life, he is able to be here this evening, and to thank you all for your support."

Caron then came forward himself, and the crowd let itself go. The prolonged cheering culminated in "For he's a jolly good fellow!" lustily bawled by the rough Martershire throats; and then they began to shout for Lady Caron.

"Her ladyship! Three cheers for her ladyship!"

On that Sir Carfrae lifted his hand and made a sign for silence. In the flare of the lamps and torches his face looked ghastly and drawn; but his voice was steady.

"Nobody," he said, "would rejoice more heartily than my wife to know the result of our work. Nobody has worked harder than she has to bring it about. Were it not for her heroism and devotion I, as you already know, should not be here to thank you for the confidence you have placed in me. But her ladyship lies

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still between life and death, and so, although I should wish to be longer among you this evening, I am going to ask you to allow me to go home at once and quietly, as I feel that at the present time my place is at her side."

The words were simple, almost bare; but the tone and manner were everything. The man's evident misery, his torture of anxiety, was plain for all to read. Their hearts went out to him. Then a voice in the crowd cried, "Three cheers for her ladyship!" and a man near the balcony shouted up:

"When she gets better she'll be pleased to know we give 'er three good 'uns, sir!" Another voice bawled lustily, "Tell her we put our shirts on you!"

There was a roar of appreciation, and the three "good 'uns" were given with a will.

Caron waited at the balustrade until the sounds died away. He was trying to speak again. Once, twice, he tried; but his voice failed him. He turned away, having accomplished more by silence than by speech.

"My! Ain't he fond of 'er!" said the mothers and wives one to another. "Parted on their wedding day and now, they've not had a bare three months!" "If she don't live, I suppose 'e'll never get over it."

Lyndsay came forward to utter the words that were needed. "Sir Carfrae asks me to tell you that if—that *when*—her ladyship is well enough to receive the message she shall hear of your kindness to her this night."

The cordial words and cries of encouragement pursued them when they were shut into the car together, and Baker was driving carefully down Market Cross and round into the Winstable Road. Carfrae lay back as if exhausted; but after a few minutes he leaned forward, dropping his forehead in his hands. Lyn fidgeted. There was something he wanted to say, but he lacked the courage.

The doctors had cut and scarred the delicate white flesh of Valery's back and extracted the bullet, which had lodged in a rib. The wound was clean; but they feared some unsuspected trouble in connexion with the lung, very near to which the shot had passed, for she could not be induced to swallow food.

She had never been fully conscious since the moment when, with a last supreme effort of will, she held death at bay until she had done her utmost to save Caron.

She did not seem to understand or respond when spoken to, though she had several times pressed Miss Kirby's hand when begged to do so. They had to feed her by injection, and she lay all day with her eyes closed, growing so restless at night that they were forced to administer opiates, which naturally increased the daily drowsiness.

By the doctor's orders nobody had spoken to her of anything that had passed, nor had Caron entered her room.

They had not carried her to her own quarters on the top floor, but to a guest-room below.

That morning both their own doctor and the great specialist who extracted the bullet had examined her; and Kirdles knew that they had but little hope. She was sinking—very slowly—but still sinking. Unless something could be done to induce her to come out of her torpor and to swallow nourishment naturally, she would gradually slip away out of existence.

It was the knowledge of their opinion which was driving Lyn to speak.

"Car," said he, after a long silence, "I want to say something."

Caron started from reverie. "Well?" he asked drearily.

"You know—the doctors are not satisfied with Val?"

"I know."

"Well, I think they are making an awful mistake in keeping you away from her."

After turning this over in his mind, "What makes you think so?" asked Caron.

"Well, I mean . . . it seems like giving her away . . . but perhaps you know it already . . ."

"Know what?"

"That Valery is head over ears in love with you."

"That's rot."

"By no means. I know it, Kirdles knows it. If she doesn't care about you, why is her hatred so hot against you? I didn't myself realize it until you came home, but now I see it clearly. She's afraid of herself. What do you suppose made her go back to the lodge that day after you had parted in the park?"

"I suppose we never shall know that."

"If you want to know, why not go and ask her?"

"She takes no notice of anybody."

"It's my belief that she would notice you, even if it was only to fly into a rage; at least it would break up her lethargy."

"I've made up my mind that if they tell me definitely there's no hope, I shall go in and try to get her to forgive me."

"I wouldn't wait till then. She is in the same state now that she fell into after you left her and went off to Africa. Her whole life-force is founded upon love."

"She told me the very day before she was shot that she hadn't an ounce of sentiment in her whole composition."

"I think that's true. She isn't sentimental. It's much deeper than that. She's an 'all or nothing' woman. There are not many of them; but she's one. With her, it's you or nobody."

Caron gazed out into the gathering night with eyes which held a faint dawn of hope.

"If I dared . . . but suppose it were to kill her?"

"I tell you it wouldn't kill her. I believe she'd eat if she thought you wanted her to try. I was watching her to-day, and she seemed to me like a watch running down, as if what she wanted was re-winding. I believe her to be fully conscious, but there's a cloud of some kind

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on her mind. My idea is that she thinks you are dead, though she never has asked. She may suppose that to be the only possible explanation of your not having come to see her."

"By Jove, there may be something in that! . . . But how do *you* know?" with a passing flash of curiosity.

Lyndsay did not reply. It was fortunate that the fast falling night hid the rush of blood to his face; and Carfrae's mind soon ceased to occupy itself with the answer to his question. He was far too deeply absorbed in his own tragedy to have time to do more than surmise the existence of Lyn's.

It had taken the latter so long to screw up his courage to the point of saying what he wished to say that the swift car was already at their destination before more could be added.

As they entered the house Miss Kirby met them. She looked grey and old, and the polite interest with which she asked for their news was a very feeble shadow of what her eagerness would have been in happier circumstances.

"It's all right. A majority for us of over a thousand," Lyn assured her, and sighed, even in communicating the good news.

Caron handed his hat to Blair, who shyly begged to offer her congratulations. He thanked her wearily, turned immediately to Kirdles, and asked abruptly, "How is she?"

"Very bad to-night," she answered, turning away to hide the working of her mouth, which would not be controlled. "She is feverish and in pain, but she won't speak nor look at me. The nurse thinks . . . she thinks. . . ." She turned away, unable to continue.

"What does she think?" abruptly asked Caron.

"That the end is—quite—near. The pulse is failing rapidly."

"That settles it," said Carfrae abruptly. "I am going in to see her."

Kirdles turned her anguished, mottled face to him, her hands wrung together. "Yes—do! Do!" she cried. "It's the only hope—the only chance! If—if she thought you loved her she might want to stay. . . ."

"If she thought I loved her," echoed Caron huskily.

Without another word he strode past Miss Kirby, up the stair and into the sick room.

At sight of him the nurse by the bedside looked up, startled. She sprang to her feet, motioning him away. He went forward and spoke in carefully dropped tones.

"I am taking this matter into my own hands," he said. "You will please give me the nourishment which Lady Caron ought to take, and I will see that she has it."

"But you don't know," she whispered, "you don't understand how critical it is."

"I do, and that is why I am here. I accept all responsibility. Give me the food please, and then go away. I will call you when I want you."

Without comprehending how, the nurse found

herself outside the room. Catching sight of Miss Kirby coming towards her along the corridor she ran to implore help. Kirdles drew her into her own room and shut the door.

Meanwhile Caron walked to the bedside and gazed down upon the wasted frame of his wife. In spite of her pallor, the nightly recurring fever had brought a spot of burning red to each cheek. The lashes of her closed eyes looked almost startling in their contrast. Her hair had been bobbed, as its length and thickness interfered with the nursing and increased the deathly perspirations from which she suffered. She looked pathetically young.

Caron's face as he gazed down upon her showed but little of the passions which rent him. He sat down beside her pillow.

"Come, Val," said he in his usual tones, "open your eyes. Time to have your supper."

A shudder ran through the girl's whole body. Her hands, which had been moving restlessly to and fro, suddenly became still. Evidently she had heard what he said.

Stooping, he passed his left arm under her and raised her so that her head lay against his shoulder. "You must tell me if I hurt you," said he gently, "but this nasty business of feeding has got to be put through."

He became aware that she was trying to whisper something, and strained his ears to catch the almost inaudible mutter. "Then—you're—not—dead?"

She had spoken. His pulses raced with excitement.

"No, my girl, I'm still alive to plague you. Look at me and see."

The blue-veined lids lifted. She looked at him long and earnestly. "Thought you were dead," she whispered.

"Not I. I'm here in your room—the thing you specially forbade. And what's more, I shan't go out till you have drunk all this."

He put the feeding-cup to her lips and she drank.

"Good," said he, though it was all he could do to speak steadily, so tremendous was his agitation. "I thought that threat would work."

As she lay back, gasping, against his breast, he thought he saw just the ghost of a smile upon her lips.

He waited a minute or two, his whole mind poised in anticipation. So far down the slope was she that he feared the reaction might be too much. But realizing that the first thing was to reinforce her bodily weakness, he once more held the feeding-cup to her, and this time she drank steadily and took more than one draught.

"You are a brick," said he. "Clever girl! I shall give you a certificate for good conduct! All done by kindness, too! I haven't beaten you, have I?"

Her eyes opened quite widely. She turned their gaze up to his face, bending over. He could see that she was quite conscious—her look searched his very soul. His eyes smiled down into hers. He coaxed her tenderly.



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"Come! You won't be able to get up off that bed and kick me out unless you go on feeding!" She drained the cup to its dregs.

"Well," said he exultantly, "you certainly are the best patient in the world! That frees you for the next two hours; but I don't want to put you down yet. I think you've been lying there on the flat of your back too long. Just shut your eyes and have a nap like this — I'm sure you're comfy, and so am I."

Again he thought he saw that faintest sketch of a smile about her lips. But her terrible weakness asserted itself, and the lids slowly fell over her eyes.

She made no motion to be put down, accepting his dictatorship quite as a matter of course.

He braced himself against the bedhead, putting both his arms about her, and laying down his cheek upon the top of her head. In less than half an hour he knew she slept profoundly.

Then he laid her down, crossed the room in his stocking feet, opened the door and showed two amazed women the empty cup in his hand.

"She's asleep," he said, "and breathing easily. I shall stay in the room all night, so that whenever she wakes she will find me there. What fools doctors are! She had been thinking I was dead!"

"How do you know?"

"She said so."

"What—just now? She spoke to you?"

"Certainly. She said, I thought you were dead." I told her she was not so easily rid of me."

Kirdles turned and made a dash for her room, sobbing audibly in the revulsion of feeling. Caron came after her, put his arms round



"Caron's face, as he gazed down upon her, showed but little of the passions which rent him"

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her shoulders, soothed her as if she had been his mother. "I only wish I had defied the fools a week ago," said he. "Now give me a kiss and wish me luck. I'm going back in case she misses me."

But Valery slept twelve hours without moving.



When at last she awakened he was there beside her, a queer smile on his face. She gave him an answering smile, and he said at once, "Now, no talking! You are not to begin to pitch into me until you are fed. Better lift you again as I did last night—you seemed to drink very comfortably like that."

She made no objection at all. Deftly he raised her, and propped her against him, and once more fed her. This time she ate with obvious appetite, swallowing down the meat-juice and milk as if her system craved for it.

"Fine!" said Carfrae. "You'll be having eggs and bacon to-morrow morning if you are such an exemplary girl."

"Well, I'm hungry," said Val almost aloud.

"I don't wonder," he replied tenderly, stroking back her hair and longing to kiss the pale forehead. "You do know who I am, don't you, Val?" he inquired after a minute.

She turned up her eyes to him with that same eloquent but indescribable look she had given him the previous night. "Car," said she softly.

"That's not all," he murmured, fondling her hand. "I'm not only Car now, I'm Car, M.P. What does your ladyship think of that?"

She uttered a faint little squeak of surprise. "Is it over . . . the election?"

"Yes. I'm in by a thousand and more. Just about the number of people there were that day you spoke for me in the Lufton Town Hall. You did it, my dear."

"Nonsense," said she in faint amusement; and after a pause. "Where's nurse? I've got ever such a pretty bed-jacket. I want her to put it on me."

"I suppose that means that I'm to go," he said, "and as I've had no breakfast, I will take your ladyship's hint. But don't you flatter yourself that you've done with me. I'm going to pester you with food by night and day until you are strong enough to get up and kick me out."

### CHAPTER XXXI

#### Valery's Recovery

THE Sir Carfrae Caron who went down that day to his committee rooms to receive the congratulations of his agents, and to thank as many of his constituents as he could find, was a different being from the tired, haggard man who had stood overnight upon the balcony listening through the plaudits to the creeping foot of death menacing him ever more closely.

Though he had not closed his eyes that night he was full of spirit and fire, and, as on the

previous evening, everyone said, "How devoted he is to her, isn't he?"

"You think she has really turned the corner?" asked Sir George Bowyer.

"I think so," replied Caron exultantly. "She has no fever this morning, she slept naturally for about twelve hours, and her pulse is astonishingly stronger than yesterday. If she keeps it up we ought to have no more trouble. This morning she was well enough to hear the news of my success, and it bucked her no end."

"You haven't yet heard from her how she came to return to Dairy Lodge that day?"

"No. I am sure she remembers all that happened, but I don't want to mention anything that might agitate her until she's a very great deal stronger than she now is. All I can tell you is that I parted from her some little way up the park. They calculated to a nicety exactly how far from the house I should be stopped, so as to make it quite certain that she would go on and that I should return to the lodge without her. She walked on quietly but not very slowly, as she was, you remember, expecting to go to Great Lanefield at once, to speak at a meeting which did not exist."

"And you went back?"

"Yes. The old ladies seemed quite genuinely delighted that I should see into the hidey-hole. One of them was lighting a candle. The other pushed open the door."

"You may walk in freely, there is no step," said she with a beaming smile. Like a fool I walked calmly in and heard the door click behind me instantaneously. Of course, I realized at once that I had been trapped, and I felt furious. My idea was that they would go off for their holiday and leave me there . . . shut up to starve or suffocate. I thought this not a very serious probability, for of course I knew that search would be made for me before long. Granting that nobody missed me until Val returned from the meeting, I should not have to be there more than an hour or two, even supposing I was not able to open the door with a knife. I tried cautiously to find the key-hole, and soon became aware that it was stopped at the outer end by something I could not remove. However, almost at once, before I could think of any other plan, I perceived a deadly smell of gas. It was rushing in; and then I knew that, long before help arrived, I should be suffocated. As I think you know, the chamber is surrounded with an air jacket through which no sound can penetrate. I yelled and I kicked at the door; but the space was small and the fumes soon did their work."

"And by the time Adney and Baker got there she had been shot?"

"Yes. They found her tied to a chair. She was far too seriously injured to be able to explain anything; but she literally forced herself to tell them where I was. Then, I'm afraid, they left her to her fate in their frantic desire to extricate me in time."

"Well, it will be most interesting to know

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how and why she went back to the lodge after leaving it. Your men were neither of them within reach?"

"Unfortunately, no. They have felt it terribly; but I can hardly blame them. From the moment we landed in England—I should say from the moment we crossed the Italian frontier—there had been nothing at all to excite suspicion. The police, both in London and here in Martershire, were on the alert. No suspicious strangers were known to be about. I was within my own grounds, and the two men, who had had a long, tiring day, were having some tea. The chauffeur was just going off to take my wife to this imaginary meeting at Great Lane-field, and then there came a bogus police call for Adney, which very nearly sent him off on a fool's errand to Marterstead. I can most truly say that no faintest suspicion of the bonafides of my tenants had ever entered my head."

"I hear they are to be extradited?"

"Both the women. They are badly wanted by the New York police. The man will be brought to trial here, and had Valery died as the result of his shot he would have been hanged. The trio have operated together for some years. They had no personal grudge against me. They were running a gambling saloon in Algiers, having made New York too hot to hold them, when the *Ilalis* bribed them to arrange this business. I fancy this will be the end of it."

"Your constituency devoutly hopes so," laughed Sir George.



From the moment of being assured of Carfrae's safety, Valery made steady, and at first incredibly swift, progress towards recovery.

While her life hung in the balance Caron was with her continually, except for those hours which were given to sleep and a walk. From the time of his first going into her room there was, however, practically no doubt of the issue. At the end of three or four days she was strong enough for him to venture to leave her.

She was quite able to understand and to appreciate the fact that he must go to London to take his seat in the House. He had to be in his place constantly during the remainder of the session, which was a stormy one; and was often kept very late. He always, however, made a point of returning to Archwood once in every twenty-four hours, even though sometimes it was three o'clock in the morning when Baker drove the car into the gates.

In spite of fatigue and late hours, he always contrived to look fresh and smiling when he came into the sick-room for his daily glimpse of the convalescent. His press of work was, however, formidable, so that it was always a brief visit. Lyndsay was also kept so completely occupied with the voluminous correspondence of the new member that he likewise had but fleeting peeps at the new Valery with the bobbed hair, who looked so strangely younger, shyer, softer than the Oxford undergraduate had been wont to appear.

To Carfrae it seemed as if that session would never end. His interest in his new work and his new surroundings was keen, but the undercurrent of tremendous excitement, resolutely held in check, chafed and strained him. He knew that he must wait and possess his soul in patience, until such time as he himself should be free to give his whole consideration to the question of Valery's future; and also until she herself was strong enough to face the situation with something of her old grip.

He lived through those days, his maiden days in Parliament, as if in a dream, of which the most dream-like and unreal moments were those in which he tapped at the brass knocker on Valery's door—she had been taken up to the old nurseries as soon as she was well enough to express the wish to be moved—and was admitted to the room wherein he had once been so mercilessly snubbed, and ordered not to trespass there again.

She little knew the effort it cost him to hold, during these brief interviews, to the attitude of affectionate teasing which had been so successful in pulling her back from the very brink of the grave. He seldom came empty-handed, bringing home turtle soup for her, or some new and special dainty to tempt her appetite. He ordered oysters, he purchased cushions with a special eye to the colouring of her room; and as her recovery progressed he procured a wonderful patent garden couch, with a canopy, for her use in the garden. He did all that a man could to make his devotion plain; but he was never serious. In fact, he loved to make Val laugh; and at first this was not easy.

As she grew stronger her self-possession returned to her. At first she did not quite know how to take him, but soon she had accepted and adopted the new terms, much as she had done when she came back to him before.

Often he lost himself in speculation as to her real feelings towards him. Lyndsay had said she was in love with him. When he recalled the scene between them which had taken place in that very room where now he sat beside her sofa, a welcome guest, he felt far from certain that Lyndsay was right. Most undeniably she had begun to revive, had come back from the very brink of the grave, as soon as she knew that he lived; but he could not rid himself of the torturing doubt lest this might be really due to her intense desire to make good her word and see him safely elected to Parliament. He remembered how, on the way home from the Lufton meeting, she had frozen him with the intimation that what she had then said had been spoken in pursuance of the agreement that she was to do all she could to get him returned for the division. He remembered her indignation when he had told her she had better leave the house; how she had said he should not let her down after all the trouble she was taking for him. Her pleasure at the sight of him whom she supposed to have been murdered might be due—leaving out of account the natural relief of a sensitive girl who finds that

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murder has not been done—to her triumph in having succeeded in saving the life of the man who had injured her and for whom she had in return done so much.

As she regained her health and her mental poise these doubts assailed him with more force. Carefully he skirted away from any, even the vaguest, allusions to the future—from anything which might give her a chance to stab him with some mention of her own plans, exclusive of his.

So the days wore on until the dawn of that one which found him a free man. The House had adjourned; the boys were coming home the following day for their holidays; and it was Valery's twenty-third birthday.

### CHAPTER XXXII The Final Arrangement

CARON opened his eyes that summer morning with the sense that the moment had come when things must be set upon a definite footing.

The gardens of his old home lay steeped in sunshine and glowing with colour. The Madonna lilies stood up against the dark yew hedges in pure contrast with the flaming montbretias and the larkspurs and dahlias. As he leaned from his window it seemed to him that he breathed incense.

His home! Would it be really his? He recalled his childhood there—his lonely childhood, for he had had no brothers and sisters. His father was elderly and invalidish, his mother beautiful and worldly. She made a second marriage, went to India with her husband, died there. . . .

He travelled back in thought along the road of his own life. How completely unreflecting, how blindly optimistic he had been! When he met Blanche Eldrid, and her shadowy beauty turned his youthful head, there had been no need to consult anything but his own desires. He married her in a rush of passion, and before he realized what had happened he found himself husband and father, tied for life to a woman for whom he felt first irritation, then indifference, then dislike, which approached by stealthy degrees to something that resembled loathing.

She had lived in the house—had filled it with people he hated. She had left him to solitude in India while she lounged her life away in the garden or the drawing-room, immersed in contemplation of her wonderful self.

How he had hated his furloughs! How he had detested coming back to England!

And now?

He knew that if the girl upstairs in his old nurseries would open her arms and take him in he could be happy for the first time in his life; happy in his home, in his place where he belonged. His whole being craved for Val as if he had been a boy. No; it was incredible. Such happiness could not be for him. As he

lay in the filthy dungeon at Hal-i-Mor, or in the hot hospital at Tahoura, tortured by flies, how he had longed for the sight of these lawns, these spreading oaks and dark cedars. He had wished with all the strength of his heart that he had not to take Valery with them.

Now all his hopes and fears and cravings were focused upon the question of whether or no she could care for him—could forget the years that Sundered them and give him what he had never in all his starved life possessed.

As he thought of the expressive face which had come to mean so much to him that it blocked out all else, he grew hot all over with the force of his longing for the love of this girl.

The sound of the breakfast bell drew him downstairs, and Kirdles looked up from her coffee-pot with a gleam of approval as she saw that he was in white flannels.

"Come," said she, "this looks like holiday time!"

Caron came round the table, bent his head, and kissed her forehead with a gesture that well became him. "Wish me luck," he said hoarsely.

She turned up her kind face to his. They were alone, for punctuality at meals was not in the long list of Lyn's virtues.

"I do wish you luck," she said kindly; but he detected a note of anxiety in her voice.

"You are on my side, Kirdles?" he asked wistfully.

"Yes, I am now," she said slowly. "I thought I never should be. I was prepared to go to any length to get her away from you; but now—"

"Yet you are not sure?" he asked, looking down and growing red. "I mean, you don't know what she feels—what she'll be likely to say to me?"

Kirdles desisted from her occupation and leaned back in her chair with knit brow. "I think," said she slowly, "that it will be touch and go. . . ."

"You mean that she herself is not certain; that she has not really forgiven me; that she—er—might say 'yes' from a sense of duty . . .?"

"Oh, no," said Kirdles quickly, "not that."

"And yet," he objected, "a sense of duty did bring her back to help me; she came back because she thought she ought to come."

Kirdles slowly shook her head. "Not exactly. She came because she was sorry for you. She thought that she was putting you in a tight corner, and to her there was something mean in wreaking vengeance on you. Lyndsay made her see that she would be doing you far more harm than you had done her."

"Oh! Lyndsay made her see it, did he?"

"Yes. He understands her in a wonderful way."

Caron did not reply. He seated himself and helped himself to food with a desponding air.

Quite suddenly he was face to face with a possibility of whose existence he had all along been aware, but whose gravity he had hitherto declined to consider.

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Was it Lyndsay, after all?

Had Valery returned to duty because Lyndsay went and fetched her? Had her anxiety over his own life been, as he suspected, only because she had undertaken to help him to success and could not bear that her efforts should fail?

The light went out of the broad blue skies and his heart sank.

Kirdles, looking at him, wavered in her mind. Should she or should she not tell him that in her opinion everything hung upon himself—upon the way in which he approached Valery?

She guessed a great deal of what was passing in the girl's mind, and how difficult she was finding it to believe that this man could honestly and whole-heartedly be her lover. As Kirdles surmised, she was arguing something like this:

Carfrae found himself at home and married. His wife was good to look at, and above the average in intelligence. She was popular in the county. His house was the perfection of comfort and good management; his children in the hands of a most capable woman. If Valery went out of his life all this well-being must cease. He would be once more, as three years ago, a helpless widower with a family of children, to whom he was more or less a stranger.

All this Valery must perceive, and its force must be recognized. In a word, her husband might well desire reconciliation with her in order to make the present state of things permanent; and this she could not bear. She had resigned for him her freedom, her university hopes, her pride, and her happiness. Herself she would not give, unless he loved her.

Miss Kirby dared not put this before him. She felt the situation too delicate, too critical, for it to be wise for her to meddle. If the man loved Valery he must be trusted to make her know it, and to do so in his own way. When she was at the point of death, when everything but what was fundamental was out of sight, he had recalled her to life. Now that shades of the prison-house had once more collected—that they were both back in a modern world—the matter was more complicated; but if it was still to him vital he ought to triumph.

Yet it was as she had warned him, touch and go. Dimly Miss Kirby felt that if he missed his chance that day it would be final. Studying his face, guarded though his expression habitually was, and little as he gave himself away, she judged him to be fully aware of the gravity of the occasion.

Lyn came hurtling himself into the room before she could say another word. He was in good spirits, for he had been working almost, if not quite, as hard as Carfrae, and was now eager as a boy for holidays. Yet it was impossible to make plans, for all that Carfrae would say was that he had not yet consulted Val.

"Well, you'd better be quick, for those young savages will be down on us like the wolf on the fold to-morrow," observed Lyn, pouring cream on his porridge so lavishly that Kirdles

took away the ewer and rebuked him. "You've got to go to Marterstead this morning and meet the organizing committee," he went on ruthlessly. "The celebrated Bart. and M.P. must do his devoirs; but after that you ought to get some time off, I really think. Ever since you came home you've been on the go."

"Yes," said Carfrae mutinously, "and I've had about enough of your driving, young feller-me-lad. You can ring up the committee, and say that the Bart. has no intention whatever of changing his clothes in order to attend their fool meeting, but will deputize his secretary to do this for him while he lazes about at home."

This, however, Lyndsay would not allow. "Get it over," he urged; "it won't take long, and then you're free. Val won't appear before lunch to-day, because you know the Bowyers and the Hatherleghs are coming to dinner in honour of her birthday; but if you're a good lad you shall have the afternoon with her in the garden. So do as you're told this morning, and Adney can replace you inside that most becoming set of flannels after lunch."

Carfrae threw his bread at the speaker, but yielded the point. After all, if he won this afternoon it would be best to have the morrow quite free. For a moment he pictured a dazzling possibility—himself and Valery side by side in the car, driving off together into the unknown; to some destination; anywhere—anywhere out of the world, wherein they might begin to realize each other.

Yet the very improbability of such a journey, when he came to formulate it, accentuated his depression. What was he that such delight should await him? How should she know that inside his tropic-hardened skin and that dry official manner, which was so hard to shake off, was the heart of a boy, longing for hers?



He was far from being his own master that afternoon as he sauntered down the garden, along the paved, yew-bordered walk to where Valery was installed in the circular space at the end, by the sundial, in the chair he had so carefully chosen for her.

It was folded up into a real chair that afternoon, and Val was sitting, not reclining in it. She looked up from her book as he came sauntering towards her between the lilies, the delphiniums and the alstroemerias.

He had gone back into his flannels and wore no hat. The light breeze just lifted the dull gold of his hair.

"Oh," said Val, smiling with her usual air of camaraderie, "how jolly to see you look like that! No more Westminster for the present."

"No." He dropped into the chair which stood beside her and from which she pushed old Trash, now quite a veteran, to make room for him. "I'm a free man at last," he said. "Free to attend to your affairs, my dear girl." He flattered himself that his tones contained no hint of the excitement that devoured him.

## THE QUIVER

She made no answer, but he heard her catch her breath, and imagined an inaudible, "Now for it!"

"I think you know," he began slowly, "that I have left things as they are for the past month, not because I considered Parliamentary affairs more urgent than your future, but because you have manifestly not been equal to business. In consequence, I haven't yet so much as thanked you for all that you have done for me."

She made a murmur of deprecation—rather a vehement one—sitting up as though she would like to bolt out of reach of inconvenient gratitude. He laid his hand upon her arm and held it lightly.

"Steady on; this has got to be said, you know. It's not merely what you have done during the past few months; culminating in your having risked your life—almost given it—for mine. It's what you have done all the while I have been away from home. Your goodness to my children; your loyalty; your heroic bearing of an almost unbearable situation. I haven't a word to say for myself. I dealt you a rotten hand, poor child; my only excuse is that I didn't realize what a rotten hand it was. But I'm not going to make excuses. The only reason I mention it is to emphasize the point that, in view of what I owe to you, it stands to reason that nothing I could do for you now would be too much."

She made no reply. Her eyes were upon the muscular limb which lay over the arm of her chair. It was bare to the elbow, for Carfrae had been playing a set of tennis with Lyndsay. Never before had she seen it so, for it was usually concealed beneath faultless shirt-cuffs. All round the wrist was a band, more than two inches wide, of darkened, discoloured flesh, seamed and scarred with healed sores—the unfading memorial of his manacles. The actual sight of that silent witness to the torture he had borne affected her deeply. He had no idea at all of the way in which those wounds—"poor, poor dumb mouths"—were speaking for him. After a slight pause, which she made no attempt to fill, he went on:

"Nothing could be too much; and I want you to understand that I actually mean what I say. I am not talking figuratively. I shall accept whatever you deal out to me. I have no rights. I can urge no claims upon you. If you say you are going away to leave me for ever, I shall do my best to submit even to that. The trouble is that, as far as the law goes, it isn't going to be so easy to set you free."

Under his lids he watched her narrowly as he spoke. He was almost sure that he was saying what she had not expected him to say. Her expression changed slightly. He took out his cigarette-case to give her a chance to let his words sink in. "May I smoke?" he asked politely, and said no more until he had lit his cigarette.

"I went the other day," said he presently, "to my own lawyer, to consult him about this

nullity business, putting the case as if it had to do with someone else. There are various grounds upon which such a suit may be brought, but the only one that can be urged as between you and me, is the ground of fraud or mistake. Your contention is that you married me under a mistake, and upon that ground you plead to be set at liberty. That being so, it is you from whom the application must proceed—not me."

She had still no remark to make, and after awaiting one for a few moments he went on:

"Unfortunately, we are both so much in the public eye that we must be prepared for publicity. As you know, I dislike that, partly on my own account, but far more on yours. However, I want you to know that if you insist I shall submit. You can go ahead; and if they hoof me out of the constituency I shall take it as my just punishment. But there is a point upon which I would like to make myself clear before going on to put before you the fact which would, I fear, render a suit for nullity impossible—"

"Impossible?"

"Yes, we'll come to that directly. What I want first to assure you of is this: that if it is still your fixed determination to leave me, you can trust me to respect your decision without any decree of the courts. If you tell me to stand out, I stand out. That I swear solemnly to you. You may go where you choose; and I'll not trouble you. The flaw in that plan is, of course, that legally you will not be free. So that perhaps"—he hesitated a long time, holding his smoking cigarette before his eyes, and staring at it as though it interested him profoundly—"perhaps you will wish not to make a decision until you have had time to—er—consult Lyndsay?"

"Lyndsay?" echoed Valery in accents of sharp surprise. "What on earth has Lyndsay to do with it?"

Carfrae turned scarlet. Through all his frame ran a throbbing of sheer gladness. He was so moved that for a moment he could not reply, and after seeking about in her mind for some reason for the introduction of Lyn's name, Val said hurriedly: "Is it because he went to Grendon and fetched me back, that you think I rely so much upon his judgment as to shape my whole future by it? It was not Lyn himself, but what he told me, that decided me to do as I did. I had not realized what my going away would mean. He made me see that I was putting you in the worst kind of hole; but he was not responsible for my choice."

Caron raised his head and expanded his lungs in a deep breath. So far was Valery from loving Lyndsay that she did not even understand the suggestion which underlay her husband's words. The man's heart began to beat so heavily that he himself was astonished at the physical effect of his emotion. "I see," he replied; and for a long moment said no more.

Valery, too, was silent awhile, sensing the impact of something formidable. At last she



## HIS SECOND VENTURE

said falteringly, "Will you tell me, please, why you say I cannot be legally free? What is the circumstance that makes it impossible?"

He dropped his cigarette on the grass and set his foot on it. Then, leaning forward, he turned to her. "The only ground upon which you could sue has disappeared."

That drew her eyes to meet his own, though she could not face what she saw there for more than a second. "Explain, please," she stammered.

"Sure you want me to?" meaningly.

Again her lids rose, and again they fell in confusion.

"Of course I do."

"Pretty obvious, isn't it? The reason appears to be so well known to everybody, not merely in this house, but also in this constituency, that it seems odd you should be ignorant of it. You say you married me under the impression that I loved you. I mean, that is what you will have to plead as your reason—that you supposed I loved you, and subsequently discovered that I did not. They will doubtless proceed to ask me whether it is true that I do not love you; and I shall have either to perjure myself or to confess that I love you to distraction, and that if you leave me I shall be absolutely and utterly wretched."

Val sat in utter silence, hoping he could not hear her heart beat. She did not look up.

"Well," he asked at last, "what about it, Val? Are you going to tell me to commit perjury? If you order it I must sink even to that; but I'd much—rather—not."

Very low, under her breath, she hurriedly murmured, "Why not go on as we are for a year, as we arranged?"

"No, Val. Can't be done. Sorry, but it can't. If you remember my outbreak the day before your accident—do you remember it, by the way?"

"Yes," hardly audible.

"Then I should have thought you would know better than to suggest such a thing. I want you for my own; and if you won't—well, then, my dear, I must get away somewhere where I can neither see nor hear you. I'm at the end of my tether."

There was no reply. He leaned forward, to try and look into the obstinately lowered eyes. His mouth almost touched her hair. "Val, what made you turn back that day after we had parted in the park? What brought you back to Dairy Lodge? Answer me, please."

"I . . . suddenly realized that you were in danger."

"What did that matter to you? If they had got me you would have been free—rid of me for ever! Wouldn't that have been splendid?"

He was too near—too dominating for her.

Her calm broke up suddenly. "Oh, Car, don't be silly! You talk nonsense; you don't mean it—you don't, you can't! You don't really love me. . . ."

She sprang to her feet, with the impulse to flee. He rose also, caught her, held her, with a grip so determined that she knew she could not escape until he willed it.

Words came tumbling from her in passionate incoherence. "It is not—is not really—love! It is just that you think it wiser to be friends. You want to make the best of a bad job, and you are—so—correct—you would like to make amends. . . . Oh"—as she struggled to evade his eager mouth—"I will not submit, I will *not*! I am free; I *am* free, whatever you say." Then, as he had his way and his kiss held her a long moment quiveringly silent, she added a cry of pitiful surrender. "Oh, if it were not real, this time, what would become of me?"

"Val," he gasped between laughter and tears, "don't be a little fool! Can't you *feel*—don't you *know*—that it's the real thing this time? Didn't you know it when I made a scene in the old nursery? Can you look me in the eyes and say you didn't know it when I called you back from death? Why, Val, if it were not for me you'd be dead at this moment. You're my conquest—the spoils of victory! Do you imagine I am going to let my prize escape me? Why do you suppose I called you back, but because I couldn't live without you?"



Lyndsay sat by the tea-table in the garden, admiring the magnificent iced cake which the cook had prepared to do honour to her ladyship's birthday.

Kirdles had strolled down the yew-walk to tell Val that tea was ready. She now came into sight hurriedly, almost running, her cheeks scarlet, her eyes swimming.

"Hallo, old dear, what's up?" asked Lyn, quite startled.

Kirdles sank into a chair, and fumbled for a handkerchief to wipe away the tears which were running from her eyes.

"It's all right," she sobbed, and for a minute could add no more. Then she reiterated, "Thank God, it's all right. I've just seen them. Too beautiful! Too perfect! Thank God, I gave the right advice, after all! My dear, this isn't Valery's birthday. It's her *wedding-day*!"

Lyndsay sprang from his seat at her words, and turned his back upon her; but it was not many minutes before he once more re-seated himself, facing the world anew.

"Her happiness comes before all," he said quietly.

(The End)



# Hints to the Worrying Woman

*Pessimism and its Cure*

*By Dr.*

*Cecil Webb-Johnson*

**W**E are sometimes told that women have "a worrying disposition" when they really have a worrying stomach. It may seem very prosaic to say so, but medical men have to deal with realities and not with fancies. Many a woman would have a brighter and more cheerful outlook on life and be far happier in herself and a comfort to her family if her health were looked after properly. A worrying woman is usually a sick woman.

## **Health and Pessimism**

Contrast the cheerful woman with the woman who has given way to worry and ideas of the pessimistic type. Mrs. Joy has cheeks in which the roses of health blossom, her eyes sparkle, her step is light and free. Her merry laugh is as good as medicine to any company into which she goes, and she does not know what depression means. From this we deduce that her blood circulates properly and that her liver and all her internal organs are functioning in a natural manner. Mrs. Gloom, on the other hand, has a sallow complexion and dull eyes, her lips are pallid, and she drags her steps as she walks. Lines of discontent and worry make her look older than her real age, and the corners of her mouth are turned down in a permanently peevish manner. She is full of gloomy forebodings, and constantly avers that nothing can go right in the worst of all possible worlds. From this we deduce that she is in need of medical attention, for there is something wrong with her health. This must be put right before she can take a cheerful view of life and its responsibilities, and cease to inflict her sinister notions upon her family and friends.

## **Chronic Indigestion**

Chronic indigestion, or dyspepsia, is responsible for a good deal of pessimism. It is generally brought on by eating the wrong kind of foods, or by bolting the meals instead of spending a proper amount of time over them, or by imperfect mastication owing to defective teeth. Many a woman would be better and happier if her teeth

were properly looked after, for unless the food is sufficiently masticated stomach troubles are bound to ensue, and then farewell to happiness!

I am afraid that a good many women do not know how to eat. They fill their stomachs with bread-and-butter and quantities of tea, and then wonder why they do not feel fit. They eat large quantities of cakes, pastry and sweets instead of proper, sensible, well-balanced meals, and, again, they are fond of snacks and "stays" at odd times, than which nothing could be more pernicious. There is nothing against missing an occasional meal, for it gives the stomach and other organs a needed rest; but irregularity in eating is to be uncompromisingly condemned. Many women say that they cannot rise until they have had their early cup of tea, which is a pernicious institution and one that should be abolished. A glass of water, hot or cold, or the juice of an orange or a lemon in water, would be far better and more beneficial as an early-morning beverage. During the day the average woman's meals consist of far too many starchy foods—bread, cakes, pastry, pies and puddings—and not enough vegetables and fruits. Add to this her habit of swilling hot tea on every possible and impossible occasion, and then, if you can, wonder that she is afflicted with dyspepsia and stomach and digestive troubles generally.

## **A Long and Tedious Task**

When a woman has thoroughly upset her digestion by the courses which have been indicated, it is always a long and tedious task to bring the ill-used digestive tract back to the normal again. A step on the way is to establish regularity. Meals should be taken at stated times, and those times adhered to rigidly. It is also very important that intervals of a proper length be observed; the meal-times must not be too close together. It is a good plan to allow five or six hours for the digestion of each meal. There should be a short rest before each and a longer rest afterwards. How often we see

## HINTS TO THE WORRYING WOMAN

a busy housewife engaged all the morning at the cooking-stove, then dishing up the repast and sitting down to it with her family. Naturally, this is not the way to enjoy perfect digestion. Three meals a day and "no snacks" in between should be the rule for the dyspeptic woman; and I should rather prefer two only—one at midday and one in the early evening. There are many well-authenticated cases in which the omission of the conventional breakfast has been of the very greatest service in relieving dyspepsia. The Rev. George Pentecost, an American clergyman, thus testifies to the benefits of going without breakfast:

"I have not had the first suggestion of a sick-headache since I gave up my breakfast. From my earliest boyhood I do not remember ever having gone a whole month without being down with one of these attacks. . . . I have gradually lost a large proportion of my surplus fat, my weight has gone down twenty pounds, my size being reduced by several inches at the point where corpulency was the most prominent. . . . I experience no fullness and unpleasantness after eating, as I so often did before. I am conscious of better digestion, my food does not lie so long in my stomach, and that useful organ seems to have gone out of the gas-producing business."

### The Question of What to Eat

And now the question is—what shall the dyspeptic woman eat at her meals? It were better to indicate at once what she shall avoid. She must pass, for her own health, a self-denying ordinance which shall rule out such flesh-foods as veal, pork, ham, bacon, goose, duck, liver and kidneys. The favourite pastries must be forgone, and with them must go such adjuncts to the festive tea-table as hot buttered toast, buttered crumpets and muffins or tea-cakes, and all the fancy pastries and so on which make the table look so tempting. Dried, spiced, pickled, and salted meats or fish are anathema to the dyspeptic, so are crabs, lobsters, or shell-fish generally, and most of the cheeses. Any food fried in fat is to be avoided like the plague. New bread should never be eaten; it forms in the mouth a tough, putty-like mass, which resents the action of the secretions.

We will now consider what the dyspeptic *should* eat. She may be allowed white fish, such as sole, plaice or whiting, but without the thick sauce with which cook loves to coat them. Mutton is better for the dys-

peptic than beef, and chicken, pheasant or rabbit may be taken. Tripe and sweet-breads are light and easily digested; and any potatoes taken at the meal should be well mashed, and such vegetables as cabbage, kale, cauliflower and brussels sprouts should be well cooked and then rubbed through a sieve. Stewed fruit, such as apples, pears, plums and prunes, are always beneficial.

### The Importance of Mastication

Too much stress cannot be laid on the importance of thorough mastication. Remember the case of the famous Horace Fletcher, the inventor of "Fletcherism," about which he wrote several interesting books. He was an American business man who all his life had ill-used his poor unfortunate digestive tract by eating too fast. While he was away on a business trip, he had some time to wait between interviews, and used to while away the hours by spending a much longer time than usual over his lunch and dinner. He was greatly surprised by what he noticed after he had pursued this course for some time. His food agreed with him better, and he lost the unpleasant symptoms which had aforesaid followed every meal. He was so impressed by his discovery that he made a cult of "Fletcherism," and it became the rage in the United States for quite a considerable time. But the whole of Mr. Fletcher's wisdom can be summed up in the distich which our grandmothers used to repeat:

"Learn to eat slow; all other graces  
Will follow in their proper places."

Dyspepsia is a fruitful source of worry, and the woman with a good digestion is generally of a contented and a cheerful disposition.

### The Habit of Worrying

But there are, of course, other causes which tend to gloom and discontent in womankind. "Almost equally as injurious," says a well-known authority, "as grief and sorrow is worry, by which the sleep is disturbed, the equanimity destroyed, and the joyful performance of the daily work and duties rendered impossible. The habit of some persons to make worries ought to be counteracted from an early period by all possible means." This is only too true, as anybody who has ever had to live in the same house with a worrying woman can testify from experience. A great deal of

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woman's worrying comes from the nerves. There may be an hereditary tendency to disease of the nerves, and neurasthenia may also come as a sequel to typhoid fever, influenza, and other complaints. There is a definite nervous complaint known as hypochondria, in which the chief symptoms are fear of ill-health, and an abnormal tendency to attach undue importance to trifles and to worry over them to an extraordinary extent. Other symptoms are headache, a feeling of oppression on the top of the head, vertigo or giddiness, and loss of memory.

### **Drugs Useless**

In these cases drugs are of little or no use. The treatment must be mainly moral. The worrying woman must be "taken out of herself," as the saying is. Change of air and scene will work wonders in many a case; and a morbid-minded, worrying woman will return from a healthfully-spent holiday in a very different frame of mind from that in which she set out. If a holiday is impracticable for various reasons, let the worrying woman get out into the open air as much as possible. There is nothing like the air of heath or common for blowing away the cobwebs.

Nowadays, when transportation is so easy, swift and cheap, there is no excuse for remaining in one spot all the time. Perhaps you will hear the worrying woman say, "Oh, when I have finished my day's work I do not

feel equal to the fag of dressing and going out." This is but a symptom of the nervous condition. Let her force herself to go out; and the effort will get easier every time. A good farce or comedy will often do good, or a visit to the kinema when Charlie Chaplin is on the screen. If circumstances are favourable, let the worrying woman join a tennis club or a golf club, or some body which makes a speciality of country walks and rambles. There are many such in the large centres. Fresh air and exercise are sovereign remedies for the "blues." And it should never be forgotten that the effects of worry are cumulative. A woman gets into a low state of health and begins to worry. The worry further debilitates nerves and brain, and thus a vicious circle is formed. A cheerful philosopher once wrote:

"Life is full of difficulties for all; if we wait until we conquer all our difficulties, ease and merriment will never come. Laugh and be glad now. The troubles which look like towering rocks ahead will vanish like soap-bubbles or mist as we approach them. If we let an avalanche of trouble bury us, we have none but ourselves to blame. . . . If you must indulge in fancies weave them in bright colours rather than in the sombre hues of night. I find the gayest castles in the air that were ever piled far better for comfort and use than the dungeons in the air that are daily dug and caverned out by grumbling and discontented people."

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# THINGS THAT MATTER

*By Rev. Arthur Pringle*

## The Conventions

THE world in which we are living to-day—the post-war world—feels itself eagerly, sometimes even angrily, at issue with the conventions. After all we have gone through, we claim the right to revise many beliefs and customs hitherto taken for granted. And in claiming this we are only doing, in perhaps a more drastic and exaggerated way, what every age, in its turn, has felt impelled to do.

### **We are not the First to Rebel**

We are so apt to assume that we are the first people to challenge the conventions; whereas the fact, of course, is that each generation makes its own quarrel, in things big or small, with established usage. Always and everywhere, unless nature is stultified, youth is *young*, adventurous, crudely defiant of what it finds on the throne of custom. And it is salutary, in more ways than one, to reflect that many of the things which we so hotly challenge have survived defiance and attack through the ages. Therefore, while we plume ourselves on being critical and rebellious, it will put a term to our pride and help to ballast our mental balloon if we remember that there is a sense in which our very unconventionalism is hackneyed and conventional.

### **Combining Conventional and Unconventional**

Thus sobered, we are in better mood for the next stage of the matter, which brings us to the obvious reflection that the ideal life is that which combines the conventional and the unconventional in judicious proportion. The person who is merely conventional is only half alive; and, moreover, the half-life is parasitic and dull. To have nothing that is really our own, to borrow from other times and other people what we think, what we do, what we hope for and live for—that, surely, is not the sort of

life that God meant any human being to be content with. Yet it is what many people—some of them educated and privileged—are unenterprising enough to accept as their destiny.

On the other hand, it is, to say the least, equally foolish to erect the defiance of convention into a sort of fetish, worshipping the new *because* it is new, and impatiently rejecting everything that bears the mark of antiquity or usage. A life moulded on those lines soon becomes angular, eccentric and self-stultifying.

### **A Fine Mixture**

We come back, then, to the combination of the two elements, which would mean that a man puts to patient and practical test ideas and customs which have been handed down to him, while bringing to play on them all the freshness and individuality which he is able to command. Such a man is neither the slave of convention nor the victim of his own whims and fads; but his life is built up with a fine mixture of the communal strength of human experience and the varied effectiveness of individual initiative. In short, it is not for us to be either conventional or unconventional. We are here to be ourselves, but to realize that we are members of a great family and vitally involved in an unimaginably vast progress of events.

When we are tempted to spoil our chance of life by over-timidty or by over-rashness, it is well to pause and remember the sublime setting in which the human drama is being enacted and the tremendous issues that hang upon it. Sir Oliver Lodge puts this impressively in his recent volume, "The Making of Man": "Man has developed a religious sense which teaches him that he is actually in touch with a higher order of creation, that he can have intercourse with it, that he can derive thence help and comfort; that he is not isolated or stranded,

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nor temporary and evanescent, but that he has within him the seed of immortality; that on the spiritual side his roots go down to infinite depths, and that he may blossom into regions supernal. . . . What he has so far attained is as nothing to the hope held out to him. Already in his higher moments he is conscious that he is the heir of all the ages, the container of infinite possibilities, and that the mustard-seed germ of the Kingdom of Heaven is actually within him."

Anyone who sees his life in that light will be too stirred to lapse into mere conventionalism and too wise to "kick over the traces" and recklessly go his own way. He will realize that, wherever he looks and whatever department of life he chooses to take, there are certain conventions—guiding principles that have passed through the crucible of successive generations—that no sensible person can afford to neglect. He will no longer be afraid of being "old fashioned," and may even come to regard it as matter for congratulation.

### Playing the Game

This is illustrated in the very games we play. Whether it be golf or tennis or cricket, there are fundamental principles which everyone must observe who would make any showing at all. If a man happen to be a Vardon, a Tilden, or a Hobbs, he may give his genius full scope, and may adorn the game with graces of style or variation of method; but, even so, there are certain things which, in common with lesser men, he must do or not do, as the case may be. To insist that, in this sense, sport has its conventions is only to say that experience has shown that in every game there are well-defined and indispensable lines of soundness and efficiency. And whatever any player does by his own skill and initiative must be *along these lines*. Not even in sport can any of us be altogether a law unto ourselves. If we attempt it, we are bound to lessen both our pleasure and our skill.

### A Debt to Mrs. Grundy

When we turn to more serious matters, we can see how this throws a good deal of light on practical problems that are sometimes rather puzzling. No doubt our friend Mrs. Grundy is responsible for not a little needlessly irritating and strait-laced restriction; and we may well blame her for being a "spoil sport" in many harmless

connexions. Spirited young people, with scanty reserves of discretion or experience, are hardly to be blamed for resenting the persistence with which this mythical personage is apt to intrude at every juncture of their quest for happiness.

Nevertheless, all of us—supposing we want to make a decently successful business of our lives—are heavily in debt to this same Mrs. Grundy. Write off her not always wholesome or legitimate curiosity about our private affairs; admit her frequent narrowness and her amazing readiness to strain at a gnat and swallow a camel; say all you can against her. The fact remains that she has helped to guard things that none of us can afford to dispense with.

What we call the moral conventions, the things that "are done" or "are not done" by self-respecting people, are really the fundamental rules of the game of life tested by long experience and passed on to us. Prudishness, false delicacy, unenterprising yielding to routine, are one thing; but we have no right to mix these up with the sensible, honourable observance of ways of living that have proved themselves essential to the preservation of all that is finest in human relationships.

### "Living One's Own Life"

When people declare their intention of "living their own life" it may mean the best or the worst. If it signifies a determination to look at life with fresh vision, and to face its problems with independent outlook, well and good. But, evil and bad, if it means breaking through the restraints and sanctities by which alone humanity can keep what it has won and go on to still higher conquests, only the foolish and unreflecting will allow themselves to be turned from well-proved paths by the taunt that they are conventional. A little study of history, a steady look at many present happenings, will cure them of any such danger.

If we apply this to our religious views and practices we ought to find it particularly helpful with things as they are at the moment. There is, for example, the way in which the question of Sunday observance is now presenting itself to us. What is the right attitude for an enlightened Christian to take? Certain features that used to be associated with the day are gone for ever; and we can now look at it freed from the encumbrance of needless dullness or artificial restriction. Details of the way in which the



## THINGS THAT MATTER

day should be spent, what is right or wrong, wise or unwise, in individual cases, must depend on circumstances too complicated to be dealt with in an article of this kind.

Yet there is at least one *central* matter that can be spoken of with decision. Public worship has come down to us from the earliest Christian times with all the prestige of a convention in the best sense. That is to say, it has proved itself to be part of the necessary equipment of average humanity in satisfying its deepest needs and developing its highest possibilities. As Oliver Wendell Holmes used to put it, there is in all of us a little plant called *reverence* which needs watering once a week. And the fact that this weekly "watering" has persisted, on the part of millions of people, through the changes and upheavals of centuries shows that it appeals to something vital and permanent in human nature.

### The Problem of Public Worship

In this sense, then, public worship is a convention, having stood the test of all manner of trial and criticism. In another sense, of course, church-going is scarcely any longer a convention. Only a dwindling number go because they imagine it still to be "the thing"; but everywhere the tendency is to ask "Why?" and "What is the good?" So much the better; for in the end this must bring a welcome reinforcement of new life and reality. Spiritless worship and dull preaching will have short shrift when people make helpfulness and not conventional routine the motive that brings them to church.

But here is my present point: Whereas very few people would deliberately hold up a hand for the closing of the churches and the abandoning of public worship, let us be wary lest we let it slip away from us as though it were a convention that does not matter much either way. Once more let it be emphasized that the mere fact of its having lived long enough to be a convention proves its right to go on living.

There is, of course, at present a "slump" in organized religion, although it is significant that wherever there is a live voice and a reverently helpful service there is generally an encouraging response. If we are wise, we shall not let ourselves be carried off our feet by any passing tendencies, however strong. The tide is likely to turn in due course, for man is incurably religious, and

this means that the instinct of worship is part and parcel of his nature. All said and done, the traditional English Sunday has an inspiration and a value easier to lose than to replace, and it stands for something peculiarly its own. Strip it of foolish anomalies and restrictions by all means, but don't lose hold of the thing itself.

### Substance and Shadow

In these all-important matters it is so easy, as the Germans quaintly put it, to throw away the baby with the bath—to lose the substance when we think we are only escaping from the shadow. But we ought to be scrupulously careful before we deprive ourselves of anything that has stood the test of time. I am all for the modern and progressive presentation of religion in the thought and language of our own time, and I hold that inspiration is as real to-day as in any past age. But none the less have I a veneration for the old beliefs which have helped men of all times to live and die. While we have every right to think out our own faith, let us have reverent regard for religious views that, whatever we may think of them, have proved their dynamic power in other days. Here, as in all other matters, there is a way of combining the freshness and honest independence of our own thought with full appreciation of the conventions of belief that have travelled through the ages and have something to give us which we shall be the richer for accepting.



### The Quotation

*What we want is the old spirit of our forefathers: the firm conviction that not by criticism, but by sympathy, we must understand; what we want is more reverence, more love, more humanity, more depth.*

F. W. ROBERTSON.



### THE PRAYER.

**H**ELP us to be as the wise man who brings out of his treasure things both new and old. May our lives be enriched by the good that comes to us from the past, and freshened day by day with the realization of new thoughts and possibilities. Make us thankful for all that others can teach us, while eagerly using all the powers Thou hast made our own.



# THE BAIT

by  
H. Mortimer Batten

FZS

**J**IMMIE ORDISH was crossing the range when he struck a trail of white feathers—just a feather here and there, clinging to the grass tips, and here and there a patch of feathers, as though the creature which had carried the feathery load had at intervals laid it down to readjust its grip. Jimmie looked to the left across the valley, with its purple pines and his own white-walled steading, and about the latter he saw several white specks—his own White Leghorns to boot, on which he laid great store. Then he glanced to the right where the hillside rose, with here and there a patch of whins or a strip of wind-scragged birches. Circumstantial evidence was strong, for of late Ordish had missed several birds, so he followed the trail up hill, and within a hundred yards the tell-tale feathers led him to the edge of a swampy patch, lying down in a hollow, rank with swamp grasses and lichen-bearded birch trees. This was a lonely hillside, and that was a lonely patch, for the ground was uncertain, and rarely, indeed, did man enter within the shadows of those birches. But Ordish went on, following the trail of white feathers.

At first he sank to the knees, then the going became better, till in the centre of the patch, which covered perhaps an acre, he found a rising mound, high and dry, though covered like the rest with long grass.

Here the mountain vixen had her open-air den, and how is it that these open-air dens are peculiar to the hill country? How is it that the hill vixens only resort to the

practice of open-air nurseries, while the foxes of the hunting shires nurse their cubs invariably beneath the ground? Is it because the hill vixen has learnt by sad experience that Mother Earth may prove faithless? In the shires the cubs are secure from man, but in the hills, where there is no hunting, the den of the vixen is dug out, and her cubs killed whenever possible. So, indeed, may the hill vixen come to know that it is safer to rear her cubs in the open than it is to trust to the shelter of Mother Earth.

Ordish spent an interesting twenty minutes, for in the centre of the rising ground was a trodden patch, and from it little runways radiated in all directions, connecting outer rings, and forming, as it were, a spider's web of runways, embracing the whole central portion of the swamp. He stood at the topmost point, and there he pictured the aspect from the vixen's point of view as she lay on guard. How cunningly she had chosen the site! Round her and about her were her cubs, but lying there she could keep good guard over them. Away to the east she obtained a full view of the mountain face, thanks to a break in the birches. Danger could not approach her in that direction without her seeing it. Away to the west her view was obscured, but from that direction came the prevailing wind, and she could "watch with her nostrils," which were every bit as quick as her eyes. Downhill she could see, though she herself was unseen, thanks to the trellis-work of the silver birches, and uphill, too, she could watch if she wished to do so, but

for the wild folk danger rarely comes downhill. It is the foe creeping up from below which they fear.

Yes, the vixen had chosen her quarters well, and next Ordish set himself to examine the playground of the cubs. It was, as I say, a network of runways all round the point from which their mother kept guard over them, and about these runways Ordish found their playthings, left as a child might leave its toys. Here the leg of a lamb, sun-dried and sand-dried, there the wing of a grouse, and anon the backbone of a White Leghorn, cleanly picked, and all about the runways the litter of white feathers, such as Ordish had seen leading up the mountain face. Ordish knew that the vixen had watched him as he toiled up; knew that she had slipped out with her cubs by the back way, and that at this very moment, probably, she was watching him from somewhere up the mountain face. For evident it was that the foxes had been here but a few minutes before him, for everywhere was the nauseous, musky taint which is fox in the abstract.

At all events the vixen had clearly given him the slip, and he was about to leave the place when he distinctly saw a movement in the rushes at his feet; and there, at the dead end of a little tunnel in the grass, he found one of the cubs crouching. The little creature was so young as still to be dependent upon its mother, and it lay with its nose between its forepaws, looking up at him as he parted the rushes, but making no attempt to escape.

Ordish reached down and picked it up. Of course, it struggled and kicked, biting at his sleeve with its sharp, pearly teeth, but it was glad enough to hide its face on the crook of his arm and to snuggle down quiescent.

Ordish fell to thinking. Were the other cubs hiding near at hand? For if so he might bag the whole litter. He searched carefully, beating the cover with his stick, working systematically for thirty minutes, but convinced in his own mind that the search would prove fruitless. Perhaps, then, the

cub he carried was the sick or weakly member of the litter, so he examined it carefully. Yes, the poor little creature was injured in one of the forepaws, having by some mishap lost a claw, which had caused the paw to swell. That, then, was why it had chosen to hide instead of scampering off with mother and the rest.

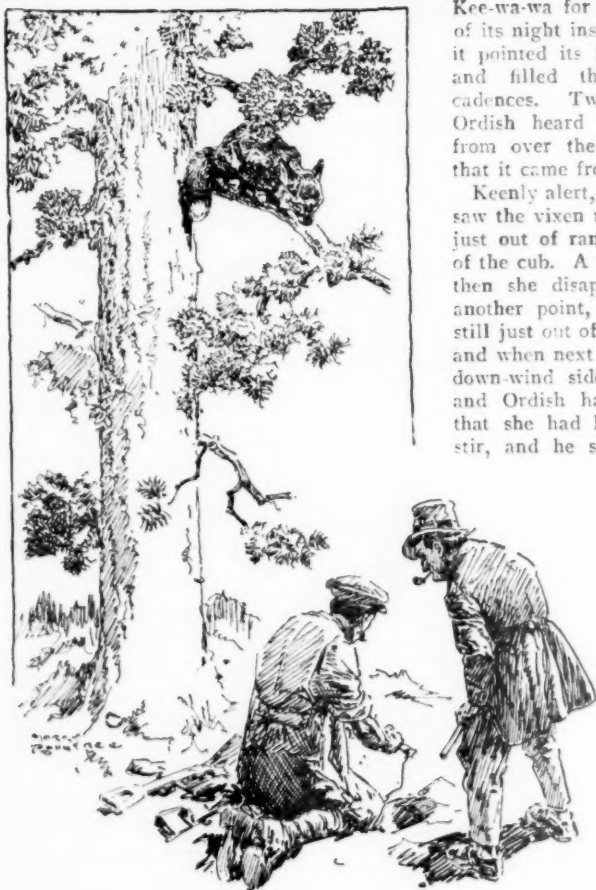
But Ordish was satisfied with his find, for he felt sure now of bagging the vixen, which would mean the extermination of the whole litter, since the cubs were too young to live without their mother. To-night sunset would merge into moonlight with no intervening spell of darkness, so he took the cub home, made it comfortable in a bed of hay, and at sundown he sallied forth, the cub under one arm, his gun under the other. Round the neck of the little captive he had fastened a dog collar, and fast to the collar was a thin steel wire.

On the uphill side of the swamp grew a solitary jackpine, and hammering a staple into the trunk of it Ordish made fast the cub at the foot of the tree, forty yards from the swamp. Then he climbed into one of the birch trees on the downwind side, taking up his position among the branches so that he could command a full view of every approach to the jackpine. If the parents came, his body scent would pass over them, and he knew well that wild animals rarely think of looking up into the branches for a foe. No, without question the vixen would come back for her lost cub immediately she had located him—probably the father too.



"The little creature lay with its nose between its forepaws, looked up at him, but made no attempt to escape"

## THE QUIVER



“Look where she crouched in the fork, watching us set the traps”

Drawn by  
Harry Rountree

It was a clear, cloudless night, and there was the radiant moon rising low over the range as the sun dipped from view, ready to take up duty as day merged into night. Slowly the quietude settled, and the sounds of the day—the singing of birds, the distant yapping of sheep dogs, the mellow lowing of cattle wafting up from the valley—gave way to the sounds of night. A heron croaked, an owl hooted, and a woodcock flew by, grunting and squeaking, in the gloom. Night had come, and still the mountain face remained clearly visible in every detail.

The cub was hungry, and, as Ordish thought would be the case, it began to

Kee-wa-wa for its mother with the waking of its night instincts. It yapped, it howled, it pointed its little wet muzzle to the sky and filled the night with melancholy cadences. Twenty minutes passed, then Ordish heard a dull “yap-yarr” coming from over the ridge, and knew instantly that it came from one of the parents.

Keenly alert, the man waited, and soon he saw the vixen move into relief over a ridge just out of range, looking in the direction of the cub. A minute or so she stood there, then she disappeared, and he saw her at another point, still looking this way, and still just out of range. Again she vanished, and when next she appeared she was on the down-wind side, such wind as there was, and Ordish had an uncomfortable notion that she had him skied. But he did not stir, and he saw her head go up as she tested the night air, then she uttered two short yaps and disappeared.

Had she located him? Ordish could not credit it, and at all events, with the cub howling so frenziedly, he was sure her desperation would get the better of her sound judgment as the night wore on, and that she would move within range.

But Ordish was wrong in this, for that night he did not see the vixen again, though he could hear her all round him—at times whimpering and whining, and once or twice she uttered a sound which went right down to where he lived and called him a would-be murderer. It was a kind of long-drawn broken sob, such as a vixen utters when she finds her home broken and her children gone—such as a human mother might utter on hearing her little ones cry for food she could not give them.

So Ordish began to take another view of the task he had set himself. Would the vixen come within range? He told himself that that was what he was hoping for, yet he almost wished that someone else might take his place. Somehow it did not seem a white man's trick—trading thus on the highest instincts of a wild creature to bring

about its destruction; yet man must bring his supreme intellect to bear in attaining the destruction of the mountain fox, which otherwise would come to possess the hills.

So, alone with the splendour of the night in that lonely place, Ordish reasoned with himself, till at length the moon passed from view and darkness fell. Then he slipped briskly from his hiding, took up the cub and returned home, where he fed the starving little creature with milk and warm water.

Next night Ordish did the same thing over again, save that this time he climbed into another tree still nearer to the jackpine under which he fastened the cub; and again, shortly after sundown, the vixen appeared and began to circle round. To-night she seemed even more desperate, for she called ceaselessly, appearing so rapidly from point to point that Ordish was half of a mind both parents were there. He could hear the cub scratching at the ground and whimpering as it struggled to escape. He could hear the little creature's teeth upon the wire as it crouched in the shadow of the pine, at intervals answering its mother's distant calls.

Distances are deceptive in the moonlight, and half a dozen times Ordish raised his gun at the skulking shadow in the offing, deciding each time that a better chance would come, and regretting the decision a moment later. So presently the cub, evidently becoming exhausted, ceased to whimper, and soon after clouds shut off the light and the chances of another night were gone.

When Ordish climbed down to the cub he saw how frenziedly the little creature had tried to escape. The wire was kinked in a dozen places, and holes were scratched in the soft ground within his radius of travel, evidently where he had tried to bury the whole hopeless business. On one side was a heap of torn up grass, as though the little animal had endeavoured to make a bed for itself, but Ordish closed his eyes to these things, for it was a matter of civic duty to kill the vixen.

Yet as the man took the little captive in his arms he was surprised at the firmness and rotundity of the body, for several hours must have elapsed since it last fed. When he got home this was explained, for the cub would not drink its milk, and Ordish realized with a shock that in spite of his vigilance the mother had somehow contrived to creep in. Yes, unquestionably she had fooled him, for the cub was well fed, and

this explained the crumpled wire, the holes scratched in the ground, and the bed of dry grass.

Well, she had fooled him once, but she would not fool him again. What had happened was quite clear. The vixen had first located his whereabouts, then she had crept up from the opposite side of the jackpine till she gained the shadow of it, within the friendly shelter of which she had attained the needful. To-night she would try the same trick, but—well, man's brain is bound to triumph in the end.

That evening two men sauntered up the hillside, both carrying guns, for Ordish had enlisted the services of a very able assistant, who shared wholeheartedly his hatred of the red outlaws. This man was a dead sure shot, and knew well the ways of foxes, and when they reached the scene he took up hiding under a boulder, covering himself with heather, on the uphill side of the jackpine. Ordish fastened the cub as before, and took up his place in the silver birch just as on the night previously. Thus the tree was between them, and surely no creature larger than a rat could gain it unobserved.

The moon was later in rising, but there was no intervening darkness, and it was not until the moon was up that they heard the foxes circling round. Surely, from the noise, both parents were there, but again the hours dragged by, and though constantly they saw one or other out of range, neither man dared to attempt a shot. It seemed a longer vigil than before, and midnight was well past ere they climbed down.

Then as Ordish was about to take up the cub he paused and stared at his companion. "The vixen has been!" he said, scarcely able to believe his own words.

His companion stared. That fact was in disputable, for the cub, which otherwise would have been near starvation, was again well fed.

The men passed few comments, for each was perfectly certain that the other had dozed off or in some way relaxed his vigilance. Each, indeed, was a little nettled that the other had let him down, for it had been a long, cold vigil, with bedtime calling. And on the way home each did his best to convince the other that the varmint had not crept in on *his* side.

"Well," said Ordish finally, "I've spent near a week at this business, and I'm getting fed up with it. I'll try another night, but it's the last. And I'll tell you what

## THE QUIVER

we'll do. We'll set half a dozen traps all round the tree just out of reach of the cub, and if that doesn't get her nothing will."

So they carried this plan into effect, skillfully placing a veritable cordon of traps round the captive cub, then they took up their stations as before.

But that night was an exact repetition of the previous night, save that this time both men tried long-range shots as the vixen appeared. But evidently the shots went wide, for she was soon back again, though more warily, calling and crying as before. Finally she disappeared, and for one hour, two hours, the silence was unbroken.

Just before the light failed Ordish slipped from his hiding and gave a low whistle—the decided signal. There was no answer, so he went quietly up to his companion, whistling softly at intervals to avoid mishap.

"Yes!" exclaimed Ordish. "Asleep, as I thought! You might as well have stayed at home."

The other man started up, chilled and dazed, and by no means at his best, having been caught napping. Words followed, and each of them cursed the whole business, saying that anyway he was done with it. But, reaching the jackpine, they found they had no alternative in that matter, for there at their feet lay a crumpled wire, and fast to the end of it only the old dog collar, gnawed clean through. The cub—the vixen were gone!

Words may be adequate for the ordinary conditions of life, but now Ordish found

himself silent. He shouldered his gun and turned away, leaving his companion to follow at his own speed.

Daylight was very near as they reached the edge of the plateau, and here the other man called Ordish to come back. Being Scotsmen they did not waste words, for clearly the other man had formulated some idea which would explain itself in due course.

So they both sauntered back towards the jackpine, and as they drew within sight of it both men saw something move into relief over the ridge away to the east. That something was a fox, or rather a vixen, for in its jaws it was carrying something large and unwieldy—yes, a cub! Safely out of range, it turned and looked at them, then it laid down its load and uttered two short yaps, as though of mockery, and disappeared.

They went up to the jackpine, and the other man said, "Yes, as I thought! Look at these muddy pawmarks five feet up the trunk! Look where she crouched in the fork, watching us set the traps and make fast the cub! She was there, ready and waiting for him, and it was the dog fox all the time which kept us busy looking in the opposite direction!"

It took some moments for the facts to sink in, then Ordish laughed—yes, laughed! And as again he turned away, he muttered, "Nerve! Sheer nerve! And she deserves it!"

So man's brain does not always triumph in the end.

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# The Modern Way

*Mr. H. G. Wells's Key to the Riddle of Life*

*By W. Kingscote Greenland*

AT the mention of the name of Mr. H. G. Wells, we enter an absolutely new world, wholly removed from that of Kingsley and Wordsworth, and even Stevenson. With all their value and interest, fascination and genius, they inevitably belong to the past—to the Victorian or dying Victorian age. Wells, on the contrary, is alive and one of ourselves, and never more powerfully influential or admired and believed in than at this hour. The world that Wordsworth, Kingsley and R. L. S. knew has passed away—socially, intellectually, and largely politically and even morally. Wells' world is the confused, aching, chaotic, half destroyed and half new born, that science, education and the World War have left us. Our questions, How shall we take life? What is its meaning? What is it for? When and what is its key? means to us bewildered modern children something wholly different from what they meant to the exile in Samoa, the prophet of the Lakes, and the Socialist parson of Eversley. That is to say, though the question is the same, it comes up in wholly new and different surroundings—in infinitely less clear and more baffling surroundings. Always a puzzling question, to-day as never before it appears to so many as incapable of an answer.

## Finding a Way

In putting to Mr. H. G. Wells the formidable inquiry, Tell us what we ought to do with life and try to make of it? there are three most hopeful advantages. First, he is the most distinguished public British writer and critic now living, and he has lived through ex-

actly the same three periods of change that we have—the decline and fall of Victorianism, the war and the so-called peace. Secondly, in the pages of no other writer—novelist, scientist, sociologist, teacher, historian—can you find such a perfect description and analysis of those three periods. And thirdly, he is one of the few—the very few—who have devoted all their thinking power to finding an answer and a way out—and have found one. In a word, it is safe to say that H. G. Wells' photographic description and analysis of the world that died in the war, and the world that has since been trying to get itself reborn ever since, command more attention in Britain, Europe and America than those of any other man, and his judgment and prophecy and lamp of guiding hope is the brightest burning of all our illuminations.

## The Personality

Before work comes equipment; before the task comes the personality. Let us remind ourselves for a moment of the man himself. Herbert George Wells, Mr. Ivor Brown informs us, was born in the year 1866 at Bromley, Kent, his father a shopkeeping professional cricketer, and his mother the child of a publican, and who had been a lady's maid. Joseph Wells kept a little general store after leaving his father's home in Penshurst Castle, where he was head gardener, and our author's mother was compelled to re-enter domestic service. When he was thirteen the future creator of "Mr. Polly" and "Ann Veronica" was apprenticed to a chemist, and afterwards was "in the drapery" in Southsea.



A new portrait of Mr. H. G. Wells

## **THE QUIVER**

But even at this early stage of his varied and brilliant career "H. G." had aspirations towards making something of his mind and gaining what everybody now knows is the supreme thing in his world programme—education, real education. Accordingly he entered the School of Science in South Kensington, and, one is tempted to add, he did so by the grace of God and for the subsequent inestimable enrichment of mankind. Evolution under the eye of Huxley, and Socialism under the engrossing tuition of William Morris, ever enthralled his eager, omnivorous mind—these and smatterings of Liberal politics and excursions into Bradlaughian anti-Christianity. A brief spell as a schoolmaster in London, and the first period of apprenticeship to life's meaning was over, and journalism soon had him by the throat, and has had him ever since, for all his fiction, artistic and exquisite as it is, is really in his hands but glorified propaganda, and elaborated and super-refined and sifted newspaper work.

### **The Half-baked 'Eighties**

These years were to Wells an inestimable school in the medium in which he was to work—that squalid, sprawling, inchoate half-baked, transitive social and commercial and domestic life in the England of the 'eighties, and the conventionalism in the ideals of marriage, business and religion of the middle and lower middle classes. A hundred passages will spring to my readers' remembrance from "Marriage," "The New Machiavelli," "Tono-Bungay," "Mr. Polly," and others, to illustrate what I have said. Dying Victorian, free trade, smug, philanthropic, mortally sick and morally sluggish England had found her perfect biographer. All men are no doubt in a sense miracles and so not to be explained completely, but the acute mind, the versatile, restless, vivid intelligence of this London boy beggars the ordinary laws of growth and evolution. His special sort of mind, which he has used as a superb instrument, has been well described as "imaginative realism." This is quite just, because the two qualities so seldom appear harmoniously in combination. Realist pre-eminently he is; were there ever such clear-cut, actual scriptographs of middle-class parlours, servant maids, clerks, small tradesmen, bishops, demagogues, school teachers, and even statesmen and fine ladies and gentlemen, cultured yet incompetent, as in that wonderful gallery which

began with the "Time Machine" and the "Wonderful Visit," continued through "Mankind in the Making," "Kipps," the "War in the Air," culminated in "Tono-Bungay," "Ann Veronica" and "Mr. Polly," and then blazed forth in mature enlightenment and deliberate teaching of a new gospel and serious art in the "World Set Free," "Mr. Britling Sees it Through," "Joan and Peter," "The Undying Fire," and now, the latest, "The Dream"? Realism, indeed! Realism of waste and muddle, realism of war and hate and blood, realism of marriage, money, Anglicanism, scientific exploration and debt! But even this does not exhaust the realism, because it leaves out what millions of thinkers, as well as eager romance readers, as well as hosts of entranced boys and girls, here and in the United States, will unite to call his greatest achievement—"The Outline of History."

It is fortunately not my task either to try to place Mr. H. G. Wells among contemporary writers, still less to give even a bare summary of the thousand plots and excursions into every field where human curiosity penetrates. Mine is the far humbler and more restricted duty to point out his reply to the inquiry, How are we to take life if we would use it best and secure progress, contentment and peace? Otherwise each of his works would call for an article far longer than this. But enough has been said to show that his equipment as a realist is almost uncannily complete. Now for the other word—"imagination."

### **Intensely Human**

Let it be remembered at once that Wells' interest has always been intensely human. He has never been a dry-as-dust sociologist, only bent on abstractions and theories of a perfect manhood and world-order. Equally with his realism there keeps step his love of the romantic side of human life and human beings. Of the comedy of character his books are full to the brim, witness Mr. Polly, Mr. Lewisham, Uncle Jullip, and a hundred others. He revels in domestic scenes of minute pitifulness and excruciating humour and pathos, jollity and even Dickensian fun and caricature. Educationist though he is, and always on the scent of his main governing idea, he is quite willing to turn down any happy little path that presents itself and leads his readers both to scenes of unrivalled natural beauty and situations of irresistible amusingness.

### A Clue to the Mystery

But it is time for us to turn to Wells' answer to our question. Here let it be said, as Mr. Ivor Brown points out so admirably, that Wells has always been fascinated by the certainty that somewhere there must be a clue to the mystery of life, a golden thread which, if we can find it and hold it, will surely lead us and our lost generation out of the thicket into the wide-open of God's air and thought and consummation. In a word, he has been haunted by a "plan." Listen to him: "That age which bore me was indeed a world full of restricted and undisciplined people, overtaken by power, by possessions and great new freedoms, and unable to make any civilized use of them whatever; stricken now by this idea and that, tempted first by one possession and then another to ill-considered attempts; it was my father's exploitation of his villa gardens on a wholesale scale. The whole of Bromstead, as I remember it, and as I saw it last, is a dull useless boiling up of human activities, an immense clustering of futilities. It is as unfinished as ever, the builders' roads still run out and end in mid-field in their old fashion; the various enterprises jumble in the same hopeless contradiction, if anything intensified. Roper's meadows are now quite possibly a slum; back doors and sculleries gape towards the railway, their yards are hung with tattered washing unashamed; and there seems to be more boards by the railway every time I pass, advertising pills and pickles, tonics and condiments, and such-like solicitudes of a people with no natural health or appetite left in them. . . . Well, we have to do better. Failure is not failure nor waste wasted if it sweeps away illusion and *lights the road to a plan*." There you have it—a plan. That is the first article in the Wellsian creed—there is a plan!

### The Influence of the War

But before coming to that plan, which every lover and reader of Wells knows almost to nausea, two more things have to be, or ought to be, said. The first is that as his literary productivity covers these clearly marked stages, and deals, as I have already pointed out, with three periods—pre-war, the war and post-war—naturally his tone varies, his insight deepens, his emphasis shifts, and, above all, his remedy takes on varying shapes and colours and forms. Victorianism drove him to bitter mockery and sarcasm; the war roused his

ire and kindled his horror of international committees and Governmental incompetence; the peace made him a passionate League of Nationsist—of a sort of his own—and a biting prophet of doom if folly was persisted in. But these latest days have made of him a herald of a new order, the preacher of a better faith, the forerunner of a perfect way of becoming better.

The other preliminary thing is, and this for the last time, to take one more look, and fortunately in his own words, at the prophet himself, which, of course, is Mr. Britling. Mr. Britling is obviously self-descriptive, and this is how his creator describes him: "His was a naturally irritable mind, which gave him point and passion, and, moreover, he had a certain obstinate originality and a generous disposition, so that he was always lively, sometimes specious, never vile. He lived to talk and write. He talked about everything, he had ideas about everything; he could no more help having ideas about everything than a dog can resist smelling at your heels. He sniffed at the heels of reality. Lots of people found him interesting and stimulating, and few found him seriously exasperating. He had ideas in the utmost profusion about races, and empires, and social order, and political institutions, and gardens, and automobiles, and the future of India and China, and aesthetics, and America, and the education of mankind in general." Such was his great hero; such is Wells himself.

### The Wellsian Panacea

What, then, is the Wellsian panacea for this confused world's ills, and how should men and women live? By what rules? In what way? Guided and sustained by what goal and hope? No one word gives the full answer, but the one that comes nearest to fullness is—education. Here in briefest form is his own way of stating it, taken from one of his articles to the *Westminster Gazette*, when Labour candidate for the University of London:

"I belong to a small but growing minority which believes that man has come to such a phase of knowledge and power that he is already able and may very soon be willing to put a bit between the teeth of the monster of wild change that is now trampling this world. We believe that human society could be and presently will be deliberately reconstructed more boldly, more elaborately and with more definite intention, upon a

## THE QUIVER

scale commensurate with the greatness of modern mechanism and to an extent that will enable it to anticipate and discipline what are now the incalculable forces of change. And our faith is that the way to this expansion of life, this release from chance, lies through universities and schools, through a universal education of the entire population of the world and through a universal and sustained thought process keeping pace with ever-changing necessities."

### To Control

Or to put it yet more briefly still, and again in Wells' own inimitably lucid and direct language, "It was the function of the nineteenth century to liberate; it will be the function of the twentieth to control." H. G. Wells is, or calls himself, a Socialist, and a Socialist to many minds is little removed from an anarchist. But no anarchist is he—he is all for law, and all for order, but a new order and a higher and nobler law. Yet there must be preliminary destruction to clear away the débris, to sweep away the cobwebs and all the noisome brood of incompetent, jerry-building class, and nation hatred, and superstitious religion and obsolete morality.

No man among us so believes in man's essential dignity and in humanity's greatness, and he holds with passionate and glowing intensity to our power to improve and to grow and to build a new self and a new world on the wreckage of the old. But someone will say this is a gospel for all of us, but not for each; that it is cosmic and universal and not personal and individual.

### Ideas in Human Shape

In a measure that is true, but by no means wholly so. Though he has put his theories into essays and theses innumerable, he has mostly embodied his ideas in fascinating, concrete human types of flesh and blood, as all readers of his novels know. And therein lies so much of his power and influence, because he who runs may read. And it is this which induces his biographer to declare that when the sceptre of Europe's intellectual and moral sovereignty fell from the paralysed hands of President Wilson it passed into the hands of Herbert George Wells. "Read! mark! learn! instruct yourself!" he cries to every modern young man and woman on both sides of the Atlantic, "and thus fit yourself to take part in bringing in

this new and better and saner and happier new world."

### New People for the New Jerusalem

Wells' reading of the modern world is, therefore, that man is drunk with power that for the moment he has not learnt the means of controlling and using. When he has, he will sweep all the muddle away and march into the New Jerusalem. But he is wise enough to see that the new world demands new people—the New Jerusalem needs new Jews. That brings us to Wells' conception of religion. Both Kingsley and Wordsworth were great religionists, Christian religionists, and in most ways Robert Louis Stevenson was so, too. So is H. G. Wells. No one can read the pages of "The Soul of a Bishop," "The Secret Places of the Heart" and "The Undying Fire" without having this conviction being borne in on him. Nor "The Salvaging of Civilization" either. Of the Christian Saviour, we know he thought He was presented to us in too sentimental a light, and the Christian God as too perfect. God, according to him, is feeling His way to completeness, and Christ will yet be the world's needed Hero.

But in nothing is he more essentially orthodox and wisely sound as in his insistence that it is in the realm of human, domestic, social and pre-eminently sex relations that the need of the present lies. And who can contradict him? If what he has written on America and the League of Nations shows convincingly that our need is for a kindlier and more trustful cosmopolitanism, so "The Passionate Friend" and "Marriage" and many other stories show equally that the relations between individual men and women is awry and need alteration. No free-lover is he, nor yet pacifist international in the unthinking sense, yet he claims a full and frank recognition of "love" as the cardinal element of life, and differing national genius as the unit of possible inter-nation recognition and mutual respect.

And now, as we leave our four guides, answers, solutionists, it may truly be said that in essence they agree. With Kingsley's soldierlike chivalry, Wordsworth's passionate nature-worship, and R. L. S.'s romanticism Wells is in fundamental harmony. But he is the child and prophet of other and cruelly different days from them, and his diagnosis of the disease had to be more relentless and searching, as his remedy had to be more wide and deep and less temperamental.

# PRACTICAL HOME-MAKING

## Save Labour by Lacquering

By Agnes M. Miall

THERE was never yet an article on household labour-saving that did not recommend the housewife to lacquer brass articles such as taps and stair-rods. There could hardly be better advice, for no domestic job is more wearisome than cleaning the "brights." But how does one lacquer? It is always mentioned as casually as ordinary polishing, but it is by no means so simple or so well known.

There are, of course, ready-prepared lacquering mixtures on the market which are merely painted on cold, and these give good results up to a point, but, like most short cuts, only up to a point. The job is done far more efficiently, and the results obtained are much more lasting, if the lacquering is put on hot in the professional way.

The first photograph shows the materials required, and will serve as a guide to collecting them before the work is started: lacquer (the appropriate kind is suggested in a later paragraph), one or two soft camel-hair brushes of sizes suitable to the objects which are to be treated, a bottle of methylated spirit to hold the brushes, a glass jar into which lacquer is poured as required, and cleaning requisites—gloves, cloth, emery-paper, a basin of hot water and ordinary household soda.

Lacquers can be obtained in a variety of colours, and should be selected according to the

tint of the article being treated. Generally speaking, the deep gold colour is best for brass objects such as door-knockers, fenders, hot-water cans, etc. Polished steel articles and those with a silvery surface, such as certain door-plates, electric light fittings, etc., should be lacquered with crystal or colourless lacquer, which when dry is quite invisible. The lacquer protects the brass or other metal surface from the air, exposure to which is the cause of dimming or tarnishing.

Preliminary to applying the lacquer the article must be very well cleansed, for it is to preserve this appearance for many months. Polish as brightly as possible in the usual way, and then give it a special cleaning by the following means. Small removable objects should be boiled in soda water, then the water should be drained off and the object allowed to dry thoroughly. A good way of doing this is to bury it in a tinfal of sawdust previously heated in the



Materials required for Lacquering

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oven. Fixtures, such as knockers or taps, should be well washed with hot soda water to ensure that they are quite free from grease, then rinsed with cold water and dried with a clean cloth.

The next thing is to heat the article to be treated, for hot lacquering can only be done on a warmed surface—hence the name. For this process it is far easier to bring Mahomet, in the shape of the article, to the mountain, or heating apparatus, than vice versa, and it is often less trouble to unscrew and afterwards refix such things as door-knobs than to arrange under them heating apparatus which will serve the purpose. All removable articles are very easily warmed to a suitable temperature by turning them about evenly over a spirit stove, gas-ring or before a gas fire.

In this article I am purposely dealing with fixtures, such as taps and knockers, in which this method cannot be adopted and a slightly more complicated one must be thought out according to circumstances. A gas-ring can, by means of extra tubing, be extended to reach the sink, where it can be held under the taps; or a portable stove, if one is available, could be utilized in the same way.

In the case of the brass knocker on a wooden door, to use a naked flame would scorch the wood. In this case a rubber bottle, filled with very hot water and suspended so that the knocker can rest against it and become thoroughly warmed, will meet the emergency.

Incidentally it is important to remember when making heating arrangements that the polished object, once it is cleaned, should not be touched again by the fingers. A wisp of fresh tissue paper should be held when handling it, as one does not want to perpetuate for months to come finger-marks that would rejoice a Sherlock Holmes.

Once the heating apparatus is in place,

pour some lacquer into the glass jar and have a proper-sized brush ready, as the article must not lose the correct temperature, once this is attained, while the operator is hurriedly seeking her tools.

Really the only difficulty in lacquering, as in making a junket, is to get exactly the right amount of heat; if the article is too cold, the lacquer dries dull and lustreless; if too hot it sizzles when applied and produces a final streaky effect.

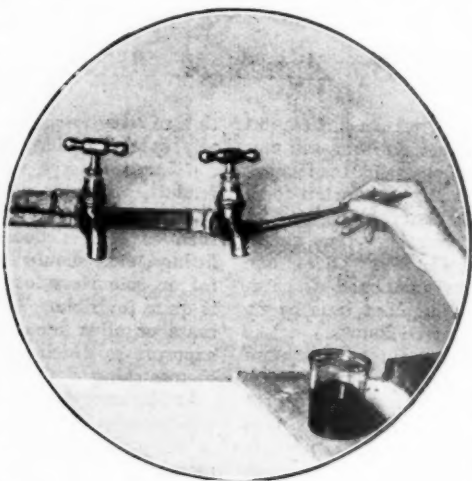
Heat the article, keeping it a little to one side of a naked flame so that it is not soiled (this does not arise when a hot-water bottle is used), until it blooms, which is the term applied when, at a certain point in heating, a film of moisture momentarily dims the surface of the metal and then clears away, leaving it bright again.

At this stage apply the lacquer as rapidly as possible. Use a flowing movement of the brush and do not coat any part over twice. For

appearance' sake it is important to get an even flow of lacquer, and is therefore advisable to practise once or twice first on things that do not matter. This smooth surface and perfect cleanliness before starting the work are the greatest secrets of successful lacquering.

Dry with the same medium as that already used to heat the brass. It will take only a few minutes, and the job, if it is an indoor one, is now complete. Outside articles, such as knockers and brass plates, however, must be protected from the destructive fresh air while drying. This should be accomplished by bringing the hot-water bottle as close as possible and fixing a little cardboard cover or screen, prepared beforehand, over the knocker, thus avoiding draughts, which would turn the drying lacquer milky and spoil the effect.

Once the method is understood and has been practised, the whole performance, though it sounds complicated to describe,



Lacquering Sink Taps



can be gone through in ten or fifteen minutes and will save the tiresome polishing of "brights" for six months or more. If the lacquering does not succeed the first time, simply wash it off with methylated spirit and start again. While lacquering is in progress the brushes should be kept suspended by a hat wire in a tall bottle of the spirit. After use wash them in the same medium, dry them and wrap them up so that they will not get dusty, which is fatal to success.

### Repairing Upholstered Furniture

By  
**J. S. Bainbridge,**  
B.Sc.

**T**HERE is work for the upholsterer in nearly every home, and therefore some knowledge of how to tackle this work and carry it out successfully may save many pounds. An easy chair or settee is a friend of the many, constantly in use and highly appreciated. It is therefore reasonable to expect that the webbing, for example, which supports the springs and seat, and the full weight of the person or persons using the furniture, should give way beneath the strain. The packing, too, be it of hair or wool, will sag and become hard, necessitating a clean and a re-tease. The whole seat, in fact, may even have to be remade.

With a little patience, re-upholstering is no more difficult than making a set of loose covers, an operation the housewife will usually tackle with scarcely any thought. It is quite easy to bring a decrepit and abandoned-looking couch or chair back to a state of useful respectability, and even to give it a new coat. The cost, apart from cost of the material, will be very small. New webbing is about sixpence a yard, new springs probably fourpence each—though these will very rarely be required—tacks, upholsterer's needle and packing twine a matter of a few pence only. Cut tacks should be of three sizes— $\frac{3}{8}$  in.,  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. and  $\frac{5}{8}$  in.—and have clout heads. They are known generally as webbing tacks. Clout nails are unsuitable and should not be used.

The usual webbing employed is that known as No. 12 English web, which can be purchased by the yard or the piece (eighteen

A word of caution should be added. Lacquer is very inflammable and must be kept away from a flame. If heating is done with a gas-ring or spirit stove, the jar containing the lacquer must be well out of the way, and when not in use the lacquer bottle should be stored in a safe place, firmly stoppered.

When relacquering is finally needed, the remains of the old coating must first be removed by scouring the article with pumice powder.

yards). An easy chair with five straps each way will require between seven and eight yards of webbing.

A screwdriver, a hammer, and a "bat-strainer" are the only tools required. This last is used in order to get the webbing as tight as possible, and if unobtainable a piece of wood 6 in. by 4 in. is almost equally effective. The method of using is shown in Fig. 3.



Fig. 1.—Several years' hard wear has caused a deeply sunken seat. Why not repair it yourself?

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A little curled horsehair, some yards of black or white wadding, cotton flock, some coarse calico or scrim, and black linen or canvas should also be available.

### Stripping the Chair

Obviously the first thing to be done is to take off the existing covers. True, a new cover can be stitched on to the old one, but it is a fumbling performance, has not the neat and tight appearance of a new cover, and it is in any case not wise to put new material over what is worn and soiled, apart from the fact that the cover must be re-

on which the stuffing lies must be attended to next. Lay a dust sheet on the floor and turn the chair upside down, with the head resting on the floor and the front edge of the seat reclining on a box or other stand of a convenient height. By this means the under side of the seat is brought to a good working level.

First strip off the outside piece of hessian or canvas, which will expose the webbing and springs. Tacks are best removed by a screwdriver and hammer, prising gently in order to avoid splitting the wood. Probably not more than one or two pieces of the web-

bing will be broken or loose, but it is advisable to replace the whole with new material. The springs should be lashed down—using stout string—before the webbing is removed, otherwise they protrude and get too much in the way. Notice how the webbing is arranged and fixed, and then remove in the same way as the outside piece of canvas. Fig. 2 shows an easy chair with the canvas, webbing and springs removed. The holes made by the webbing tacks can also be seen.

Fig. 3 shows the new webbing being fastened on. Double the end of the webbing

over about an inch and fasten on by four webbing tacks, placing these irregularly and not in a straight line to avoid any danger of splitting the wood. If a bat-strainer is being used, thread the other end of the webbing through it, pull taut, and fasten down. Otherwise use a piece of wood 6 in. by 4 in. for stretching the web, as shown in Fig. 3, and continue working in this way until all the new webbing is in position.

Now cut the strings holding the springs, arrange these in an upright position, and stitch on to the webbing with coarse twine and a packing needle, using three stitches for each spring (Fig. 4). This completed, a new bottom of canvas or black linen is stretched over and neatly tacked on. The



Fig. 2.—Chair with the old torn webbing and springs removed. Seat has been re-stuffed and a new piece of sackcloth stitched in

moved if the stuffing is going to be tackled. A notebook should be on hand, and a note made as each piece of the cover is removed as to how it was arranged. The pieces are kept as patterns for cutting out the new cover, the several portions of which are fastened on in the reverse order to their removal. By keeping a numerical record in this way, the making and fixing of the new cover becomes a relatively simple task.

The outside back of an upholstered settee or easy chair should always be removed first and replaced last. Until it has been taken off, and the framework thus revealed, the back covers and seat cannot be pulled through, stretched and fastened down.

The webbing which supports the springs



Fig. 3.—Fastening on the new webbing. Notice the piece of wood being used as a stretcher

difference between Figs. 1 and 5—the chair before and after repair—is quite easily seen.

Next turn the chair on to its feet again and examine the stuffing. This will probably be in two parts—the under-stuffing, enclosed in calico, and a second layer tacked over this. Attention had better be limited to this second layer. If the under-stuffing is in bad condition a professional upholsterer must be consulted.

The curled hair forming the top stuffing will probably be matted and hard. Each "pad" is held together by long stitches, but with care they can be boiled, dried and teased out by hand without breaking these stitches. The former springiness thus being restored, the pads are laid back evenly, a little new hair being worked in as well, as necessary.

In all good work a thick layer of cotton wool is laid over the hair. The old layer, which will be dirty and hard, should be destroyed, a new layer "fluffed" up in front of a fire, being put in in its place and smoothed down. After covering this wadding with a piece of thin cotton material the chair or settee is ready for its new cover.

### The New Cover

The material with which upholstered furniture is covered is permanent. Washable fabrics, such as cretonne and chintz, may be used for slip covers, but for the actual furniture a more durable material is required. Velvet, brocade, haircloth, corduroy, repp

and tapestry are all suitable. They should be seamed and used *lengthways*, since most materials have a tendency to stretch across the width, and no allowance is made for stretching.

The old cover serves as a pattern when cutting out the new pieces, but great care should be exercised. If two pieces have to be joined together, make certain that the pattern is continuous, and always contrive that any material showing a large pattern is displayed to the best advantage. The backs and seats should always be cut from one piece—a join should never appear down the centre of either.

As with the webbing, tacking should always be done through a double piece of material. Half an inch should therefore be allowed for folding under where tacks are going to be used. Fasten each piece temporarily at first with one or two tacks only, smoothing out until a neat fit is obtained before completing the tacking. If each piece is tacked down in the correct order no difficulties will be experienced. With the line of the pattern as a guide straightness along the top is easily obtained. The top is tacked down first and the material stretched through the opening where the back and seat join.

The method of finishing the edge depends upon the period or type of furniture. The edges are usually trimmed and bound with braid or binding of the same material, secured with brass-, leather- or brocade-headed nails, as the occasion may demand.

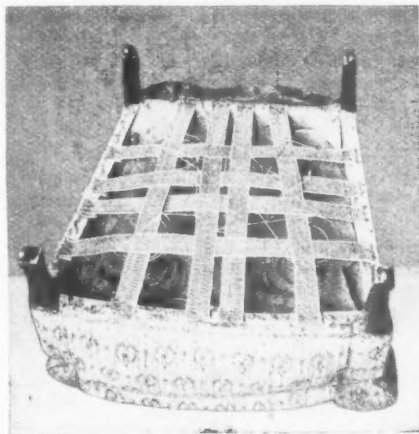


Fig. 4.—The new webbing completed. The springs are kept in position by string stitched through the webbing

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### Care of Upholstered Furniture

Furniture may be upholstered in leather or tapestry, tapestry here being used as a generic term. Each needs periodic cleaning, leather furniture perhaps more than other kinds, since tapestry furniture is usually protected by slip covers.

#### (a) Leather Furniture

Water should be used as sparingly as possible on leather furniture, otherwise the leather may stretch and the piece lose its

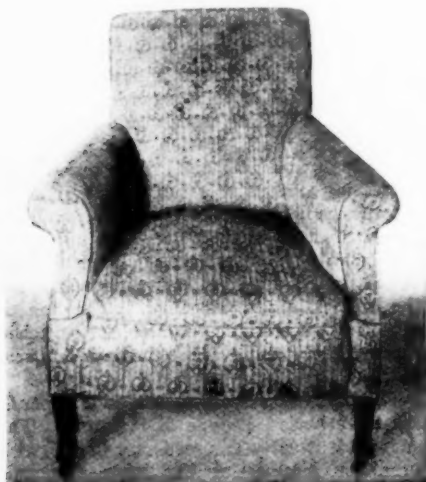


Fig. 5.—The chair as it should look after renovation

shape. A little soap and water must be used, of course, if the leather is very dirty, but it should be used in a very miserly manner.

If any part wears it should receive attention immediately it is noticed, in order to prevent further damage. A little white of egg painted on to a worn patch with a small dry brush will dry as an invisible film which for a long time will prevent further wear at that particular spot, and will greatly improve the appearance of the worn part. If the leather is tinted and the colour has worn off set the matter right with a little water-colour of the same tint before applying the egg white.

The following is a recipe for a good leather polish, which can be guaranteed to keep the leather in good condition:

Glue, 1 oz.  
Isinglass,  $\frac{1}{2}$  drachm.  
Soft soap,  $\frac{1}{2}$  drachm.  
Vinegar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint.  
Water, 1 gill.

Break the glue into small pieces and melt over the gas-ring in the water and vinegar. When the mixture has become hot, stir in the soft soap and the isinglass and boil for twenty minutes, when a little colouring matter (turmeric or annato, for example) may be added according to the tone of the leather. This polish should be applied by means of a soft flannel and the furniture polished with a silk handkerchief.

Leather (and incidentally suède) can also be restored with a mixture of bran and benzine. A paste as thick as porridge is made of these two substances and spread over the article. It is allowed to dry and is then broken away, the piece finally being dusted with a soft brush. All the dirt will come away with the dry bran. The fumes of benzine being extremely inflammable, this operation should not be performed where there is any possibility of a naked light being used or brought.

#### (b) Tapestry Furniture

There is no better cleaner of tapestry furniture than an electric vacuum cleaner, but, unfortunately, this is not always available. Nothing else so effectively removes the accumulation of dust, etc., from crevices and deep corners.

Failing the vacuum cleaner—and even after it has been used, since the cleaner will not revive the colours—tapestry furniture can be cleaned by rubbing it with hot dry bran, which both cleans the fabric and revives the colours.

Two bowls of bran should be employed, one being in the oven while the other is in use, since it is essential that the bran should be hot. Have a dust sheet on the floor, so that the bran may be collected and used again, and rub each portion of the material vigorously, using plenty of bran. The effect on a dirty piece of furniture can only be described as wonderful.

A series of articles on "Furnishing, Decorating and Running the Small Home" by Mr. Bainbridge will appear in the New Volume.



## THE PROBLEM OF WOMEN'S WORK

### What Miss Bondfield Says

MISS MARGARET BONDFIELD, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Labour, has set the ball rolling once again on the old, old question, "Should married women go out to work?" "The most vocal section of womanhood," declares Miss Bondfield in a speech in Yorkshire, "appears to think that to be an architect or a doctor is to be something superior to the home-maker. I hold entirely the contrary view.

"The woman who fulfils the function belonging to her sex, who builds up the life of the family around her, who recognizes the importance of bringing to the service of the home every development of science, who realizes that her job is to create an environment for every child, and such an influence as to raise the whole line of civilization to a higher plane, is doing the greatest work in the world.

"I have very little patience with the woman who wants to leave her husband and children to the care of paid labour while she herself seeks outside work because it is more intellectual. To my mind home and children require not merely the greatest intellectual effort, but the most sustained effort of service."

### Upsetting Our Theories

This sums up the matter to a nicety, and there doesn't seem any more to be said, does there? But, unfortunately, in real life somehow things will not standardize themselves according to rule. No sooner have we laid down the law on the matter when, lo! some other factor that we had not taken account of comes up and upsets our beautiful theories and dictums.

Now this matter of woman's work: can it be settled in arbitrary fashion by declaring that Woman should stop at home and mind the baby whilst Man should go out and earn the living?

### The Root of the Trouble

One has only to look at real life to find that the problem is a big one, and that the root of the trouble is that our modern civilization is vastly more complicated than it was even fifty years ago. If a married woman nowadays "leaves husband and children to the care of paid labour while she herself seeks outside work," you may be sure that there is a story behind it, and that we had better learn the story before we give our judgment.

Miss Sophie Kerr, one of our foremost novelists, has been giving a great deal of attention to this matter. I imagine, from what she writes, that she feels keenly on the subject, and thinks, with Miss Bondfield, that "the woman's place is the home." Yet she is intensely sympathetic with the troubles and trials to which the modern woman is exposed, and has that rare gift of being able to see two sides of a question.

### "Worldly Goods"

Miss Sophie Kerr has just written a splendid story, "Worldly Goods," for the new volume of *THE QUIVER*, and the first instalment will appear in my November number. It concerns, very intimately, this very question. The heroine, Effie Moore, finds herself, like so many thousands of girls nowadays, left stranded and obliged to work for a living. The story of how she finds work is an entertaining one, though work, when it

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comes, is neither interesting nor particularly remunerative.

Then comes Love, and Effie—a girl after Miss Bondfield's own heart—declares that "woman's place is the home," and scorns the suggestion that she should keep on her job for a time after marriage. To "create an atmosphere of home" is the highest ambition of Effie, and, with fond love enshrined in her heart, she sets about her task—"the greatest work in the world."



### Complications

And then complications arise. Her husband—whom she thinks the best man in the world—is not so very brilliant after all—or at least his firm do not think so. At any rate, they omit to give him the "rise" he is expecting, and married life is a very, very tight fit on a small salary. And then he falls ill and has to be moved off to hospital.

What is to be done? Ah, that is the question that is at the root of a good many working women's labour. "What am I to do?" the charwoman asked me recently. "My husband receives 38s. a week wages—from a public authority—and it isn't sufficient to keep the house going. What am I to do but go out and work?"

Poor Effie faces the same situation, and faces it in the same way. She must go out and work herself.

But here the problem gets more complicated. Effie finds a job, and bit by bit discovers that she has far more talent than her husband. Presently she is earning a much bigger salary than he. When the immediate crisis is solved she still stays on at her job, earning more and more money and finding the work more and more absorbing.

What is the outcome of a situation like that?

Remember this is a position that is constantly being created in real life. Granted that "woman's highest work is the home," yet it cannot be denied that many women have a genius for other forms of service. What is to happen when the call of other work clashes with the call of home service?



### The Solution

A right understanding of this problem will solve many of the puzzles of our present-day life. It is not my intention to reveal the outcome of the position Sophie Kerr illustrates. Not till the very end is the solution suggested—and it is a solution very different

from what one is expecting. Yet one cannot but acknowledge that there is a deal of wisdom in the plan.

If you are given to dogmatizing, if you have an impulse to lay down the law and say emphatically, "Married women have no business to go out to work," or—just as emphatically, "Of course married women have as much right to work for their living as married men"—just wait, I suggest, until you have read "Worldly Goods," and then write and tell me if you think the situation can be summed up as easily as you thought.

Incidentally, Sophie Kerr deals with the problem of Divorce—another of those present-day problems I should like to write about one of these days. But I must wait until you have read what Sophie Kerr has to say. She can put it much better than I can—and it is always more easy in a story.



### Stories with a Meaning

I am very pleased to present "Worldly Goods" as one of the leading features in my next volume which starts next month. Sophie Kerr will be ably supported by a number of other talented writers. Indeed, I think that the November number will be one of the best I have been able to produce. I have, at any rate, been fortunate as to stories. I want readers to read "Dead Man's Touch," by Michael Kent; "The Sixteenth House in an Ordinary Street," by Leslie Gordon Barnard; and "Give a Dog a Bad Name," by Annie S. Swan, and say just what they think of them.



### "Making a Success of Life"

Many new and original features will characterize the new volume. For instance, rather out of the ordinary lines is a series on "Making a Success of Life." We all of us have to live—though we do not all of us manage it as successfully as we might. But it is a problem with a great many sides to it. Sir Charles Higham, M.P., the well-known man of business, starts off with some very sound advice on "How to Get a Job." The next article (also given in my November number) is equally important—but vastly different—"How to Gain a Woman's Affections." This, of course, is for the male portion of my readers, and is contributed by Mrs. W. L. George. Other articles in the series will concern "The Art of Living with People," "How to Choose One's Friends,"



## **BETWEEN OURSELVES**

"Keep out of the Rut," "The Problem of Happiness," and "The Solace of Books." The authors will be of the foremost rank.



### **Queen Alexandra's Birthday**

On December 1 Queen Alexandra will celebrate her eightieth birthday. How intimately Her Majesty has been bound up with the events of the past half-century! And what a place she has gained for herself in the hearts of the King's subjects everywhere! I am printing a tribute to the Queen Mother and it will be illustrated with pictures of the Queen Mother in various epochs of her career.



### **"Friendship Among Animals"**

Apart from the mating instinct, is there any "Friendship Among Animals"? Can the story of David and Jonathan be duplicated in animal life? Mr. H. Mortimer Batten, F.Z.S., is contributing a most interesting article on this question to my next issue, an article which is accompanied by some fine photographs. Mr. Batten emphatically claims that there is friendship among animals, and gives numerous instances.

The home side will be well to the fore in the new volume. I am hoping to print a series of articles on "Furnishing the Home," as well as other articles of value, to all who are interested in home-making affairs.



### **"Things That Matter"**

Since the Rev. Arthur Pringle commenced to write for this magazine he has been called to the highest office in the gift of his church: this year he is acting as chairman of the Congregational Union of England and Wales. The address which he delivered from the chair of the Union in May was a remarkable utterance, the effects of which are still being felt among the Churches. Mr. Pringle will continue his series on "Things that Matter." I have had repeated evidence of the value of these articles in the eyes of my readers.



### **Can You Help?**

I think I have said enough to commend this forthcoming volume to your notice. I

should like the help of my readers in still further extending the sphere of our operations. During the past year there has been a gratifying tendency for our circulation to increase. But I shall not be satisfied until it is doubled at least! And there is no reason why this should not be if the present readers will co-operate to make the magazine known. It is not always realized how much a friendly word will help.

I shall be very pleased at any time to send anyone who does not already know **THE QUIVER** a specimen copy if the reader will send me the name and address of his or her friend.



### **The Romance of Famous Lives**

My friend Mr. Harold Wheeler, the editor of that remarkable work "Cassell's Children's Book of Knowledge," has been talking to me about the new task upon which he is engaged, and I think that my readers will certainly be interested to hear about it.

The new work, which will be brought out in fortnightly parts, will be called "Cassell's Romance of Famous Lives," and the first part is published on October 1.

The aim of the new work is to tell with pen and brush the wonderful life stories of great men and women in every sphere of action who have "left their footprints on the sands of time." Written in graphic style and beautifully illustrated, it will be more than a mere work of reference; the life stories are dealt with in such a way that they will be read by old and young with absorbing interest. It will make you intimately acquainted with the life and thoughts of those who have triumphed over difficulties and won for themselves immortal memory.

There is always an added thrill in a tale of courage and adventure when that tale is a true story of real life; there is value untold in the inspiration which such a story kindles; the experience of others is ever a powerful aid and guide to those who would follow where the great ones in deed and thought have led.

*The Editor*



# Exit the Nursery

A Home Revolution  
By  
E. Vaughan-Smith

THE subject of discussion was a revolution, one of the many resulting from the war, and—quite arguably—the most important of them all, since it profoundly affects the most precious part of the population, but a revolution which has, oddly enough, escaped the notice of statesmen and newspapers.

"It's all very well," said Joan, "to talk of the Victorian woman being so much less pleasure-loving and more full of a sense of duty than we are because she produced a dozen children to the modern family's two. But just think how much easier it was for her. Once the monthly nurse had gone the new baby just joined the brood already in the nursery, and the experienced old family nurse took all the rest of the trouble."

## The Children's Gain ?

Joan was exaggerating, of course. Even in the Victorian epoch—blessed time—experienced old family nurses didn't grow as thick as blackberries. Still, there is no doubt that nurses *were* a great convenience to the many Mrs. Quiverfuls of that period. Now, so far as the average struggling middle-class home is concerned, the nursery as a place where the children can be sent to be out of the parents' way simply does not exist.

"Yes, I dare say it did make things easier for the mothers," was the answer of Dorothy, the large-eyed and sentimental-voiced, to Joan's remark. "But think of the unspeakable gain to the kiddies of to-day to be looked after by their own mothers instead of by hirelings."

"Well, that all depends on whether they have chosen their own mothers with discretion or not," said Joan bluntly.

Dorothy flushed, and remarked with some asperity when, a moment later, Joan happened to be called out of the room, "I suppose Joan thinks that clever, but I do hate that cynical pose of hers."

It was Dorothy's six-year-old Mavis who observed dispassionately, when staying with an aunt, "I'm quite good with you, but I'm *dreadful* with mummie!"

Mavis is a child who would be far pleasanter, and very likely happier into the bargain, under the unsympathetic rule of an autocratic Victorian nurse than she is with the daily and nightly companionship of her far too sympathetic and emotional mummie.

Any little knock or tumble is greeted with a tragic, "Oh, my darling, I'm sure you've hurt yourself!" and Mavis thereupon roars lustily, convinced that she has hurt herself terribly.

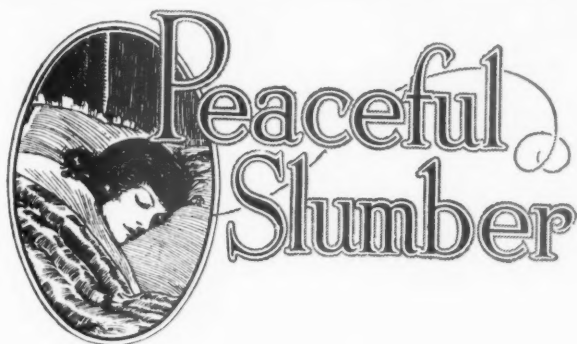
If Dorothy means to go out without taking Mavis with her there is a dreadful scene. Mavis throws herself down on to the floor screaming until, nine times out of ten, Dorothy gives way and lets Mavis accompany her to the tea-party or exhibition, no matter how unwelcome to others the spoilt child's presence may be. On the tenth occasion, when Mavis really is left behind, she boasts on her mother's return, "I cried all the time you were out, mummie!" as though it were something to be proud of; and no doubt she thinks it is, for Dorothy's usual remark on such occasions is, "Poor darling! She's got such a sensitive, loving little heart."

## A Quarrel Between Mother and Child

The sensitive, loving little heart does not, however, prevent Mavis from being exceedingly naughty and rude to her mother when, as happens several times a day, their much too similar temperaments chance to clash. What takes place on those occasions can only be described as a violent and hysterical quarrel between the mother and child, most painful to onlookers.

A good whipping, or being put to bed with a dose of Gregory powder—as the Victorian family nurse would certainly have prescribed—would do Miss Mavis all the good in the world. Her present bringing up, under the non-nursery régime, is laying the sure foundation of a neurotic character.

Poor Dorothy is certainly an object lesson how not to do it for all present-day mothers who have to be nurses as well, but other



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The new 2/- Jar of Mercolized Wax.

**Two Sizes only—2/- and 3/6**

## EXIT THE NURSERY

women who manage to keep clear of her particular pitfalls may stumble into their own.

"Really, Ethel is funny the way she talks about all kinds of subjects when one goes there to tea, just as though the kid wasn't present, listening with all her eyes and ears. The other afternoon Ethel was enlarging on all the details of the Simpkins divorce case, and Anne was taking in every word of it; indeed, she chipped in every now with most embarrassing questions, but Ethel only laughed and didn't seem to mind a bit."

### Two Present-day Types

That is one type of mother, too thoughtless and self-indulgent to curb her tongue and her taste for spicy gossip, no matter how unsuitable to the poor little pitcher with long ears. A reverse type—one much more characteristic of our own times—is the earnest and rather "high-brow" parent who takes Dr. Montessori for gospel and solemnly regards her offspring as a very precious and rare specimen never to be snubbed or silenced, no matter how mercilessly the child breaks into the conversation of his elders.

"Mother, *I'm* talking!" reproved the small son of one such mother, and we all had to listen to him in reverent silence.

An afternoon call on a mother of this type is apt to make a visitor feel that the disappearance of the nursery is a revolution without a redeeming side.

Yet what a redeeming side it has! Or rather one may say that it is a revolution so almost wholly good as to need no redeeming side when the mother is really fitted by temperament for the work of tending and training her little children, and, happily, very many mothers are.

"I can't understand how a mother can expect someone else to do for money what she herself will not do for love," a wise woman used to remark, and there is a good deal of truth in her standpoint.

### A Mother's Discernment

It often needs eyes quickened by love to discern the first little beginnings of things going wrong. Was it not on the evening that nurse went out and mother was taking her place in bathing the children, that Mary's spinal curvature was first discovered? It was so barely perceptible that nurse had never noticed it, but if it had been neglected much longer it might have meant lifelong ill-health.

Apart from the question of physical well-being, it must, other things being equal, be to the child's advantage to spend those first formative years in the companionship of someone who has enjoyed a liberal education. Putting aside such drawbacks as a bad accent or a common intonation (in these days many working-class girls speak better than not a few who would consider themselves their social superiors), an uneducated person is less likely to have the sense of proportion that is needed to ensure just and wise dealing with children.

In my own childhood there were painful episodes of quite disproportionate and unfair punishments—for instance, being sent to bed early for a fortnight for having involuntarily laughed at tea because of something that struck one as irresistibly funny.

"Why" was treated as a forbidden word. Only the ultra-modern school of educationists would consider it blameworthy to discourage children from saying "Why?" whenever an order is given, and that, no doubt, was the original ground for the rule. But to the uneducated and lazy mind of the village girl who governed us, it seemed a convenient way of saving the trouble of our asking questions of any kind.

### A Nurse with the Mother Instinct

In fairness to the delightful person who succeeded this unsatisfactory nurse—indeed, a whole succession of unsatisfactory nurses—I must own that it would be difficult to imagine any mother ruling a nursery more happily and with more gentle wisdom and goodness than our last nurse showed. Thank God there are women in all classes of life in whom an inborn mother instinct, natural refinement, and strong religious principle, can compensate for anything lacking in the way of book-learning, nay, much more than compensate for it. Still, by no means every mother who engages a nurse for her children has the good fortune to secure one of this type.

A great deal has been said about the advantages and disadvantages of the nursery revolution from the point of view of the children; but what about the mothers?

On the whole, I think the change works for their happiness. The majority of women, even nowadays, have a strong bent in the direction of motherhood and a much weaker bent towards other types of work.

Of course, there are many exceptions. Even among women who are unselfish, con-

## **THE QUIVER**

scientious, and really devoted to their children, there are many to whom the actual day-long and night-long care of the tinies never comes naturally. Such people usually have other gifts, and often it is for the benefit of the children themselves that their mothers should be free to exercise these gifts, while not, of course, neglecting the loving supervision of the nursery which no mother worthy of the name would have the slightest desire to forgo.

### **A Remedy for Boredom**

Still, when all is said and done, these women with special gifts *are* exceptions. A far more usual type is that represented by Marjorie in Wells' "Marriage," who—having a cook-general and a nurse, as even people of limited means were able to do in those comfortable pre-war days, now alas! gone for ever—could think of nothing whatever to do between lunch and tea, and was reduced in her unutterable boredom to indulging in orgies of shopping which she could not afford. A Marjorie of these days would be happily and healthily employed in wheeling out her baby in its pram, and would not know what boredom felt like!

From the parents' point of view the most serious drawback of the no-nursery régime is the fact that it is often difficult for the nurse-mother to have the weekly afternoon and evening "off" that a paid nurse would certainly demand. Even to the most devoted child-lover the unbroken companionship of infants becomes wearying in time, and a change at least once a week would be to the advantage of all concerned.

Something might be done to effect this by co-operation between several young mothers living near together. You can't, it is true, co-operate much over babies, because babies are sturdy and very conservative-minded individualists who checkmate the best laid plans by, e.g., refusing to take their bottles

from the kind friends who have offered to set their mothers free. Besides, one lying down baby, or two sitting up babies, are as much as the ordinary pram will hold.

But when children reach the age of four or so, it is often easier to look after several at once than after one. Mothers' circles might be formed between several friends with bairns about the same age—each taking charge of the whole little tribe in turn. Under this arrangement every member of the circle might have, say, two out of every three afternoons free.

An alternative plan would be that the friends should club together to pay some child-loving girl of the educated class to take all the little ones out and give them their tea at each house in turn. By combining funds a sum could be raised that many a "pocket-money girl" would feel made the three hours or so of pleasant occupation demanded in return well worth her while.

### **An Additional Advantage**

An additional advantage of this latter plan would be that such a girl would probably be available to take charge in the evening occasionally if the mother wanted to go out to a theatre or a dinner, often a very difficult thing to arrange in these days, when the majority of servants firmly refuse to live in.

Someone dependable, with whom a business arrangement could be made to come with books or needlework and sit in the house while the parents were out, if only on one evening in the fortnight, would be a great boon. The happiest marriage needs the occasional tonic of the husband and wife going on a jaunt together, but when it can only be purchased at the cost of trespassing on the good-nature of a friend, who ten to one has an engagement of her own on the particular evening one wants to go out, sensitive and considerate folks are apt to shirk asking the favour.

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## **THE MAGAZINE FOR CHILDREN**

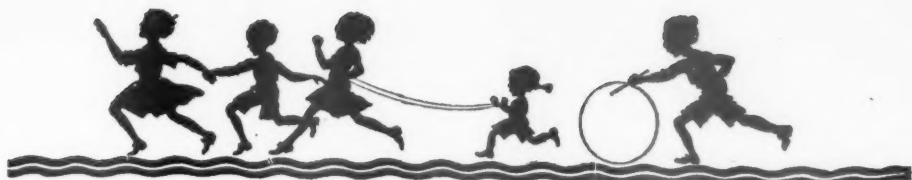
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*This diagram shows the extension on the inside of the heel that prevents ankles bending inwards.*

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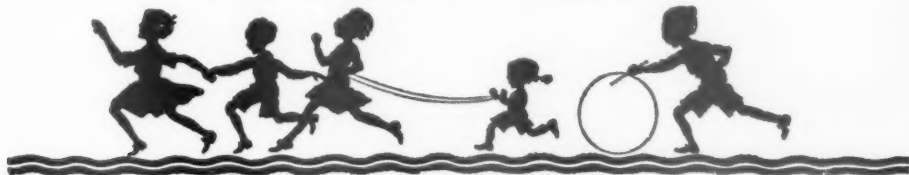
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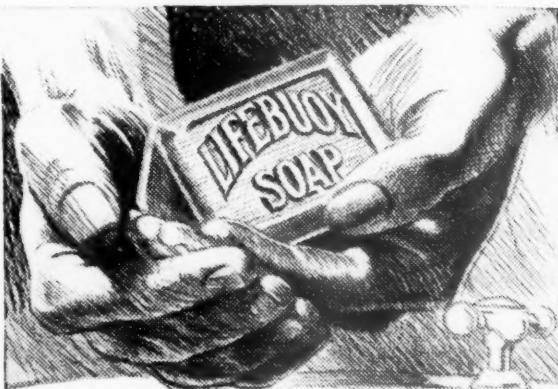
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Doctors no longer worry about many things which used to be thought responsible for the spread of disease—they now know beyond all question that sickness is communicated almost entirely by contact with those who are sick or have apparently recovered but who deposit germs on everything they touch.

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# Problem Pages

## Lonely People

**R**ECENT remarks of mine about lonely people have brought me very many letters, all of which have been replied to by post. I have one letter from an elderly lady, who lives in a western suburb of London, in which she expresses her willingness to write to any lonely people. I think this correspondent of mine is sometimes herself rather lonely, and would be glad to write to people whom one day she might have the pleasure of meeting. If there are any readers who feel that perhaps infirmity or old age precluded them from the making of new friendships, perhaps they would care to be put into touch with this correspondent. I shall be very glad to forward any letters.

I should also be interested to know if any of my readers have any ideas on the subject of forming some kind of means for bringing lonely people in touch with each other. There are very many clubs and societies and institutions for lonely young people, but the position of elderly people who have not the ordinary means of making new friends is very pitiful. They could help each other so much if only there were some way of bringing them together, and I trust to my readers, who have so often given me helpful advice, to let me know if they have any ideas on the subject, which could be discussed in these pages.

We do so much for young people in these days that I sometimes think we forget old people. If we can do anything to help them through *THE QUIVER* I shall be glad.

## Problem of Three Sisters

"Elderly Spinster" writes this letter to me:

"I have read your helpful replies to inquiries in your pages, and thought of giving you a puzzle. I live with my two sisters, and we are all unmarried. We have worked hard since we were fourteen years of age, had many things to keep us back, and have had to deny ourselves most pleasures. We have at last got a business to be successful, and are getting some return for our early endurance. Youth has fled, and we have missed the good times. We do not fret about that, as duty well done is a satisfactory

## Lonely People—Country Life— —Early Marriage By Barbara Dane

thing. We are worn out, however, and feel we would like to be free from the strain of business and would like to retire. But we fear to make the plunge. Could you tell me how much capital three people would need to live together in a quiet way? We should do the housework between us and be content with quiet times at home. I know I should be able to answer the question myself, but the thought of ever rising taxation makes it difficult."

And it is very difficult for me to answer such a question. If my correspondent and her sisters own their house that simplifies matters, but if rent has to be paid I do not see how three middle-aged women can live together in simple comfort on an income of less than £300 a year, unless they are able to retire to the country and grow most of their own produce. Living in the country is not cheap if one has to buy vegetables and fruit and eggs. In a cottage with an acre of garden, if it could be bought or rented cheaply, three women might live in some comfort on less than £300 a year. I sympathize with my correspondent's wish to retire after such a strenuous life and to know at last the pleasantness of freedom from worry and incessant work. But it is not easy for me to give any practical advice, I fear, when the information at my disposal is so scanty. And even now I find I have not answered the question I was asked, except indirectly. If living on the income from capital invested at 5 per cent., I should say that at least £4,000 would be needed for three women to retire.

## Can One Love too Deeply?

"E. V." asks me if I think it possible that one can love too deeply. Although the question is put rather vaguely, I think I know what my correspondent means. There is, however, a difference between great love and love which is merely intense. Women I think often imagine that they love deeply where they merely feel intensely, which is very different. Self-love is often the cause of intense suffering, but real love of others brings happiness in spite of any disappointment, because real love means real service, and the care of others before the care of

## **THE QUIVER**

self. To demand of others what they cannot or will not give is to invite suffering, but to go on loving them and trying to help them, in spite of disappointment, is to gain a certain measure of happiness.

### **Women Who Flirt**

It is a great temptation to women who know that they have the power of fascinating men to exercise it, but it is often a mistake, and you, my poor "B. H.," have made it. Many a woman who has a vivid personality and the ability to delight others has swept a man off his feet for a time, only to be conscious later of his reaction. If she herself has cared little, and the man has recovered his balance, not much harm is done, but you apparently have found that the game you so lightly played has become a serious matter for you, while the man has returned to his original position of indifference. A woman once told me that the most tragic thing that ever happened to her was to hear a man say to her: "It was your goodness that attracted you to me." That woman, finding the man was interested in her, felt that she could not resist the temptation to "flirt." The man, who had high ideals, retired into his shell, tried to think of the woman as he had first known her, and she was left with an aching heart and an intolerable sense of two wasted lives. I think the reason that many really fascinating women do not marry is that they fritter away their emotions. In the end it is not the power of vivacity or of a compelling temperament which is going to keep a man once won, but character.

### **Lipsticks**

Do I approve of lipsticks? Well, dear "Nineteen," probably I should not like to see you with your young mouth artificially coloured. Very few women are actually improved by make-up. Frenchwomen have the art of wearing their make-up with complete unself-consciousness, but the made-up Englishwoman is seldom natural. The use of powder is pleasant and often hygienic, and face creams are a protection against bitter winds, but the rouge-pot and the lipstick are best left alone by most women. No man I ever knew liked these artificial aids to beauty for everyday occasions.

I think most of us have the colouring that suits our own personalities and general appearances, and it is better to improve what we have by natural means than to depend too much on rouge and lipsticks.

And certainly a girl of nineteen ought to have so much fresh charm and so much prettiness of good health and joy in life that she should have nothing to do with the bottled beauty of the chemists' shops.

### **The Husband's Letters**

No, really, I cannot see why any wife should demand to read her husband's letters. It is almost unthinkable that in these days a wife should make such a demand. The rights of marriage do not include disloyalty to friends, and letters intended only for one person's eyes should not be seen by another. Very few friendships could be maintained if every letter written by a man to a married man were read by the married man's wife. Your request strikes me as extraordinarily unreasonable, "Elsie," and I hope you will come to modify your position.

### **Country Life**

I always feel sorry for town women who find themselves obliged to live in the country and who dislike it. But don't you think, "Janet," that if you were to make an effort to interest yourself intelligently in country things you would be rewarded? Granting that you are too poor to hunt, that you cannot keep a car, and that you find your neighbours dull, have you ever made the attempt to spend a few hours in woods or by the lane-sides with field glasses, and a little book that could tell you all about birds and how to recognize them and their pretty ways? To walk for miles with unseeing eyes in the country is merely to exercise the body; one might as well walk ten times round one's own garden. But to make each walk an adventure, to look for different flowers and birds, to observe the habits of animals, to realize that with each changing day the country changes, that is to get its real flavour, its beauty, and so to become interested.

To talk to real country women, to get them to tell you how they make their bread and their old-fashioned wines, to learn how to cure bacon, and what has to be done to make goats' milk butter, is another interest of country life. Without doing such things, I could not live in the country, and would rather remain in a town. However unattracted you feel towards the things of the country you ought, since you cannot live in London, for your own sake, to make some attempt to understand the life of field and farm, of wood and cottage. I do assure you that such knowledge once gained is a



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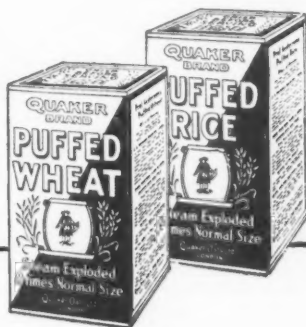
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The frame of the Berkeley is exceptionally strong. It is fitted with long steel-coppered springs in the back, seat, and front edge. The Berkeley has bold, broad, heavily upholstered arms with an extra deep seat and double bordered front. The seat also has an independent front edge which adds greatly to the life of the chair and resiliency of the springs.

**CASH PRICE £4 : 5 : 0**

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Constructed upon the same lines as the Berkeley Easy Chair, but it is higher in the back and has large well upholstered wings that give extra comfort and complete protection from draughts.

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**SEND A POSTCARD FOR PATTERNS** and choose your own covering. On receipt of postcard we will send you, *post free*, a complete range of serviceable and artistic designs in tapestries, cretonnes, &c., to harmonise with any scheme of decoration or colouring in your home.

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FOR COMPLETE SUITE**

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or 40/-  
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and  
7 pay-  
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of 50/-  
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*Any piece of the Berkeley  
Lounge Suite can be  
supplied separately.*

#### **SOLD ON THE MONEY-BACK PRINCIPLE**

Soon after receipt of first payment with your order we send the Suite or piece selected, *Carriage Paid* in England and Wales (Scotland extra). If upon examination it is not completely satisfactory, you may return it within 7 days at our expense, and we will refund your money in full.

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lasting possession of joy, and I am not a country-born woman. Instead of merely tolerating the country and being miserable about it, do try to discover its charms. However much your heart hankers for town life, or rather because it does, make the attempt.

### **Work for a Woman of Fifty**

I think your notion of getting cookery certificates is good, "H." Some of the best cooks I know are uncertificated, and some of the worst have all kinds of certificates. But I agree that if you wish at the age of fifty to earn your living as a cook you had better have some kind of means of introducing yourself to people, and a certificate serves as an introduction. By all means specialize in French household cookery, for there are many English families who would pay high wages to a woman who could introduce variety into their meals and give them originality without extravagance. Good cooks are so scarce that I do not feel at all afraid that you will find it difficult to obtain a position.

### **Early Marriages**

I think that marriages made early in life are often very happy, and I should be disinclined to refuse consent to a marriage at an early age simply because of youthfulness. A mother who writes to me thinks that a girl ought not to marry before she is twenty-five, yet our mothers and our grandmothers often married at seventeen, and lived long years of usefulness and happiness. I like to see parents young enough to be real companions to their children, and I like to see a young wife helping a young husband through his early struggles, giving a point to his hard work and adding to his, perhaps, impetuous youth a sense of responsibility.

No one can, of course, predict with any certainty the position between any married couple a few years after marriage; one has only one's experience of others to help. Given two level young heads, a deep affection, the spirit of companionship and self-sacrifice on both sides, you have ideal qualifications for a very happy marriage, and youth should not therefore be regarded as

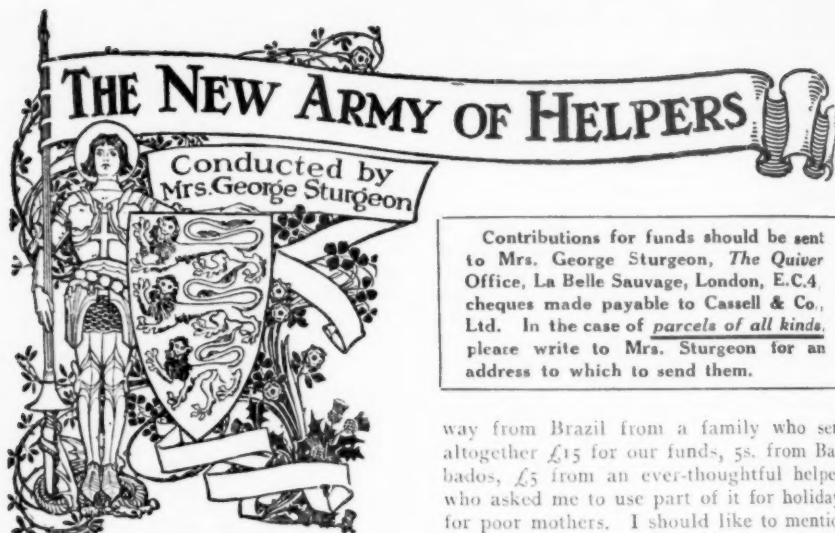
an obstacle. In the case of which I am told, it seems that the man is just the very type to need a companion in the first years of his professional work, and that he is likely to do better and to be happier married than he ever would be alone.

### **Filling a Big Place**

Here is a letter from a very simple-minded modest woman, with little experience of life and not much education, who has suddenly been called upon to fill an important position. And she is nervous. She is afraid of people's comments. She would prefer to stay in her humble home with her husband and children, but her husband's preferment has given her no choice, and she writes to ask me to give her some advice likely to be useful to her in a much higher social sphere. Well, my advice is just this: Be yourself, don't worry, never mind if you make mistakes, take them naturally if you do, and you will find that almost everybody will like you and be glad to help you. Nervousness is never an attractive quality; it makes people either so independent that they are boorish and without any kind of grace, or it reduces them to such inefficiency that they embarrass others as much as themselves. Do you not remember how Mrs. Brown, the wife of the Scottish M.P., charmed everyone at Holyrood Palace because she was just herself, making no attempt to put on Society airs, yet not afraid to hold her own in conversation and to talk just as she would in her own village?

Countesses or cooks like us after all for what we are, not for what we are not and never can be. The woman who is worrying so much about the way to eat asparagus that she cannot reply to a remark made to her by a neighbour is a greater social failure than the woman who talks pleasantly and naturally to all around her but who possibly cuts her asparagus with a knife. A little quiet observation of the usages in social life will soon teach you what to do, and while you are learning be as natural and as happy as you can, always remembering that the conventions which may worry you so much are not nearly so important to the people who observe them as you might imagine.





#### Forty-one "Quiver" Children

**M**Y DEAR READERS,—It is very difficult to think of anything but holidays, for I am writing on a sunny beach in August, and my attention is constantly distracted—now by the beauty of the haze on the distant cliffs, now by the lapping of the waves on the shore, now by an adorable golden-haired baby squatting in the surf. The sight of the baby makes me feel very glad that THE QUIVER New Army of Helpers has had a finger in the annual pie of the Children's Country Holidays Fund. You will see that I have headed this paragraph "Forty-one Quiver Children," but as a matter of fact we have forty-one and a bit—that is to say, at the present moment the collection stands at £41 3s. Every £1 secures a fortnight for one child, and money is still coming in, so I have hopes that before the month is out we shall have forty-five country holiday children, or even more. Last year we had only twenty-seven, so we have made a good advance.

My eleventh-hour appeal met with a generous response from many kind-hearted readers, and by one post I received more than £10. Two pounds came from the Rangers, Guides and Brownies of West Moors, Dorset, 16s. from the proceeds of the sale of raffia bags and hats made in a small village school (St. Michael's, Hadlow, Tonbridge), augmented by pennies subscribed by the scholars, £4 came all the

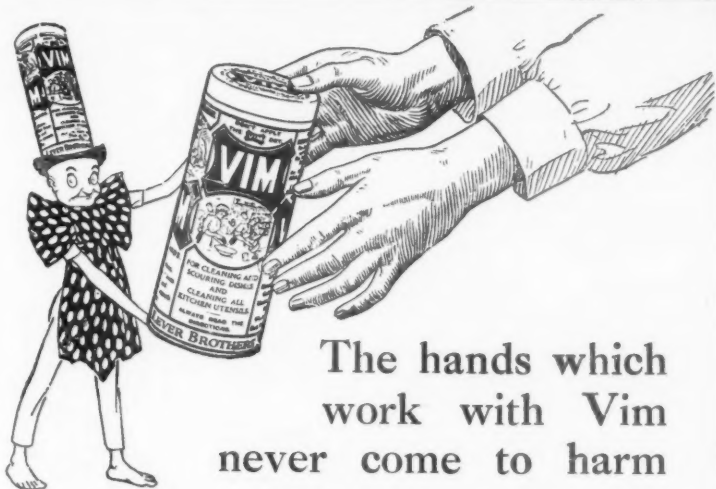
Contributions for funds should be sent to Mrs. George Sturgeon, *The Quiver* Office, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.4, cheques made payable to Cassell & Co., Ltd. In the case of parcels of all kinds, please write to Mrs. Sturgeon for an address to which to send them.

way from Brazil from a family who sent altogether £15 for our funds, 5s. from Barbados, £5 from an ever-thoughtful helper, who asked me to use part of it for holidays for poor mothers. I should like to mention every subscription, for all are equally appreciated, but lack of space forbids. I can only send my grateful thanks to all, including the large body of anonymous donors, for helping to make happy children.

#### All the Year Round

So intensely am I enjoying the fresh sea air and all the country joys after a summer in London—I was away at Easter—that I can appreciate a little what it must mean to a London child who tastes these delights for one fortnight in the year only. Every moment must be wonderful and almost painfully precious. When I left Victoria Station a week ago I saw some of the holiday children returning, brown and beaming, with bunches of flowers in their hands, to eagerly exclaiming mothers, who seemed in some instances hardly to recognize their tanned and robust offspring! A fortnight can indeed work wonders.

And, as I have said, one fortnight in the summer is the child's portion *if he is lucky*, but it is good to know that in an emergency—if he is ill, for instance—there are permanent seaside and country homes where he can go at other times of the year. They cannot be too well supported. The Little Folks' Home, the seaside branch of the Queen's Hospital for Children in Bethnal Green, one of the poorest parts of London, is open all the year round. I visited the family within its walls who were wise or lucky enough to be convalescent in August, and a fine time they were having. A more



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Vim is a great saver of hands because it simplifies housework and reduces the amount of time spent with bucket and cloth. Always keep a canister of Vim on the shelf above the kitchen sink, in the cupboard, in the bath-room. Its presence is a guarantee of time and trouble saved.

The reason why Vim excels for all sorts of cleaning jobs is because the minute particles of which it is made are so shaped that they *seize* the dirt and scum, while leaving the surface beneath clean and uninjured.

Sound reasons these for using Vim for pots, pans, cutlery, crockery, baths, sinks, woodwork, lino.

Vim cleans pots, pans, cutlery, crockery, baths and sinks, tiles and porcelain, lino and paintwork, glazed and enamelled surfaces, floors and tables, dishes, cooking vessels, cooking stoves, and all kitchen utensils. It removes rust, grime, grease, stains and tarnish from all dirty surfaces.



Vim is sold in large and medium-sized canisters;  
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FOR A LARGE CUP PUT INTO A  
SAUCEPAN A LEVEL DESSERT-  
SPOONFUL OF COCOA WITH AN  
EQUAL AMOUNT OF SUGAR (OR  
MORE TO TASTE) WITH HALF A  
CUP OF WATER. WHEN BOILING  
ADD HALF A CUP OF COLD  
MILK. BOIL AGAIN FOR ONE  
MINUTE. WHISK AND  
SERVE HOT.

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*Children will grow  
out of night-time  
fears & fancies  
under the soothing  
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**PRICE'S  
NIGHT LIGHTS**

## SOCIETY FOR THE ASSISTANCE OF LADIES IN REDUCED CIRCUMSTANCES

Under Royal Patronage

Sometimes it is difficult to know what to say when writing an Appeal. We want so many things that one does not know where to begin. If I say that we want money I think that includes everything, for we want it more than anything, and we never get enough. The General Fund—the backbone of the Society—needs it very much, while the Special Fund that provides for the Sick and the Aged always needs replenishing. The poor Ladies want money to help them to keep a little maid, or to help them to pay their rent. Perhaps those who cannot give as they would like during their life-time would remember they may be able to do so at their death. A Legacy of from £50 to £100 is very useful to us, yet would not prevent you providing for those who may need your help. To those who give Legacies we can truly say that their works do follow them.

Please help us when you can.

Edith Smallwood, Hon. Sec., Lancaster House, Malvern.

## G. BRANDAUER & CO.'S (LIMITED) CIRCULAR - POINTED PENS

SEVEN PRIZE  
MEDALS.



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Pens Write as  
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Lead Pencil—  
Neither Scratch  
nor Spurt, the  
points being rounded  
by a Special Process.

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1000 Rooms fitted H. & C. Water.  
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are caused by internal dis-  
orders which cannot be  
corrected by external re-  
medies.

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(harmless) taken in a little warm  
milk or water remove the causes  
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M.D. (Lond.): "As far more quickly  
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The Cost is nothing for a Cure, and  
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## GREY HAIR HINDES HAIR TINT

tints grey or faded hair  
any natural shade de-  
sired — brown, dark-  
brown, light-brown, or  
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## THE NEW ARMY OF HELPERS

beautiful position for a convalescent home can hardly be imagined, for it is in the midst of beautiful country, Beachy Head and the long line of the Downs shelter it on the west, and it is within a few minutes' walk of a glorious beach. When the sun shines there is no place more exhilarating than Little Common. The sea is an Italian blue and the air races across it. The Home has the cosiness of a country house; the children lead a joyous life, having their meals in the garden, paddling and bathing from their own special hut on the shore, some of them even sleeping out in the garden in open-air shelters. No wonder that they return to Hackney looking like country children with brown skins and sparkling eyes.

### A Paying Seaside Home for Children

A reader of THE QUIVER writes to me:

"I thought some of your readers might be glad to know of an excellent holiday or permanent home for children up to twelve years of age and be assured of great care and happiness. The terms are moderate, and as the matron is a fully qualified medical and surgical nurse, delicate or invalid children are specially treated."

The Home is situated near Brighton, and the terms are from £1 11s. 6d. to £3 3s. weekly, with a small additional fee for laundry and doctor's visit and report. I shall gladly give the address to any who may want it.

### £265,000 by Trafalgar Day

When one lives day after day within sight of the sea, one realizes more poignantly than at other times of the year that, in spite of proposed tunnels and actual aeroplanes, we are still an island people dependent on the passing ships for our food and merchandise. It seems, therefore, a very appropriate moment to receive an urgent appeal from the Prince of Wales on behalf of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society. That very stirring anniversary—Trafalgar Day—falls on October 21, and the society aims at raising the sum of £265,000 by that date. It is an ambitious project, worthy of the Nelson spirit, and it must succeed. A very simple and straightforward summary of the purposes for which the money is required is set forth. One of these is the repayment of bank overdraft (a deficit largely due to the immense share of necessary war work borne by the society, including the help given to no fewer than 42,000 survivors from mined and torpedoed

ships), £30,000; another is the endowment of the Prince of Wales Sea Training Hostel, £25,000. I shall never forget the exhilarating visit I paid to this hostel, where in the past three years 366 boys, many of them the orphan sons of sailors who died during the war, have been trained for the British Merchant Service. The completion of the Empire Memorial Hostel, our old friend to whom we have given several "Quiver" cabins, claims another £10,000—money well spent indeed. The relief of distressed sailors and their dependents needs £30,000. One hundred and fifty-five thousand pounds is the estimated cost of the building, extension and endowment of Sailors' Rests and Clubs in seaports in all parts of the world where there is at present inadequate provision or none at all, particularly in Southampton, the Clyde, India and the Dominions overseas, Antwerp, Hamburg and other places too numerous to mention. It is not difficult to realize the importance of providing good and decent accommodation for the men in home and foreign ports, and the fact that in 1923 there were 1,103,608 attendances of sailors and 146,128 beds occupied at various rests shows that the work of the society is appreciated. Ten thousand pounds is wanted to improve the conditions under which the chaplains and missionaries work and to provide for their old age, and £5,000 would be spent on ocean libraries (there are six hundred already in use on board ships at sea). In all new work it is proposed that a due proportion of the sum allocated shall be used to form an endowment fund in accordance with the requirements of sound finance, so that the society may not in future be faced with recurring deficits and the need for big appeals. This is excellent policy, and I do hope that this great effort will meet with the magnificent response it deserves.

As the appeal truly says, "There is no man or woman who has not daily cause for gratitude to the sailors who carry our food and merchandise across the seas, at the hazard of their lives; to the sailors who faced and overcame the submarine peril at a time when our very existence was at stake."

When these words appear in THE QUIVER there will be still three weeks before Trafalgar Day. Please do not let them pass without sending a donation, large or small, to the hon. treasurer, Sir Frederick Green, K.B.E., British and Foreign Sailors' Society, Passmore Edwards Sailors' Palace, 68o Commercial Road, London, E.14.

## THE QUIVER

### Ears that Hear

Very, very rarely do I make an appeal that calls forth no response whatever, and the ears that hear are the ears of the kind helpers who do not shrug their shoulders and suppose that someone else will reply, but who visualize the need that I have described and do not rest until they have supplied it. Paint-boxes, stereoscopic views, clothes, books on wireless, sheets and all kinds of other things have been offered during the past month and gratefully accepted. There was also an excellent response to my appeal for the British Home for Incurables. Our chief activity these weeks has been helping people to have holidays who could not otherwise have afforded them, but we have also given assistance in cases of illness and in other emergencies. I wish readers could see the happy letters I receive on their behalf.

### More Wants

As some wants are supplied, others emerge. The need for clothes of all kinds and boots and shoes of all sizes is *always* with us, and here are three special appeals which I hope will reach the ears that hear. And will those who are good enough to send things kindly ask me for an address first? *Parcels* should *not* be sent to the office.

The private typist, to whom many helpers showed kindness last winter, tells me that her present typewriter is over twenty years old and the makers say it cannot be repaired. She writes: "It works very slowly and constantly breaks down, which is a very serious matter to me, as, of course, it lessens my earnings. It broke down once again last night, and I have been sitting all day trying to make it work, till I have a bad headache and feel nearly blind with staring at the wretched thing." A new typewriter, or even a good second-hand one, is a very great expense, but in this case a most necessary one, and I shall welcome any gifts to pass on for this purpose. Readers may remember that the private typist supports an invalid sister.

A reader who has a hard struggle to run a small boarding-house writes: "I wonder would it be possible to help us? Both my sister and myself are in need of coats, either heavy coats or waterproofs—anything. I fear I can see no way out to buy these things, and I dread the approach of winter. There is still the money shortage and still a further increase in rates. I am wearing the shoes every day—I really do not know what I'd have done but for them—and the coat and skirt from Mrs. N. has been so useful to my sister." The writer is medium size, the sister very tall.

An ex-missionary would be very grateful to anyone who could spare her a few cotton sheets.

A reader kindly offers a large collection of

foreign stamps—fairly representative, but not rare ones—to anyone who would value them and to whom they might be useful; also several hundreds of British stamps.

### Anonymous Gifts

I gratefully acknowledge the following generous gifts:

*Children's Country Holidays Fund*.—W. H., 5s.; D. and T., £1; I. K. C., £1; A Teacher (Kendal), 5s.; M. A. A. (Newport), 2s. 6d.; Anon., £1; Anon (Matlock), 5s.; Anonymous gift, £2; B. R., 5s.; M. C., 10s.; In memory of two old ladies, 10s.; M. B. H., £1; A. E., 10s.; D. B., £1.

*S.O.S. Fund*.—E. M. Nichols, 2s. 6d.; Anon (Ireland), £1; A. E. for coal, 10s.; M. B. H., £1.

*Dr. Barnardo's Homes*.—A. E., 10s.; A Brighton Woman, 5s.; A. B. (Ipswich), 3s.

*British Home for Incurables*.—A. E., 10s.; A. B. (Ipswich), 3s.

*Shaftesbury Homes*.—A. B. (Ipswich), 3s.

I also thank those who have sent me money, gifts and letters:

Miss A. E. Morris, Miss Stott, Miss J. B. Leslie, Mr. Alfred Martin, Miss Claringbould, Miss Marion Smith, Mrs. Newland, Mrs. Austin, Mrs. Clarke, Miss Musgrave Watson, Miss Mary Dolton, Miss Dorothy Jobson, Mr. and Mrs. Jobson, Mrs. Southerden, Miss E. Florence Willis, Miss Nellie Conibear, Miss F. Marsden, Miss E. S. Cope, Miss S. E. Stride, Miss Phyllis M. Horton, Miss Elizabeth Shirley, Miss J. McAuslan, Mrs. Midgley, Mrs. Welch, Miss C. Dixon, Miss E. Seed, Miss M. Dorothea Wigg, Miss Creighton, Mrs. Howard, Mr. Amos, Mrs. T. G. Molesworth, Mrs. Thielens, Mr. Patrick Cronin, Mrs. Norman, Miss Agnes Bomford, Miss Edith Large, Miss C. M. Fox, Miss Maxtone Graham, Mrs. Shirley, Miss Olive G. Coupe, Miss Beatrice Taylor, Mr. Thomas Casson, Rev. F. A. Smith, Mrs. Quinlan, Miss Mabel Griffin, Miss Mary Eccles, Miss J. W. Jackson, Mr. William J. Price, Miss M. Blackwell, Mrs. Parkes, Mrs. McDonald, Miss Hollom, Miss Florence Graham, Mrs. Kimmins, Mrs. Bennett, Miss Catherine Hunter, Miss B. P. Bird, Miss E. Knight, Miss Hitchcock, Miss Hancock, Miss J. A. Young, Mrs. McLaren, Mrs. Minty, Miss Crawford, Miss Mott, Mrs. H. Little, Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Story, Captain W. Dunn, Mrs. Moon, Mrs. Janet Taylor, Mrs. Nicholson, Miss A. Brooker, Mr. Mitchell, Miss Ina C. Hinds, Miss M. Scott, Miss G. Philipps, Miss Simpson, Mrs. Agnes Bailey, Miss A. Bell, Mrs. Scarlett, Miss L. Dundas, Mrs. Wheeler, Mrs. Guthrie, Miss Lucy Frost, Miss Flora Gillingham, Miss Baldwin, Mrs. Knox, Mrs. Cree, Miss Ellenor Brown, Miss E. L. B. Clough, Mrs. Dodgson, Miss Gladys Salter, Miss Campbell, Miss Kate Whitehead, Mrs. Court, Mrs. Tapley, Mr. P. A. Fletcher, Miss A. M. Steele, and others.

Will correspondents kindly sign their names very distinctly, and put Mr., Mrs. or Miss, or any other title, in order to assist us in sending an accurate acknowledgment?

Yours sincerely,

FLORA STURGEON.



1/- per ½-lb.  
Block

If you've a nice  
taste in choco-  
late, acknowledge  
it with Belgrave.  
It's delightfully  
not-too-sweet, and  
it simply dissolves  
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Self-filling  
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5/- will pay for one infant in milk for a week.

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Catarrh, Headaches, etc.

Of all Chemists and  
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*Make a Note  
in your Diary*

*to make sure the next pair of boots or shoes you buy are 'Dri-ped' Soled; then make a note of the date of your purchase. Subsequent reference many months afterwards will confirm the double-wear of 'Dri-ped.'*

## Remember three words—

say them at the footwear shop—and save pounds a year on boot and shoe bills. These three words "Dri-ped-Soled-Footwear" identify all brands of boots and shoes soled with "Dri-ped," the super-leather for soles.

"Dri-ped" leather soles are guaranteed to wear twice as long as best ordinary leather soles of equal thickness, and guaranteed absolutely waterproof throughout wear. Hundreds of thousands have proved that the passwords to footwear economy and comfort are "Dri-ped-Soled-Footwear." Say them when buying your next pair.

# DRI-PED SOLED

THE SUPER LEATHER FOR SOLES  
DOUBLEWEAR BOOTS & SHOES

Your repairer can re-sole the boots or shoes you are now wearing with double-wear "Dri-ped" leather. It pays to insist on having "Dri-ped" Soles.

"Dri-ped" Soled Boots and Shoes are obtainable in all styles and sizes for men, women and children.



### CAUTION

*Look for the "Dri-ped" purple diamonds stamped every few inches on each sole. In case of difficulty write to DRI-PED LTD., Bolton, Lancs.*



# Lady Pamela's Letter

DEAR COUSIN DELIA,—Parents are divided into two camps as to the effect upon their children of bringing them young into the limelight. Some children are from their earliest years extremely self-possessed. Others are tormented by fear and so self-conscious that to be asked to perform in public or, indeed, do anything that brings the eyes of the public upon them causes them great distress.

Some parents think that it encourages vanity and makes a child too self-assertive to let it be a bridesmaid or page at a wedding or take part in a play at school or perform or recite at an entertainment. Other parents think that the more experience and practice a child gets in this way the better. To gain confidence by taking first a minor, and later a prominent, part in a school performance is useful. Shyness is worn off easily, and the child learns that it is not, after all, so formidable.

There is something to be said for both views. For one child to be perpetually brought forward to recite or play is a bad thing and likely to make the small person think herself or himself cleverer and more talented than is actually the case. For each child in turn to be given a chance to overcome stage-fright is excellent. Many a young girl, newly emerged from the schoolroom, endures agonies because of nervousness that might well have been conquered at school. The boy who leaves school an awkward hobbledehoy could have got rid of much of his awkwardness by taking a share in school plays and performances from "preparatory" days onward.

The child who can recite a play naturally and simply when asked to do so gives pleasure not so much by the performance as by the simple and gracious willingness to please. The child who has to be coaxed, coerced or bullied into doing some "parlour trick" is a source of irritation to all grown-ups present. These habits quickly become fixed, and they show themselves in an aggravated form when the child is older. Most of us have met this kind of self-conscious child.—Ever yours,

PAMELA.

## Answers to Correspondents.

*Lady Pamela hopes that readers of THE QUIVER will write to her, and she will have much pleasure in answering their letters in this column.*

FOR KING BABY. Worried (Liverpool).—There is not the least cause for worry, for evidently your little son has been thriving splendidly, and when a little later he needs something more than milk alone, you cannot decide more wisely than on Mellin's Food. It is admirable for babies, and they thrive and grow bonny on it. It possesses also the advantage of being quite easy to prepare, a point in its favour you will appreciate, as you are a busy person. I shall be glad to hear from you again later, for I am sure you will be able to report that baby is growing splendidly.

A QUESTION OF SCHOOL. Snapper (Redhill).—Personally I think the whole trouble arises because your little son is being educated at home. He needs the companionship of other boys. It is true he has sisters, but, after all, they are girls, and a boy of his age should play cricket and other boyish games with boys of his own age. Besides, at lessons the competition with others is necessary. Can you not arrange to send him to a good preparatory school for two years? This will do him a world of good and equip him for the life of a large public school later.

FOR GOOD HEALTH. Hopeful (Dublin).—I am glad you are so interested in my answers to my correspondents, and it is kind of you to write so appreciatively. I am indeed sorry that you are such a sufferer. Cephus is guaranteed to be non-poisonous, so why not get a small box and try that? I think you will find it very beneficial.

FOR THE HANDS. Mimi (Bognor).—You tell me that directly it begins to get cold your hands become red and rough. You must be very careful to dry them well each time you wash them. It is a good plan to keep a little finely powdered starch on the wash-stand and rub a little over the backs of the hands after drying them. You can keep your hands soft by rubbing them at night with a lotion made by mixing equal parts of eau-de-Cologne, glycerine, rose-water and lemon juice. Wear loose-fitting gloves, and if you wear woollen ones wear a fine cotton or silk underneath.

FOR WINDY WEATHER. Rosamond (Tyne-mouth).—I quite agree with you that it is very annoying to get so untidy with such

## THE QUIVER

dishevelled hair whenever the weather is at all windy. I strongly advise you to wear a veil. This is not only very becoming, but will enable you to keep tidy. Do you know the Windermere veils? They always wear well and look so smart; and in this series there is the sea-side and motor veil fitted with an extra elastic for windy weather. I am sure if you make a point of always wearing one of these veils your difficulty will disappear.

**AN ONLY DAUGHTER.** Birdie (Amersham).—Why do you not tell your parents what you have told me? They both have your happiness and interests at heart, and if they felt this was being sacrificed I am sure they would not wish to keep you at home. Tell them how keen you are to train for this particular work, and ask them to help you to fulfil your ambition. I am sure you will not be disappointed.

**A TOILET HINT.** Beatrice M. (Hitchin).—There is no reason why your skin should not be soft and smooth, but from what you tell me I fear you have been neglecting it. You must pay great attention to it, washing your face both night and morning. I know that some people think soap should not be used on the face, and that it can be kept clean with water only or by the use of creams. Personally I do not agree with this. As you know, much of the dirt that collects on our bodies is of a greasy character, especially when mingled with perspiration, and this should be removed by the use of a good soap. I can confidently recommend Olva soap because it is very soothing and could not harm the most sensitive skin. Bathe your face in warm water, rub the soap to a lather in your hands and apply the lather to your face, and then rinse it off very carefully, drying with a soft dry towel. In a short time you will see a marked improvement in your complexion.

**TO CLEAN FURNITURE.** Pearl Maiden (Leeds).—From what you tell me I think the mahogany bedroom suite lately left to you is suffering from too much cleaning in the past! I mean that probably week after week it has been polished up with furniture cream, and this has formed in the course of time a greasy coating over the wood. I suggest that you get rid of this first by dissolving a small lump of soda in hot water and then wringing a flannel out in this and rubbing it well over the furniture. This will remove the accumulation of grease, and the wood must then be well dried. Next day polish the furniture again, using a good furniture cream, applying it sparingly, and then rubbing well with a clean and soft duster.

**OF GENERAL INTEREST.** Topaz (Leamington).—It is nice of you to write so appreciatively of these pages, and I am so glad you find the recipes I give so useful. I have often thought that other readers besides the particular one whose letter I am answering may try the recipes, and I am glad to know you have found puddings made with Chivers' jams and jellies so satisfactory. You will be interested in this

connexion to know that a presentation has just been made by the employees of Messrs. Chivers and Sons, Limited, to the managing director, Mr. John Chivers, on the occasion of the firm's jubilee. The token took the form of a portrait in gold by Mr. T. C. Dugdale, R.O.I., and a gold and platinum pendant set in diamonds was given at the same time to Mrs. Chivers. Reference was made to the sound principles upon which the firm's success is based—the manufacturing of jams, jellies and other fruit products amidst the very orchards from which the fruit is taken, and the contentment of the workers under a co-partnership scheme. The firm has developed steadily, and now owns and cultivates about 6,000 acres of land and gives employment to 3,000 people in the orchard factory and on the land.

**A NICE WEDDING PRESENT.** Hardworker (Bedfordshire).—You ask me to advise you as to what to give to a friend as a wedding present. It is always nice to give something which will last, and you must remember that the real value of a gift is not its cost in pounds, shillings and pence, but the kind thought and love which prompt it. Most brides like to have something pretty for their homes—a pair of ornamental candlesticks is nice, or a clock. If you would rather make a more personal gift, you could give her a pretty trinket-box for her dressing-table or a perfume bottle or a powder-bowl, or perhaps a dainty little smelling salts bottle for her handbag.

**ETIQUETTE PROBLEM.** E. L. B. (Bath).—In a way the problem is solved for you. You will, of course, for your own comfort, get settled as soon as you can in your new home, and then you must simply wait for older residents to call on you. You do not say if you have had any letters of introduction given to you. They would be very useful, for in a new place it often takes time to get to know people. Probably, however, you will easily become acquainted with the clergyman of your parish, and he will be glad to welcome one who is anxious, like yourself, to do some useful work in the village.

**GOOD UNDERWEAR FOR HEALTH.** Constant Reader (Cromer).—You are very sensible to realize how important a part clothes play in securing good health, and I am very glad to give you the "word of advice" you ask for as to how best to lay out the sum of money you set aside for wearing apparel. First, with regard to underwear, you will find it economy to select a really reliable make and use that exclusively. Jason underwear will give you splendid service, and each garment is made for comfort and good fit, and the material will ensure the warmth so essential in the cold winter months. As you tell me that you spend most of your time all the year round out of doors, you will derive great comfort from Jason underwear, and it will protect you from colds and chills and the other trials that usually come in the winter.





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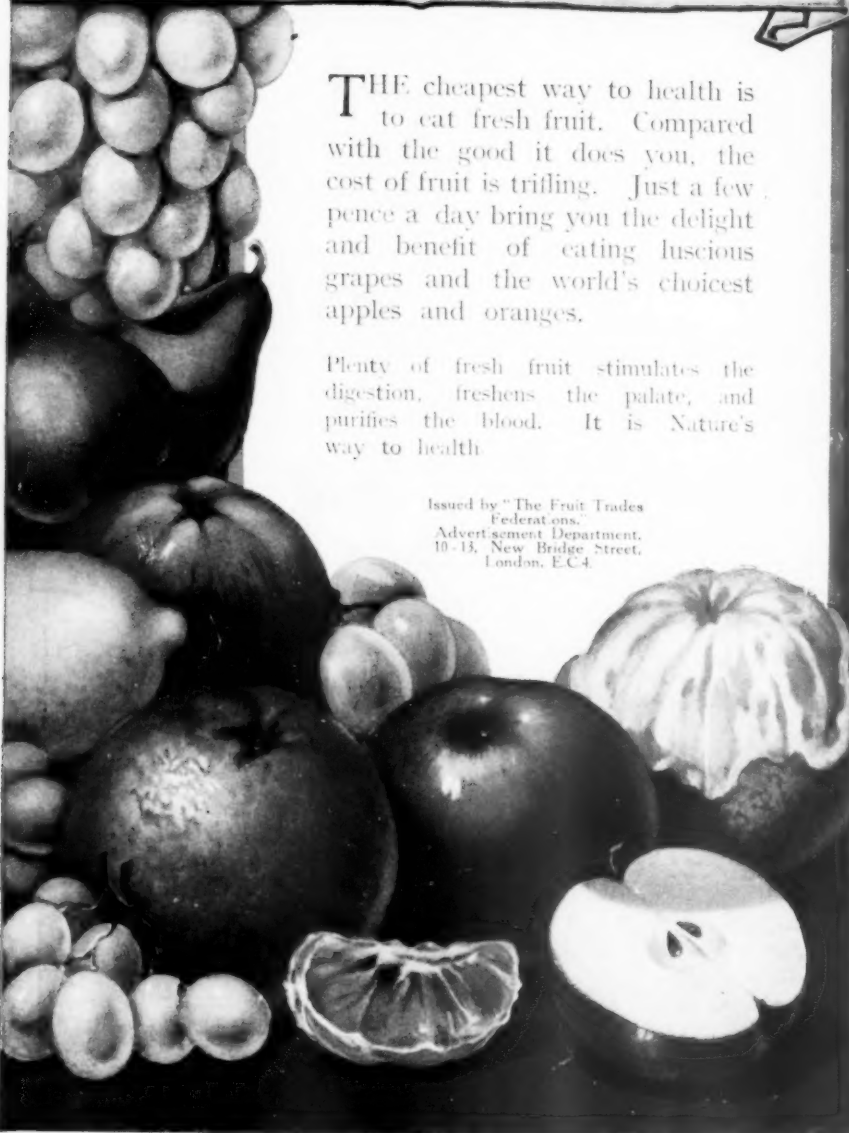
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